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PALAESTRA LXVI.

UNTERSUCHUNGEN UND TEXTE
AUS DER DEUTSCHEN UND ENGLISCHEN PHILOLOGIE,
herausgegeben von **Alois Brandl, Gustav Roethe** und **Erich Schmidt.**

THOMSON'S SEASONS

CRITICAL EDITION

Being a reproduction of the original texts, with all the various readings of the later editions, historically arranged

BY

OTTO ZIPPEL
PH. D.

BERLIN
MAYER & MÜLLER
1908.

Vorliegendes Werk bildet die Ergänzung zu der 1907 erschienenen Berliner Inauguraldissertation des Herausgebers: Entstehungs- und Entwicklungsgeschichte von Thomsons 'Winter'. Nebst historisch-kritischer Ausgabe der 'Seasons'. (Teil I: Abhandlung.)

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CONTENTS

Page

Introduction V

Annals of the Seasons X

Variants orthographical and punctuative XII

Lyttelton's MS. Corrections XXII

Models and Sources XXXII

Spring 1

Title-page of first ed. (1728) p. 1 — Dedication (1728) p. 3 — Advertisement (1728) p. 5 — Contents (1729) p. 5 — Argument (1730) p. 7 — Text of Spring A (1728) with the variants of the later editions p. 8 — Proposals for Printing by Subscription The Four Seasons etc. p. 54

Summer 55

Title-page of first ed. (1727) p. 55 — Dedication (1727) p. 57 — Argument (1730) p. 59 — Parallel texts of Summer A (1727) with the variants of B (1730), and of Summer C (1744) with the variants of D (1744) p. 60

Autumn 183

Title-page of first ed. (1730) p. 183 — Argument (1730) p. 185 — Text of Autumn A (1730) with the variants of the later editions, p. 186

Winter 235

Title-page of first ed. (1726, March) p. 235 — Dedication (1726, March) p. 237 — Preface to second ed. with three commendatory poems on Thomson (1726, June) p. 229 — Argument (1730) p. 247 — Text of Winter A (1726, March) with the variants of B (1726, June) p. 248 — Parallel texts of Winter C (1730, 4to) with the variants of D (1730, 8vo), and of Winter E (1744) with the variants of F (1746) p. 264

A Hymn 334

Text A (1730) with the variants of text B (1744)

Addenda and Corrigenda 339

INTRODUCTION

A variorum edition of *The Seasons*, a task often promised but never fulfilled, would be a boon to students of English literature.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE present edition of Thomson's "Seasons" is the first to reproduce the original texts of the Seasons together with all the various readings of the later editions. Efforts to accomplish such a work had been made long ago, e. g. by Wordsworth, Dyce, Bell, Peter Cunningham, and others, but as the enormous mass of alterations grafted upon the first texts by the author in later years checked any attempt of appending all the variants to a single text, the task was invariably abandoned. Indeed, if the somewhat unusual difficulties were to be surmounted, an apparatus not commonly employed in ordinary editions was required. In order to enable the student to obtain a clear idea of the development of the texts and of the innovations peculiar to each revision, it has been thought advisable to reprint the first texts in full and to add the alterations of the various later publications under separate historically arranged headings (B, C, D etc.), instead of throwing the whole matter into one continuous footnote and leaving to the reader the trouble of putting together for himself the variations belonging to the respective texts. According to the scheme adopted in the present edition — authorised, it might be claimed, by Thomson's own way of emendating his "Seasons", viz. of always executing his corrections on the last text without ever referring to an earlier one — the various readings occurring in the later editions are quoted only once, in reference to text where they first appear. It is, therefore, understood that those variants which were not replaced by

others in a later text, were preserved throughout. In the cases of "Summer" and "Winter", the variations proved too many for the footnotes of a single text, and resort to the means of parallel texts was found necessary; in the case of "Winter" the printing in full of three texts was requisite.

In the reproduction of the texts the original spelling and punctuation have been faithfully adhered to,[1]) except that the words printed in italics in the original texts have not been thus distinguished in the present edition (the use of italics being reserved for alterations in the later fully printed texts), and that Thomson's way of printing whole words in capital letters has not been followed. (Words printed in capitals, in the original editions have been rendered by small ordinary letters; they have been supplied with a capital initial only in the cases of proper names and in the case of a large-sized capital being placed at the beginning of the word in the original editions, e. g. RURAL GAME *or. ed.* = rural game *crit. ed.* Aut. A. 359, BRITISH FAIR *or. ed.* = British Fair *crit. ed.* Aut. A. 561.) Since the clearness of the whole would have suffered, if the comparatively unimportant variations of spelling and punctuation had been introduced into the footnotes together with the verbal alterations, a special place has been assigned to the former variants (pp. XII—XXII). As to the spelling, it is noteworthy that in all the original editions, with the exception of the quarto of 1730 and the separate octavo editions of the Seasons founded upon this text and published before 1738, the nouns begin with a capital letter.

In the preparation of the 1744 edition of his "Seasons" Thomson was assisted by a friend, as is manifest from a copy of the first volume of "The Works" 1738 preserved in the British Museum Library (C. 28. e. 17). The interleaves of

[1]) A few obvious misprints which have been corrected will be found enumerated in the lists on pp. XII—XXII. The numbering of the lines has been likewise rectified, or introduced where it did not exist.

this book are covered with MS. corrections in two different handwritings, one of which is Thomson's, while hitherto the other has been almost generally attributed to Pope. Though it was not unknown to me that strong reasons had been brought forth against the authorship of Pope, I resolved, three years ago when transcribing these corrections[1]), on putting a P (i. e. Pope) after the notes of the collaborator, in accordance with the proceeding adopted by the editor of the last Aldine Thomson. Lack of time prevented me then from investigating the question myself, and Professor Macaulay's note in the "Athenæum" (Oct. 1, 1904, p. 446)[2]) where, chiefly upon evidence of handwriting, Lyttelton is pointed out as the actual writer of the corrections, I had unfortunately not seen. When Professor Macaulay called my attention to it, in July 1907, my edition was already being printed. And, indeed, while there are many circumstances against the authorship of Pope, there are many in favour of that of Lyttelton. Thomson spent part of the year 1743 at Hagley, the country seat of his friend Lyttelton, and we know that he was at that time engaged in correcting his "Seasons". It is Lyttelton whom Thomson entrusted with the editorship of his works after his own death, and Lyttelton not only published an edition of Thomson's works in 1750 (1752) where The Seasons lost 89 lines (Aut. 483—569, 607, and 677), but, "conformably to the intention and will of the author", he also made many changes in the Seasons later on, as is shown by an interleaved copy preserved at Hagley, and, but for the formal protest of Patrick Murdoch, would have issued this revision. — Considering, however, that the critic who, in The Gentleman's Magazine, 1841, started the

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[1]) The footnotes (MS) of the present edition give a full account of the (legible) emendations of the collaborator, while Thomson's corrections have been transcribed in so far only as they constitute variations from the readings of the other editions.

[2]) See also Prof. Macaulay's "James Thomson" in 'English Men of Letters', London 1908.

so-called "Pope theory", namely John Mitford (the previous owner of the famous MS. copy of 1738) must also have been acquainted with the handwriting of Lyttelton (since part of the British Museum transcript of Lord Lyttelton's later emendations[1]) is in the hand of Mitford), I determined not to remain satisfied with the evidence of handwriting and the possibly accidental coincidence of circumstances. Professor Macaulay has already maintained that the corrections of the contributor bear a close resemblance to the poetry of Lyttelton, both as regards ideas and style, and he has, more especially, compared a passage in Lyttelton's "Monody to the Memory of his Wife" with the simile of the myrtle (Aut. 209ff.), but, if I am not mistaken, no attempt has ever been made to establish a connection between the contributions in the copy of 1738 and the later emendations of Lord Lyttelton. It seems an interesting task to discover instances in which suggestions of the collaborator that had not been accepted by Thomson were repeated by Lyttelton. And such instances actually occur. Aut. 115—23[2]) had been cancelled by the collaborator, but Thomson had dropped 118—23 only. Lyttelton cancels 115—17. — Aut. 206 which had been deleted by the collaborator was not omitted by Thomson. The line is obliterated by Lyttelton. — In Wi. 127, "quivering" which had been suggested by the contributor is also substituted by Lyttelton. It is the same with the word "gentle" for "tender" (Wi. 447). But the cases of the well-known catalogues of the Great Men are much more important: In Su. 1551—63 L. takes up the work begun in 1743, carefully leaving unaltered the lines which had been already retouched, and in Wi. he comments upon Numa (502ff.), who had been styled "the Light of Rome" by the collaborator. That the contributor had a preaching vein, will be gathered from his corrections on Aut. A 393 and 368.

[1]) 11632. c. 57.

[2]) If not otherwise noted, the figures refer to the last edition of The Seasons.

Lyttelton's emendation on Aut. 985—87 is written in precisely the same spirit, to say nothing of the other only too numerous moralising passages in his revision. Lord Lyttelton's MS. copy thus proving to be of some importance for critical purposes, I have thought it desirable to include a full record of his corrections in my edition. My transcript (pp. XXII—XXXI) is based upon the above mentioned copy of Mitford in the British Museum, but owing to the obliging kindness of Lord Cobham, who gave me access to the library of Hagley Hall, I have been able to verify it upon the original. Students of these emendations will observe that they bear in very many instances upon passages which attracted the critical notice of the collaborator for the edition of 1744, and are appropriate to remove any remaining doubts as to his identification with Lyttelton.

The "Annals" (pp. X, XI) will, it is hoped, afford a clear survey of the general growth of The Seasons, while the tables called "Models and Sources" are intended to show that Thomson, with all his originality, was not free from literary influences.[1]) In compiling this list (much of which is the result of my own researches) I have been especially helped by Mr. Robertson's annotated edition of The Seasons (Oxford 1891), by M. Morel's book on Thomson (Paris 1895), and by MS. notes of the late Rev. John Mitford in a copy of The Seasons, now in my possession. For trustworthy information concerning the history of The Seasons I am indebted to hard's Textgeschichte von Thomson's Seasons (Diss. Halle 1883), and to Mr. Willis' reproduction of the first edition of "Winter" (London 1900). Last, but not least, I have to acknowledge my most sincere and respectful thanks to Professor Brandl for kindly assisting me with his advice during the execution of this work.

[1]) With reference to 'Winter', more details will be found in my dissertation on the "Entstehungs- und Entwicklungsgeschichte von Thomsons 'Winter'", Berlin 1907.

ANNALS OF THE SEASONS.

1726 In March, "Winter" first ed. (See title-page in front of "Winter".) Folio. 405 lines (text A). Prefixed: An epistolary dedication.

In June, "Winter" second ed.: *Winter. A Poem. By James Thomson. — Horrida cano Bruma Gelu. — The Second Edition. London: Printed by N. Blandford, at Charing-Cross, for J. Millan, at Locke's-Head in Shug-Lane, near the Hay-Market, and the next Bookseller to the Horse-Guards. MDCCXXVI. (Pr. 1s.)* 8vo. 463 lines (text B). Prefixed besides the epist. ded.: A Preface by Thomson and three commendatory poems by A. Hill, Mira, and D. Malloch. Three more editions of "Winter" are said to have appeared until 1730, but, in all likelihood, their text was the same as that of the second edition.

1727 "Summer" first ed. (See title-page in front of "Summer"). 8vo. 1046 lines (text A). Prefixed: An epistolary dedication.

1728 "Spring" first ed. (See title-page in front of "Spring"). 8vo. 1082 lines (text A). Prefixed: An epist. ded. and an Advertisement. Appended: Proposals for Printing by Subscription The Four Seasons, With a Hymn on their Succession, etc.

1729 "Spring" second ed. Text the same as in 1728. Prefixed: A Table of Contents.

1730 First collected ed. of "The Seasons" with the Hymn: *The Seasons by Mr. Thomson. London: Printed in the year M. DCC. XXX.* 4to. Prefixed: The names of the subscribers. Appended: Poem on Newton. — Spring 1087 lines (text B), Summer 1206 lines (text B), Autumn 1269 lines (text A. See title-page in front of Autumn), Winter 781 lines (text C), Hymn 121 lines (text A). Prefixed to each Season: An argument and a copperplate. Omitted: The Latin mottoes, the preface of Winter 2nd ed., the Contents of Spring 2nd ed., and the epistolary dedications, which are replaced by poetical ones in the beginning of the poems and by short prose-dedications on the title-page of each Season.

In the same year the Seasons also appear in 8vo, each in a separate volume. Spring is printed for A. Millar; Summer, Autumn, and Winter (with the Hymn, the Poem on Newton, and Britannia) for J. Millan. They are sometimes found bound up together under the names of Millar and Millan. Text the same as in the quarto, save "Winter", which contains 787 lines (text D).

1738 The Seasons appear in the first volume of *The Works of Mr. Thomson. In two Volumes. London: Printed for A. Millar, over-against St. Clement's Church in the Strand. MDCCXXXVIII.* 8vo. Text — save spelling and punctuation — the same as in the quarto of 1730. "Winter" has 787 lines, as in the 8vo. ed. of 1730.

1744 The Seasons appear in the first volume of *The Works of Mr. Thomson. In two Volumes. Vol. I. With Additions and Corrections. London: Printed for A. Millar, in the Strand. 1744.* The following advertisement is prefixed: *The Seasons having been published several Years ago, and considerable Additions made to them lately, some little Anachronisms have thence arisen, which it is hoped the Reader will excuse.* Spring 1173 lines (text C), Summer 1796 lines (text C), Autumn 1375 lines (text B), Winter 1069 lines (text E), Hymn 118 lines (text B). Omitted: The short prose-dedications on the title-pages in front of each Season.

In the same year The Seasons appear in a separate edition: *The Seasons. By James Thomson. London: Printed for A. Millar, in the Strand. 1744.* 12mo. Text the same as in the "Works". The following dedication is prefixed: *To His Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales, This Poem, Corrected and made less unworthy of his Protection, is, with the utmost Gratitude and Veneration, inscribed, by His Royal Highness's most obedient and most devoted Servant, James Thomson.*

1746 *The Seasons. By James Thomson. London: Printed for A. Millar, in the Strand. 1746.* 12mo. Last edition revised by the author. Spring 1176 lines (text D). Summer 1805 lines (text D). Autumn 1373 lines (text C). Winter 1069 lines (text F). Hymn 118 lines (text C).

	1726	1727	1728	1730	1744	1746
Spring . .			A 1082	B 1087	C 1173	D 1176
Summer . .		A 1146		B 1206	C 1796	D 1805
Autumn . .				A 1269	B 1375	C 1373
Winter . .	A 405 B 463			C 781 (4°) D 787 (8°)	E 1069	F 1069
Hymn . .				A 121	B 118	C 118
Total				4464 (4470)	5531	5541

VARIANTS ORTHOGRAPHICAL AND PUNCTUATIVE.

In consulting the following lists it should be remembered that the general rule which may be established with reference to the substantives occurring in the original editions of The Seasons here noticed, viz. that they begin with a capital letter — exceptions have been recorded — is broken by the quarto of 1730[1]), which uses small letters in this case (and also in the cases of adjectives. which sometimes commence with a capital in the other editions). When a noun has been quoted from the quarto, e. g. in order to indicate a punctuative variant preserved also in the subsequent texts, it has not been expressly noted that it takes a large initial in the latter.[2]) — The sign ||, only used after words closing up a verse, marks the absence of a stop.

Spring.

A = ed. 1728 B = ed. 1730, as in the quarto
C = ed. 1744, as in "The Works" D = ed. 1746.

1 ethereal *C* Ethereal *D* 5 O *BC* Hartford, *CD* 6 grace; *B* Plain || *CD* 7 Innocence and *BCD* 9 paints; *BCD* 10 thee *BCD* 12 Blasts: *CD* 14 Vale; *CD* 21 delightless: *CD* 27 him. *BCD* 28 Cold; *CD* 29 But, *CD* Life and *CD* 31 all-surrounding *BCD* 32 airs; *BCD* 34 Joyous, *CD* 36 Where *C* 40 Song and *CD* 41 Meanwhile inc. *B* Meanwhile, *CD* Share, *CD* 43 sidelong *BCD* 44 neighbouring *BCD* 45 Step; and, liberal, *CD* 49 breezes, *BCD* 50 showers, *BCD* 52 Nor, ye *B* Nor ye *C* Nor, ye, *D* 54 Ear: *CD* 56 its *B* Height *CD* 61 lance *B* 62 War; then, *CD* 68 unbounded! *CD* 69 azure turbulent *CD* 71 ports; *BCD* 74 land, *BCD* 77 Delicious, *CD* 80 Earth, *CD* 81 Hues; *CD* thee, *BCD* 88 whitens; *BCD* 91 gales; *CD* 93 once, *CD* 98 embryo *BCD* 99 its *BD*

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[1]) And also by the separate octavo editions of the Seasons founded upon the text of the quarto (see pp. VI, XI), which, however, have not been noticed here.

[2]) Neither have I taken account of the suppression of the apostrophe in the words tho and thro, an unimportant, typographical singularity of the edition of 1746.

Town, *C* 100 Smoke, *CD* 104 Sweet-briar *C* Sweet-bryar *D* 107 Country, *CD* around, *CD* 108 white-empurpled *CD* 111 *The full stop after* spies *is found in all the orig. edd., but the context requires a comma or colon.* 114 Mildew; or, dry-blowing, *CD* 118 oft, *CD* 120 eat, *CD* 128 skilful *BCD* 129 burns; *BCD* 130 Till, *BC* smoak, *B* Smoke, *CD* 131 falls: *CD* 132 onions, steaming hot, *B* 136 dreams, *B* 142 its *B* 161 lessening *B* 170 iron *C* 174 Ether; *CD* 180 Hope and *CD* 181 Breeze, *CD* 190 suspense, *BCD* 192 strike, at once, *CD* 193 Even *BCD* 194 seem, expansive, *B* seem, impatient, *CD* 197 last, *CD* 200 flow, *BCD* 205 descends, *B* 209 And, *CD* 211 day *CD* 214 western *CD* 215 out, effulgent, *CD* 228 Mean time *BC* Meantime *D* eastern *CD* 229 ethereal *CD* 230 immense; *CD* 231 Proportion running *D* 234 Prism; *CD* 235 philosophic *C* 236 Light by *D* thee *BCD* 240 glory; *BCD* 242 vanish'd *D* 243 Shade, *CD* 244 Morning-Beam, *CD* 247 wild, *CD* 249 Tribes: *CD* 250 Dale, *CD* 253 mountain rock, *B* 254 it's *C* 257 Nursing *D* 258 moistning *D* prolifick *CD* 259 pierce, *C* 260 pure, *C* 261 Man, *D* 264 savage *CD* 268 nor, *D* 270 away; *CD* 274 Mean time *BC* Meantime *D* Dance and *CD* Sport || *D* 275 Talk, successive, *C* 279 Deed, *CD* 285 Rays, *CD* 286 as, *C* Mead, *CD* 287 Flocks, commixing, *CD* 289 Lion *CD* 291 Music *C* Whole *C* 292 heard, *BCD* 295 consonance. *C* 297 phrase, *B* 300 wav'd *B* 313 fleece, *B* 324 whate'er *B* Minutes whence *D* 326 iron *C* 330 within: *CD* [292] Which selfish Joy disdaining seeks, *D* 341 swells; *BCD* 343 mix'd *CD* 345 inly rankling, *C* [311] rush'd || *D* 359 vast; *CD* 360 Till, *BC* Center *CD* clouds *BCD* 363 Chace: *C* 364 snows; *BCD* 365 Heats. Great Spring, before, *CD* 366 blush'd *C* 367 Sweetness, *CD* 369 reign, *D* 370 Expanse: *CD* 372 Waters; *CD* 373 forth; *CD* 374 autumnal *CD* 376 now, *B* 380 wholesom *B* 381 food; *B* 382 exhilarating *CD* 383 Nutriment and *CD* 384 its *B* 386 Lion *CD* 398 fruits, *BC* Rain || *D* 399 he, *BC* 403 he deals. *B* Blood-stain'd deserves *D* 404 Him, *B* thicket, *B* 405 the awaken'd *B* 406 you, *BCD* 407 People, What, *D* 410 cold? *BCD* Whose *B* 411 lies? *B* 413 What *D* he *BCD* 414 Patient and *CD* clothes *CD* 415 he *BCD* 416 Hands, *D* 417 That, perhaps, *C* That perhaps, *D* 418 Autumnal *D* 419 labour? *BCD* 420 suggest: but *BCD* 421 adventurous, *CD* [378] away, *D* [379] mossy-tinctur'd *D* [381] dark brown *D* [387] Folds; *D* [388/89] deep, || Gives as *D* [390] weak helpless uncomplaining *D* [392] When with *D* [411] Hook: *D* [413] Shore, *D* [429] once he *D* [437] Rage: *D*

[439] abandon'd to *D* [440] gaily *D* [445] Lily *D* [446] Its *D*. [450] born *D* [451] High in *D* [456] Landskip, *D* 429 boast, *BCD* 430 its *D* creation, *BCD* hers? *BD*, her's? *C* 431 he *B* 437 Colours; *CD* Power, *CD* 440 round. *A* round? *BCD* 441 Yet tho *D* 442 then, *BCD* 443 love; *BD* Love: *C* 446 Dews and *D* 450 Lily *D* 451 Grass, *CD* 452 luxuriant; *BCD* Bank, *CD* 454 shines; *B* 458 Beams. *CD* 463 wild; *BCD* 468 way, *B* 469 and, *BC* 470 its *BD* ethereal *D* 472 taught: and *B* 473 Wild-thyme *C* 476 its *BD* 484 æthereal *B* etherial *CD* 488 Grace: *CD* 489 first; *CD* 492 auriculas a *B* 496 Freaks: *CD* 497 Father Dust, *D* 498 and, *D* [452] Pride the *D* 504 Nor, *CD* shower'd *BCD* Bush, *CD* Damask-rose. *CD* 510 knee; *BCD* Thoughts, *CD* 511 Continual, *CD* climb; *BCD* Master-hand, *CD* 513 Thee, *B* Vegetative *C* 515 Ether, *CD* 516 soils, *BCD* 518 tide; *BCD* 519 thy *BC* Command the *CD* 521 wintry *CD* now in *CD* dance, *BCD* 526 hark how *C* 535 through *C* 536 begin, *BCD* 537 thought, *BCD* 541 Than, all alive, *BCD* 542 musick *BCD* 544 he *BCD* 547 Bush || *BCD* 548 moisture, *BCD* 551 kind contending *CD* 552 through *C* 553 notes; *BCD* 557 Bullfinch *CD* 558 furze || *BCD* 559 these, *B* These || *CD* 564 Pipe discordant *CD* 570 kind *D* 571 way *CD* 573 her. *B* 579 inspir'd, *CD* 580 then, *CD* 581 approach; *BCD* 583 rotation *CD* 594, 595 its *BD* 600 soothe *CD* 603 Domes; *CD* 611 Hair and *D* wool; *BC* oft, when unobserv'd, *BCD* 612 Straw: *CD* soft and *CD* 617 Her *CD* 621 place *CD* moment, *CD* 623 Young, *CD* 624 Warm'd and *CD* 627 O *CD* 628 Care, *CD* 629 hearts? *B* [684] Love, *D* 640 neighbouring *BCD* 649 hot pursuing *BCD* 651 tyrant *CD* 655 its brightening *BCD* 659 musick *B* 660 persuade. *BCD* 664 when, *CD* 667 Robb'd *BCD* 669 poplar *CD* shade; *BCD* 670 Where, *BCD* all abandon'd *BCD* despair, *BCD* 674 Woe; *D* 676 Bounds, *CD* 677 Ardent, disdain; *CD* and, *CD* 697 on. *CD* lengthening *D* Life and *D* 701 rejoicing never *CD* 703 sea, *B* its *B* [754] *(Note)* Western *D* [760] which, *D* 712 rook; *B* 714 Houshold-Kind. *CD* 717 ardour *CD* 721 Gale; *CD* 733 Brutes, *CD* below, *BCD* 735 deep-scorch'd, *CD* 737 Scarce seen *CD* 741 Sense. *CD* 743 Fight; and, *CD* idly butting, *B* idly-butting, *CD* 748 battle *BCD* 754 joy, *B* 755 wild he *CD* 756 flies; *CD* 757 And, *CD* the aerial *B* the aërial *CD* 758 then, *CD* steep-descending, *BCD* 761 such *CD* force *CD* 762 frantick *BCD* Heart and *CD* 763 Nor undelighted, *CD* 765 Ooze and *D* 766 flounce and *CD* unweildy *B* 770 heart; *B* 771 wolf; *B* bear; *B* 772 fell; *B*

773 Libyan *B* 781 him *BCD* 783 way, and that, *B* convolv'd, *CD* glee, *CD* 788 iron *CD* ancient *CD* 790 Broil: *CD* 791 deep-laid indissoluble *CD* 793 And, *CD* Labours, *BCD* Law, *CD* 798 diffuses? What, but God? *BCD* 803 work; *CD* 804 complex stupendous *CD* 806 appears: *CD* 808 falling, *B* 810 him. *B* 812 him *B* 813 his *B* 816 his *B* 822 thee. *B* 824 Bounty; *CD* 827 Tenderness and *CD* 830 vye *CD* 835 Hence! *D* 837 unfeeling, *B* another's *CD* 838 yourselves; away. *BC* yourselves; away! *D* 845 unexplor'd; *CD* 849 abroad; *BC* 850 world; *BCD* 852 human *CD* 854 exhalts *B* 856 sunny *CD* 860 degrees *CD* 864 God to *CD* [939] its *D* 865 power *B* 867 impelling, *B* impell'd, *B* 870 wide-rejoicing *B* 876 spirits in *B* 877 Cheek a *CD* 881 heaves, *CD* 885 exstatic *D* 887 Hearts: *CD* 888 sigh; *BCD* eye, *B* 897 beware; *CD* late || *A* late, *BCD* 898 Torrent-Softness *CD* 899 lies, *CD* 900 away: *B* away; *CD* while *BCD* Soul, *CD* 902 form; *BCD* grace; *BCD* 903 eye, *BCD* [912] Hours; *CD* [916] Design, against *CD* 913 rosy bosom'd *B* 916 she *BCD* 919 Friends; *D* 920 social *CD* sits; *C* 922 while borne away, *CD* 927 love-dejected *CD* 929 Glooms; *CD* 931 Romantic, *CD* 932 heart-thrilling *CD* 934 Lilies, *CD* 936 day, *BCD* 938 through *C* 939 degrees, *CD* 940 he *BCD* 943 World || *CD* 944 care, *B* 945 midnight *BCD* drear; *BCD* 947 page, *BCD* 962 a while *BCD* 965 mimick *D* 967 crouds *BCD* distress'd; *CD* 968 secret-winding flower-enwoven *CD* 978 shore; *BCD* 980 vain; *CD* borne *BCD* 981 distance *CD* 988 its *BD* 990 unmix'd, *CD* 992 fairy *CD* Prospects, *CD* 994 Farewel! *CD* 995 the *CD* 998 then instead *BCD* love-enliven'd *CD* 999 sunny *CD* 1004 Fears || *CD* 1016 Veins: *CD* 1022 fever'd *CD* 1024 waste. *CD* 1025 they! *BCD* happiest *CD* 1034 Soul; *CD* 1036 Confidence: *CD* 1038 him, *BCD* 1041 days: *BCD* 1043 desire, *BCD* feel; *BCD* 1045 possess'd *CD* 1047 Those *D* cements in *BCD* 1048 Nature live, *CD* 1050 its *BD* 1052 wish; *CD* 1054 mind-illumin'd *CD* 1055 harmony, *BCD* 1058 Degrees, *C* 1061 lustre and *B* 1063 Care. *CD* 1069 you whom *B* ye, whom *CD* 1072 Heart: *CD* 1075 fly. The *BCD* 1077 them *BCD* 1082 they *B*.

Summer.

Variations of B (ed. 1730, 4to) from A (ed. 1727).

4 comes, 11 And on 15 hermit seat, 17 fix'd serious 20 ecstasy soul. 21 power, 23 Thus 30 machine. 38 White

break step, 39 apace, 43 Blue thro' 44 And from 45 awkward; forest glade || 46 and often turning gaze 51 cottage where 54 awake; 55 And, 57 song. 63 dreams? 64 remain, 65 craves; when 67 walk? 71 ætherial 74 looks in 75 that burnish'd plays 77 chearer Light! 79 robe! 80 beauty all 81 thou, 83 brightness, thee! 85 That in effusion from thee 86 number at 97 not as now the life; 98 thee! 99 gladness; 100 thee 103 rays, 111 you 115 thee concocted blushes; thee 119 thee, 120 Bends unwitholding to 121 power; 123 thee, 127 rock itself impregn'd by thee, 129 compact; 131 fair. 132 thee 133 radiance, 134 thee æther, 140 But all 141 Thick thro' opal play 142 flying several from 146 thee 155 glance extensive 158 great delegated 160 him, 161 light || 167 he 168 would loosening reel 169 Wide from 170 yet was 171 praise; 172 works in 173 full harmonic 174 thee 176 me wide display'd; 177 broad illumin'd 180/81 glooms || Pensive I muse, or with 182 excursive soar. 183 piercing 186 till all unveil'd || 187 seems, 194 can unpitying see 196 so 198 they 199 Sad when 200 he warm returns, 202 retreats; 203 him fold: 207 oaks || 210 Where on boughs they 214 house dog 215 one 219 little noisy 221 mean, 222 him they 233 where on the pool || 235 snatch'd immediate by 242 he 246 or weltering 238 chief to 252 watch he 256 he dreadful darts, 259 backward grimly 264 him muses thro' woods at 265 he 268 presuming impious 273 mind? 277 around, yet blindly bold || 280 swept at once th' unb. 282 As with accent to 283 This 288 remotely-wafting 290 then alone let 297 day. 299 idle summer-life 303 they 306 them 308 air a 309 heaven and far as 310 all || 311 pole is 317 And o'er surface wary treads 320 draught: he 322 scythe; the mower sinking heaps 323 him 329 impetuous hurl 331 heat, 332 temples potent thus 333 hard! incessant still you flow, 335 profuse. In 336 And restless turn, 338 endure! The 339 sight, 340 dance; 342 Hangs deathful on limbs; nerves; 345 he! that on 356 thickets, 362 he 363 Cold thro' 365 watch; 371 plain; 372 compose: 375 and often bending sip 377 strong laborious 378 Which incompos'd he 385 Light fly 386 herd; 387 That startling scatters 411 Extatic felt; 413 bent: to 414 virtue struggling 417 tryals fated to 418 who devoted gives 424 zealous to 425 Shook sudden from 426 shapes or 427 stalk majestic on. Arrous'd, 431 Pronounce distinct. "Be us 432 Poor kindred we 434 pursuit. 435 Once some us, thee, life, 436 we 439 but with 440 Oft in 442 us, God. 443

And frequent at 443 Or all 447 join'd. 448 us, 451 muse, 455 swift-shrinking 461 sheet; anon dispers'd, 462 mist; then gather'd 463 stream aslant 464 tormented; 466 And restless roaring 467 gaze, 471 radiance, 474 pinions thro' 478 Deep in 482 again || 487 me 489 There on 492 Strays diligent, and with 493 honey-suckle loads 496 streams; 499 Liberty abroad 500 unconfin'd || 503 drought; 504 guardian-oaks; 506 numberless; 507 herds in 509 scythe. 515 Drudgery himself, 516 he or dusty hews 517 crouded 519 echo 520 he hearty waves 521 and loosening 525 they 530 virtue, 531 kind; 548 song, 549 thine? 551 met? 553 man; 556 fair; 574 Harmony; 575 white || 577 grace; 578 rose-bud, 581 breast; 584 sits high smiling in 587 terror, delight, 589 arm; 590 thy self, 592 Thou! nod the 594 Virtues 603 superior shines 606 first paternal Virtue 609 labours glorious with 610 far transported 612 praises in 616 Kingdoms on 616/17 day|| Oppressive falls, 622 mines; 625 spicy Abyssinian 626 pomegranate, drink 627 yet in 627 coats || 628 Peaceful beneath, 629 elephant; and in shade || 630 play, 631 birds of note rejoice 637 thousand thundering 638 Riots with rage the 639 chiefly should 640 And doubling blend 641 tempestuous; or directly 642 them 643 await; above || 645 lies; 646 spoilt; 647 waste; 648 Thin-cottag'd; and in 649 brook; one 651 Barca; 652 hot inhospitable sands; 653 Continuous rising 656 Falls in new hilly kingdoms o'er 657 here that domain; 659 or on 659/60 tomb || Triumphant sits, who for 664 immense; 666 And, lolling frightful, 667 or of 672 tyger then, 674 Bespeckled 677 crowd || 678 forms at 679 These all join'd from 680 where o'er bones they 682 once their 683 imperious and 686 he! who from 687 alone || 688 Ceaseless he 689 Sad on 691 forming in 692 ether 694 he 696 Sinks helpless; 697 hiss continual 703 Italy; 704 When for them she 705 And fawning take 707 Where frequent, 708 divine, 709 death; 711 breeze; 713 aspect? Wisdom then || 716 balance. 719 rang'd at Noon by 724 relatives endear'd 727 And, sick in solitude, successive die, 733 hills that 735 me 737 and growing gains 743 world a 747 That from 753 cattel scouling 754 eye; 755 him 758 When to eye the 759 Appears far 761 voice; 762 but at 764 till over head a 767 ether 770 heaven and 778 he shuddering sits, 781 dies; 782 live dejected 787 master for 788 Black from 789 leaning shatter'd 790 ages; 791 lie: 792 Here the 794 there the 800 and from the cliff || 802 thro' 828 Celadon || 829 twain; 830 virtue 831 alone:

834 lov'd. But 835 As in time charm'd 838 sympathetick 840 each each self: 842 joy. 843 Still in intercourse they 845 things. 846 clear united 847 till in evil Hour: 848 them 849 breast presageful heav'd 856 and as 858 he 861 thee, 862 thee 864 hurtless; 867 thee 868 perfection! -From 870 ashes fell 871 he 873 fix'd 874 resemblance, on the marble-tomb. 875 mourner stooping 897 air 898 lustre and 901 abundant by 904 Join'd 907 Most-favour'd: who with 907 articulate || 908 world? 909 he, soon forgetful 910 vows; 912 heart? 914 crystal 915 stands; 921 and thro' 922 breathing by 923 arms and legs according he 924 path; 929 Nor when. 930 I weak-shivering linger 935 rose victorious o'er 937 Even from 937 38 purity the mind Receives 941 shift perpetual in 943 ray; 946 he orb; 947 immers'd; 952 lost. 'Tis him, 953 blank: 954 horror to wretch: 960 around, 961 dew; 962 him the 963 felt. 964 Confess'd from 966 air; 973 corn; 988 merry-hearted; 989 pail: 992 language shown || 994 they 995 unfrequented; where 996 eve the 998 village-stories 999 they 1000 him urg'd; 1001 himself to 1003 And after they 1005 shun'd; 1022 lamp: and. 1024 25 winter-robe || Of massy stygian array'd; 1032 seen: 1033 heaven; 1034 eminent; 1038 thus th' effulgence tremulous I 1040 sky; or horizontal dart 1076 thee, thee. 1080 summer-noon; 1083 Hence thro' thee. 1084 She soaring spurns. 1087 Virtue 1088 calm and clear; 1090 display'd: 1091 up-tracing from 1092 causes and 1093 alone || 1095 heaven and 1098 swift-painted on mind. 1099 thee, 1100 ages; 1101 musick. 1101 thee what man? 1106 prey; 1111 property; swain. 1112 furrow; 1113 toil; 1115 Nothing save 1117 thee 1118 peace; 1120 crouds 1125 Nor to 1127 intent to 1128 thro'; 1130 who word. 1132 Thence on kingdom swift she 1134 vanish or appear; 1139 unmix'd. But 1151 us know that 1143 being, 1144 God; 1145 Love and Wisdom inexpressive

Variations of D (ed. 1746) from C (ed. 1744, as in "The Works").

7 face; 32 Power, 37 Men, 54 Rock the 56 smoaking 90 Chearer Light! 108 thee! *D (no sign after* thee *in C)* 144 its 147 its 150 Its 157 its 193 its 207 There, 243 Lighter, 268 Cheese: 297 its 298 its 300 dance 304 green, 342 Thick in 356 Half naked, 367 Hay-cock 377 much of 391 Outrageous 394 Flocks || 401 Rest, 405 Meantime, 415 its

423 simple 432 Noon; 486 On 496 fill'd: 504 Moan || 509 high 517 Growth: 522 Meditation, These 545 Man! 554 Folly and 573 Inspir'd: 574 Art; 613 Bower or Bower *C* 641 *(Note)* South-East: 662 its 668 its Fruit. 669 O stretch'd 672 pours. its 677 Anâna, 696 Herds that 699 fallen 714 truly 719 scape 730 *(Note)* torrid 759 Sun-redoubling 760 Cool to 767 spicy 850 half 869 godlike 929 Bounds *C* 984 its 995 lab'ring 1014 descend: 1026 pierce; *D* 1034 saw, 1035 Infant-Weakness 1057 then, 1070 its 1109 Sound || 1127 its 1133 loosen'd aggravated 1138 its 1142 above, 1184 its 1235 its 1239 half afraid 1314 Its 1318 Rose amid Morning Dew, 1365 Lustre; 1380 its 1399 its 1406 glorious 1455 labour 1497 unrestrain'd, 1510 native 1414 strew 1517 Reign; 1527 Choice; 1536 cloister'd 1559 great, 1565 Spencer, 1580 Rose-bud 1607 While in superior 1661 shewn 1699 Course, 1722 Philosophy, 1734 round, 1736 Reason's and 1748 Mankind! 1752 Prey; 1786 Train;

Autumn

A = ed. 1730, as in the quarto B = ed. 1744, as in "The Works" C = ed. 1746.

4 Well pleas'd *BC* 11 Public *BC* 18 public *BC* 27 enliven'd wide *BC* 30 below || *C* 40 gayly-checker'd Heart-expanding *BC* 43 Blessings, *BC* 47 Human kind! *BC* 56 Year: *BC* 59 Boar; *BC* 61 mix'd *BC* 62 Frost: *BC* 66 Peace and *BC* 73 Sloth: *BC* 74 unfolded: *B* 77 Mechanic *B* 83 degrees *B* D. *C* Fabric *BC* 88 inspir'd to *BC* 90 barren bare *BC* 94 And, *BC* 95 Glory, *BC* 100 This *BC* 102 This *B* Guardian-Laws, *BC* 111 order *ABC* 115 And, *BC* Street, by *BC* drew || *B* 125 Ward-House *B* W.-h. *C* 127 Plenty, *C* 130 hand, *BC* 142 Its *C* 143 Stores: the *BC* 145 rose; the *BC* Stature *B* 147 Imagination flush'd. *BC* 152 along; *BC* 153 Spring; *BC* 165 Talk || *B* 166 Scandal and *BC* 174 Husband-men! *B* Husbandmen! *C* 190 Woody *B* 197 Lilly, *B* [210] Appenine, *C* [215] length, *BC* 215 Lavinia; *C* 215 Palemon *BC* 216 it's *B* 218 antient uncorrupted *BC* 225 Gaze: *BC* 227 down-cast *BC* 233 secret *BC* 234 pity! *BC* 238 methinks || *B* 241 rise; *B* Rise; *C* 247 live, *BC* 256 Her, *BC* 260 Palemon, *BC* 263 sought, *BC* 272 spread, *BC* fair; *BC* 274 Years? *BC* 280 his whose *C* 299 While pierc'd *B* 312 Corn: *B* 313 aërial *BC* swells, *BC* 319 in || *B* 325 pliant *BC*

329 head *BC* 330 its *C* 332 Lie *BC* 333 swim, *B* 349 Elegance and *BC* 350 Limbs in *C* clad || *B* 352 oh *BC* 353 yours *BC* 359 Game: *BC* 362 Outstretch'd, *C* 365 way *BC* 371 Eye || *C* 379 Animal-Creation *BC* 380 Her, *BC* 381 chearful barbarous *BC* 385 Dark, *BC* 400 Furze, *C* 401 Heath: *B* 402 thick-entangled *B* thick entangled *C* 413 scatter'd sullen *BC* 425 first in speed, *B* first, in speed || *C* 427 swift aërial *BC* flight. *ABC* 429 lessening murderous *BC* 450 last weak *BC* 453 fair jutting *BC* 454 beauteous chequer'd *BC* 455 Youth || *BC* 458 Lion, *BC* 479 tost: *C* 492 Furr, *C* 501 side to side; *BC* 502 while *BC* 511 delicious, as *B* delicious as *C* 512 love-sick *BC* 515 drawn || *C* 516 Mature and *BC* 520 while, *BC* 522 Wreath'd fragrant from *C* 527 frequent and *BC* 530 Shift, is *BC* 537 Politicks or *BC* 538 perplex'd. *BC* 540 Heart; *B* Heart: *C* 544 While from *BC* 545 Music *BC* 547 long, *C* 549 word, *AB* 550 Lie *BC* 551 dim and *C* 554 wet broken *BC* 555 Slaughter: *BC* 581 And, *BC* alone || *BC* 597 Life: *BC* 599 Swains now *BC* 604 clustering *C* 512 These *BC* 614 busy Joy-resounding *BC* 618 Breeze and *C* 622 Race; *BC* 626 every-changing *B* 633 Native *BC* 638 cheer *BC* 643 green delightful *BC* 644 serene and *BC* 647 Wood, *BC* 648 Harvest, *BC* 649 Mean-time *B* 655 Walk, *BC* 659 ever open, *BC* 663 Thought: *C* 674 Day: *B* 677 increas'd, *BC* 689 degrees *BC* 695 Now, *BC* cool declining *BC* 700 Sides, *BC* 707 dark and *BC* 713 oft, *BC* Orb, *BC* 717 gigantic. *BC* 721 formless grey *BC* 724 It's *B* Infant Way; *BC* 727 These, *BC* 752 Shore, *BC* 757 clear and *BC* 759 springs; *BC* [766] its *C* [778] its *C* [809] disclose, *C* [820] its *C* 779 floats: rejoicing *BC* 781 mouldring *BC* 786 back; *B* 787 commotion *BC* 789 Deep, *BC* 791 strong || *BC* 797 Essay, *BC* 800 aërial *BC* 802 naked melancholy *BC* 803 Thulè, *BC* the Atlantic *B* 806 What *BC* 810 plain harmless *BC* 813 sea-girt *BC* 821 keen diffusive *BC* 827 cool translucent brimming *BC* 835 brave. *B* 837 generous undiminish'd *BC* 844 Boreal *BC* 845 power *BC* 848 Soul, *BC* 857 glittering finny *BC* 861 sea-incircled *BC* 866 Patriots and *BC* 867 fond imploring *BC* 867 Eye; *C* 881 Debate; *BC* 890 fading many-colour'd *BC* 892 crouded *BC* 893 wan declining *BC* 892 leaf-strown *BC* 898 Ether; *BC* 904 Those *C* 904 Wisdom and *BC* 905 Croud, *BC* 908 soothe *C* 909 wooe *BC* 912 Grove, *BC* 914 Plaint, *BC* 920 dull despondent *BC* 926 Prey, *BC* 927 Grounnd! *BC* 928 pale descending *BC* 945 Philosophic *BC* 949 Pierc'd *BC* 957 Croud *BC* 960 Astonishment; *BC* 961 and, *BC*

962 human Race; *C* large ambitious *BC* 965 Tyrant-Pride; *C* fearless great *BC* 971 vast embowering *BC* 984 Moon || *BC* 991 it's *C* 994 floats, *BC* 996 Rocks and *BC* 999 when half-blotted *BC* Sky her *BC* 1001 Luster *BC* 1002 extinct her *BC* 1003 sickly beamless White; *BC* 1005 shoots: *BC* 1008 quick as *BC* 1010 Ether *BC* 1011 Croud, *BC* 1012 wondrous *BC* 1014 aërial *BC* 1017 Rolls *BC* 1019 sides *BC* 1022 And late at night in *BC* 1035 Gloom, *BC* 1036 Magnificent and *BC* 1040 kindle and *BC* 1050 fantastick *C* 1063 Autumnal *BC* 1065 Hoar-Frost *BC* Beam; *BC* 1067 Dew-Drops *BC* 1069 Hive! *BC* 1075 full flowing *C* 1076 dark oppressive *BC* 1078 thousands, *BC* 1080 *and* 1081 This *BC* 1082 Ceasless *BC* 1083 This *C* 1089 borrow; and, *BC* 1097 populous and *BC* 1099 Theater or *BC* 1102 stench-involv'd, *BC* 1103 blue sulphureous *BC* 1110 ethereal *BC* 1111 azure *BC* 1117 While, *BC* 1121 Leaps wildly graceful in *BC* 1128 rejoice; *BC* 1134 Rural *BC* 1135 Gate, *BC* 1136 Morning, *BC* Croud *BC* 1137 turn *BC* abus'd? *BC* 1138 intercourse! *C* I.! *C* 1141 Pride and *BC* not? *BC* 1142 tho', *BC* Land and Sea purvey'd, *BC* 1143 rarer tributary *BC* 1145 Death? *BC* 1147 Night, *BC* 1152 all? *BC* 1154 Hope: *BC* 1156 Herbs and *BC* 1160 Sap: *BC* 1166 Hay; *C* Grottos, *B* 1170 sound unbroken *BC* 1173 poetic *BC* 1174 Flood in *C* 1176 destroy || *BC* 1177 Blood, *BC* 1180 some, *BC* 1181 Urg'd or by Want or *BC* 1195 free || *BC* 1197 distance *BC* Human *C* 1199 States, *BC* 1204 sees Her *BC* 1213 Tempè *C* 1214 Hemus *BC* These *BC* 1217 rejoices *BC* 1218 Luster *BC* 1221 and, *BC* 1229 A Friend a Book the *BC* 1231 Land and Sea Imagination *BC* 1234 Heroic *C* 1235 feels; *BC* 1236 His *BC* 1237 little strong *BC* 1242 Happiness and *BC* 1246 primeval *BC* 1249 Inrich *BC* 1259 vary'd 1261 Eye: *BC* 1269 never never *BC*.

Winter

Variations of B (ed. June, 1726) from A (ed. March, 1726).

7 chearful 11 pure virgin Snows, my self, 13 Fermenting Tempest 18 yellow-rob'd! 23 well pois'd Hornet hovering, 25 Flies 26 Ray; 29 Sometimes a 32 And thro' 33 Time || 41 Oft let 45 while the 48 Fall wavering thro' 65 Soul in 74 embowering Shades; 86 dusky mantled 93 Wide, 95 Reflection, 108 Peace that these, 111 view, 116 That sounding, 123 the untasted 124 meaning Low, *B* Meaning low, *A* 127 Female 129 the enlivening 130 Frolick: 140 Woods, 152

perilious? 161 Controul, 236 Snares and 242 Now Shepherds, 243 Pens 244 Lodge 245 for, 247 Plains || [295] th' screaming 254 Without 258 There 261 Mankind || 264 and deep-musing, 265 that slowly-rising, 268 Commonweal || 270 good; And 271 Sons: 272 just; 273 Extreme: 275 Brother while bled: 278 retir'd: 283 Demand: But 301 Blue 303 slipry 308 that in 311 on, 313 Then 314 Night; 316 rise; 318 Frolicks 321 Or, 322 Fields; 327 resolves, 328 Loose 329 The 331 more || 334 lengthening 342 Mischiefs that 348 Thunder in 355 Eye, 365 flowering thy 367 concluding Winter 368 Where 373 Fluttering 389 secret, long 394 Thought || 395 Why 400 that here, 405 Pure-flowing.

Variations of F (ed. 1746) from E (ed. 1744, as in "The Works").

16 out and 43 *Comma after* Aquarius *EF* 95 its 115 Storm? 138, 157, 176, 182, 184 its 293 Man; 327 feel, 328 Pain. 347 Death-bed 349 These, 427 Shore || *E* Shore, *F* 456 fell, 476 best, 492 Greece: 535 Hand in Hand 572 *Comma after* pass *EF* 577 Mind; 578 its 607 Ascent, 622 round; 626 Sleep: 671 excels, 679 thee 694 Nitre 698, 724 its 775 Mean-time, 807 its 813 and dark-embrown'd, 877 These, 906 Mountains 940 its.

A Hymn

A = ed. 1730 B = ed. 1744 C = ed. 1746

1 Father, *BC* 3 Thee. *BC* 7 Heart, *B* 9 Light and Heat *BC* 10 Year: *C* 22 bidst *BC* 23 Thy *BC* 25 These *BC* a *BC* 28 Shade; *BC* 29 Whole; *BC* 34 Thence *BC* 40 attend! *BC* 44 soft, *BC* 48 Whose *BC* 62 Forests bend, ye Harvests wave, *BC* 90 in *BC* 94 frame *A* Flame *BC* increases *BC* 102 Summer-ray, *A* Summer-Ray || *BC* 106 beat! *BC*.

LYTTELTON'S MS. CORRECTIONS.[1])

These MS. emendations are made on an interleaved copy — preserved in the library of Hagley Hall, Worcestershire — of the first volume of the 1750 edition of Thomson's Works in four volumes

[1]) *See p. VII—IX. — The figures refer to the numbering of the lines as given in correct modern reprints of the 1746 edition of The Seasons.*

which had been brought out by Lyttelton. The date MDCCLII *(which is to be found in the first of the four volumes only, while the others have* MDCCL) *has been changed into* MDCCLVIII *by Lyttelton. —*

The following Preface to the Seasons *opens the revision*: In this Edition, conformably to the intention and will of the Author, some Expressions in the Seasons which have justly been thought (by good Judges) [1]) too harsh, or obscure, or not strictly grammatical, have been corrected, some Lines transposed, and a few others left out. The Hymn, which was printed at the end of the Seasons in some of the last Editions, is likewise omitted; because it appears to good Judges that all the Matter and Thoughts in that Hymn are much better exprest in the Seasons themselves.

Spring.

39 shoulders, 60 insect tribes] gaudy tribes *Before* 114 *L. inserts:* Now every Bud expanding bursts to life 121 waft] ride 126 Destruction waits unseen and Famine dire. 143 and sleeps shut up 144 caves: 146 distent with vernal show'rs. 148 then by swift degrees 150 mingling deep] wide diffused 158 ever-twinkling 166 The teeming Clouds; while hushd in *etc.* 185 Beholds the various country brightning round. 198—203 *contracted as follows:* The woods exult: their every music wakes, || And see! refracted *etc.* 206 deepning to the red, 243 From beds of leaves or Moss; nor griev'd to see 245 Their temperate slumbers lightly fumed away, *For* 249—74:

> On every Hill, beneath each spreading Shade
> The Swains and Husbandmen rejoicing hymn
> Their bounteous God. Then festive Dance and Sport
> Kind Deeds, and friendly Talk successive shar'd
> Their blisfull hours: while in the rosy Vale
> Love breath'd his tender Sighs from Anguish free
> And free from Guilt. Such were those prime of Days.
>
> But now those pure unblemish'd Manners, whence
> The mystick Poets took their golden Age
> Are rarely found &c.

Ll. 255—63 *are, however, not cancelled, in l.* 262 swelling *is replaced by* verdant, *and in l.* 263 commixing *by* promiscuous. 277 Which forms its genuine happiness; *After* 288 *L. inserts:* From Wisdom and from Happiness divorced; 289 pensive Anguish]

[1]) *The bracketed words are cancelled.*

fond Distraction, 309 Hence, on the guilty World a deluge came: 318 a broken world:] afflicted Man 320 Great] Mild 327 No Clouds impregnate with sulphureous &c. 329 While] No and] nor 330 Hung on the Springs of Life and clogd their Tone. 358 you,] ah! 360—61 who, each Year, resign || To undefended Man your own attire 422 infant] Captive 441 *cancelled* 442 You drag to land your *etc.* 445 *cancelled* 452 liquid] rapid 458 - 59 *cancelled* 461—63 *cancelled* 464 Soothd 467 breathing prospect] blooming Landskip 468 It's various beauties trace. But *etc.* 471 matchless] wondrous 479 Which bounteous Nature breathes continual round. 502 Revives with Fragrance mild the gladdend Soul. 513 And] But they soar, to seek 515 And loaded with the luscious spoil return. 518—26 *cancelled* 551 broad] streakd 553—55 *cancelled* 599 gay contending 602 To let them triumph; but designs, in thought 638 *cancelled.* *After* 701 *L. inserts Spring 849—66, with the following variants:* (849 curious, say] Sages, tell 852 These sentiments diffuses? 853 *cancelled* 854 And] Whose) 786 O'er all the lively Scene, 787 thick] quick 821 boundless] wanton 835 Around him feeds dispers'd his bleating flock, 837 *cancelled* 838 - 40 *thus contracted*: Their frolicks play. Behold in sprightly Race || At once they start, and sweep the massy mound *For* 844—48:

> Torn with perpetual Broils: but now o'er all
> The blisfull Isle sweet Concord, Peace, and Love
> Walk hand in hand, and, each returning Year
> Crown the fair Forehead of the gentle May.

867 song] Muse 874 bounteous] flowery 875 flowing] bounteous 879 works, the Maker's Bounty glows 882—83 Nor . . . wait *cancelled* 888 teaming] pregnant 491 Ye] The 899 With gradual force the love 948 Inimitable] Unalterable 955—56 by surging . . . houshold smoak *cancelled* 971—73 (languishment.) *cancelled* 984 smooth] sweet 1018 the] his 1020—24 *thus contracted:* To the vain bosom of his distant Fair || His wafted spirit flies. Sudden he starts, *For* 1071—75:

> He wakes appalld: but waking still he dreams,
> With idle fears disturbd and vain Desires.
> Wild Passion's Slave, bereft of Reason's Aid,
> Yet even his Pains delight. But thro' the heart

1078 But] 'Tis 1087 flowing] glowing 1099 peace] ease 1026—27 who, intent to bless || Himself alone, from sordid 1129 *amplified as follows:* Well-merited, and all the racking Doubts ||

Of Jealousy, consume his nights and days: 1138 pleasure, all it's vain Delights, 1140 and] or 1143 harmony] Sympathy 1144 *cancelled* 1168 happy; still the genial Spring 1170 Till age at last steals on, serene and mild; 1172 swells] glows

Summer

38 matchless,] constant, 57 And] See! 71 For] Say, 81 powerful] glorious. *L. remarks:* Powerful at his rising does not seem quite proper. 109 from the Mind of Man, 117—25 *cancelled.* *For* 128 (till) —29:

> While round thy beaming Car
> The Zephyrs downy-wing'd, the timely Rains,
> Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
> Attend, and aid thy fertilizing Ray.

131—33 *cancelled.* *After* 134 *L. inserts:* power, || Ev'n to the secret Cavern darting deep *For* 143—46: And star-like sparkles with collected Light. 148—49 *inserted by L. after* 152 153 deeper] brighter 161—65 By thee . . . return. *cancelled* 176—78 *cancelled* 185—91 *cancelled* 192 wide display'd; *For* 208—9: By gelid Founts to muse, while Tyrant Heat, 210 rapid] cruel 231 And at th' extremest border of the shade 278 Strikes] Stalks 303 evanescent] undistinguishd 421 Borrow'd] Received 451 wrath!] rage 469 Ye groves high-archd! ye bowery 473 sallying] chrystal 532 better] moral 533 and] or 540 Deep-awed, I feel 551 *cancelled* 669 locust. *L. notes:* The Locust Tree is one of the largest and most shady Trees in the Indies. 737 plumy] featherd 741 lent] gave 742—3 realm, whose plumed Troops || With various Splendour glitterd o'er the Field; 790 *L. cancels comma after* roll 812 manly] full-grown 813—14 flood, and swell'd with all || The copious treasures of the humid sky, 912 *For* There sublim'd:

> various Tribes
> Of these infest the Woodland Paths, or glide
> Athwart the sandy Plains. There also fired
> By the strong influence of the torrid Clime

968 broad,] forth 1010 Heav'n-inspir'd,] truly great, 1030 —31 or from shades || Impenetrably deep, recesses foul, 1096 The burning hill *After* 1096: Or pours forth torrent Streams of liquid Fire. 1154—55 and ruminating . . . eye; *cancelled* 1175 blooming] opening 1192 and] or 1193 - 94 *cancelled* 1226—27 A purer

azure. Thro' the lighten'd air 1229—32 *thus contracted:* Diffusive, shine: a glittering robe of joy, || Invests the fields, and Nature smiles around. 1242—43 *cancelled* 1338 Retired unseen by her: But 1341 sacred eye] tender Glance *For* 1348—49: So bending tries to veil its naked charms. 1356 At once her bosom seiz'd; 1398 To sweet retirement happy lovers steal, 1427—28 and for... God; *cancelled* 1446 merciful] temperate 1448 float] wave 1449 waves: and] Harvests: 1451 blackening] well-fed 1469 Despising Death in every Form, and first 1479 Illustrious are thy Princes: Alfred first 1482 And peacefull Wisdom, more heroic still, 1483—84 And Muses venerate: the best of Kings! || Then bright thy Edwards &c. 1487 *Between* still *and* In *L. inserts:* nor less renownd || For wisest Policy and manly Strength || Of Mind thy Virgin Queen. 1535—40 *thus contracted:* First Bacon rose, deep, comprehensive, clear, 1549 *cancelled* 1551—63 *thus expanded:*

> By him instructed Boyle with pious search
> Amid the dark recesses of his works,
> The great Creator sought, and Knowledge fix'd
> On sure Experiment, not Systems vain.
> Thine too, Britannia, thine sagacious Locke,
> Who taught the Human Mind itself to know,
> It's Powers unfolded and it's limits markt,
> With cautious Modesty supremely wise:
> And Newton, pure Intelligence, *etc. as ll.* 1560/61
> From Laws sublimely simple. Lo! to These
> In every Land th' admiring Sages bend
> And Them their Masters own! nor far behind
> The generous Ashley stands, the friend of Man;

etc. as ll. 1552—55. *Then:*

> How sweet the Concert of thy various Bards
> Poetick Island! Hark! they strike the Lyre,
> Harmonious Dryden, Waller, Denham, Rowe,
> Gay Prior, and judicious Addison:
> But see! with perfect Art the Hand of Pope
> Now tunes the strings! around the Graces dance,
> And Wisdom's sober Ear approves the Song.
> Of all thy numerous Wits, Britannia, This
> The most correct! But nobler Fame belongs
> To Genius more sublime. For lofty sense

1571 blowing] smiling 1572 verse] Lays 1573 Inventive Spencer, 1577 native] lively 1578—79 *thus amplified:*

Sharp with keen Satire, strong with nervous Sense
And moral Truth, shines through the darkening cloud
Of Gothic Barbarism around him thrown.

1605 white] mild 1638—46 *cancelled.* (*In l.* 1645 such *was substituted for* him) 1671 panting height] steep ascent 1693 beheld. To heav'ns high cope 1698—1709 *expanded as follows:*

Unrival'd reigns. Now, when the whole-some Nights
Are free from noxious Damps, serene and mild;
Forth let me walk, and view each glittering Starr
That decks with gentle Light th' unclouded Sky.
Nor burn these heavn'ly Lamps for Man alone.
To various Systems of dependant Orbs
Bright Day, and animating Heat they give,
The Life-infusing Suns of other Worlds.
Struck at the Sight with pious Awe my Soul
Adores the great Creator's Pow'r, and feels
How small a Portion of his Works contains
Th' aspiring Sons of Man, and bounds their Pride
In narrow Limits. On th' effulgent Scene,
While fix'd I gaze, the lambient *etc. as ll.* 1700—02.
Portentous deemd. But greater still their Dread
If from the void Immensity *etc. as ll.* 1706—8.
Then, as he blazes in the Front of Night,
With awfull *etc*

1720 While,] When, 1722 They see him come, and thro' the Planets roll 1726 th' exhausted orbs, 1728—32:

To yield new fuel to the wasted Sun,
Relume his beams and feed his sinking Fire.

By Thee, Divine Philosophy, by Thee
Conducted, with serene Delight I range
O'er Natur's Works, through all the varied Year.
Taught by thy Precepts Poetry exalts
Her Voice, and animates th' instructive Lay
With moral Sentiment and Thought sublime.
Hail bounteous source of evidence, *etc.*

1737—38 *thus contracted:* Rais'd by thy pow'rfull Aid she springs aloft 1740 fluttering] groveling 1741—57 *cancelled* 1763 mix'd] form'd 1777—78 Sustain the publick Weal. While labouring Crowds || Ply the tough oar, thy guardian Power directs 1782 speck] spot 1783 Art thou confin'd. The 1784 Are thy exalted range: tis thine to gaze 1489—90 swift thou turnst || Thine Eye; and instant, at thy powerful glance, 1795 *cancelled*

Autumn

1 Crown'd] Graced 6 white] sweet 19 of] in 34 Till, with an instant Change, the ruffled Air 91 bolder,] higher, 93 high] great 115—17 *cancelled* 133 Warrior Vessel 159 scandal] courtship 206 *cancelled* 298 The maid astonished heard. Won *etc.* 301 The joyfull Tydings to her Mother came, 336 *cancelled* 350 *thus expanded:* Of children dear, in vain from him their Food || With piteous cries demanding. Landlords, then 353–57 *cancelled.* *Before* 360 *L. adds:* Soon as the gathered Harvest clears the Fields || Hark! the rude *etc.* 362—63 Drive from her rural Haunts affrighted Peace. || See, in his *etc.* 591 *cancelled* 599—600 With Sentiment refined and quick to judge || Each Work of Wit or Fancy; in their *etc.* 604 skill,] love, 623 wise. *and* 624 *cancelled* 629—32 *cancelled, but after* 636 *L. inserts:*

Obedient to the Breeze a mellow Shower
Of juicy Pears from the deep-loaded Bough
Incessant falls; and scatterd wide around
Or piled in fragrant Heaps beneath their Trees
The ripend Apples lie: Profusion gay!

637—40 *cancelled* 641 various] vinous *For* 671–74:[1])

Of Nature ever open. Here, while charm'd
I steal, at Noon, along the sunny Wall
To climes, where cherish'd by the potent Sun

686—87 The Vineyard cloaths each gently-rising Hill || Or steep ascends the Mountain's sultry Side. 695 *cancelled* 700 unbounded] redundant 705 The light, high-flavourd Burgundy, and brisk 706 gay] bright 728 O'er all the Land, in deeper *etc.* 730 *cancelled* 731 A] And 734 infant] struggling 741 *cancelled* 742 And] Whence 783 and Imaüs 877 The downy plumage, soft, to form &c. 903 unequal] their narrow 921 passive] indolent Batavian] foreign 922 Defraud] Deprive 951—52 *cancelled, and* 954 *thus amplified:* To sooty dark the shaded Country round || Imbrown! These now the pensive, lonesome Muse, 955 lead] call walks] paths 970 pensive] sober 977 artless] joyfull 980 desponding 985—87 *expanded as follows:*

Destroy nor lay the miserable Tribes,
Harmless and unsuspecting Harm in Blood
Weak-fluttering on the Ground! think cruel man,

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[1]) *The printed leaf containing ll. 646—91 is wanting.*

Through all the balmy, blisfull days of Spring
How sweet they sung, and stop thy murderous Hand.

993—94 breeze disturb the boughs || A leafy Deluge covers all the Ground, 997 waste,] Heaps 1000 sunny] silken 1038 gardens seats 1069 venal] golden 1088 Mean-time 1093—95 And caverns deep, again restores his Light || Void of *etc.* 1098—1100 *cancelled* 1101—02 All æther whitens with a boundless tide || Of silver Radiance, mild; while Rocks and Floods || And waving Seas reflect the quivering Gleam. 1112 quickly] swiftly 1113—14 Then mix, and thwart, with Streams of various Dies || Now white and now with glowing Crimson stain'd. 1123—24 Affrighted Superstition wildly talks 1134—37:

The waving brightness he with curious thought
Surveys, inquisitive to learn the Cause
And yet unknown Materials which produce
This beautifull Appearance, rarely seen
In Britain's Clime, but to the Northern Skies
Familiar; where it chears the tedious Length
Of Night, and constant gilds the glowing Pole.

1140—44 Are Heav'n and Earth. Order confounded lies, || Distinction blotted out, and Beauty lost. 1147 huge;] dire, 1177—79 cares, and joy'd to mark || Full-flowing round, their copious, wintry stores. 1221 Disposed in festive *etc.* 1223 Forgetting every care. The *etc.* 1226 Drest in her best Attire, the village-toast 1238 Drinks] Tastes 1246 lands and seas 1250—53 juice of foreign Grapes: || Nor knows he those fantastic idle Joys 1256 *cancelled* 1257—58 secure || From disappointment, 1263—64 *cancelled* 1266—67 Sweet breathing, spread o'er all the fertile Vale. || Nor bleating Flocks that graze the level Down || Or verdant Mountain; nor the Purl of Streams, 1282 Unpierc'd,] Unmoved 1352 Oh Nature! Handmaid of Celestial Pow'r! 1356 blue] void

Winter

5 kindred] awfull 6 Oft, in the chearful Morning of my Life 17 this] her 30 awful schemes] Arts of State 31 *cancelled* 37 light] raise 32 fierce] moist 110 *cancelled* 117 you] ye 127 shivering] quivering 175 *cancelled* 182 remains. 183—84 Nor safe the mightiest Trees: the tearing Wind || Breaks down and scatters their gigantic Limbs || Or prostrate throws to Earth their aged Trunks. 186 whirling] loosen'd 190 savage] furious 195 Huge] Wild 213—16:

——— thought! of all your idle Joys
Scarce on the soberd, Mind one Trace remains.
So, when our Reason sleeps, with airy Wings
Fleets the false Vision o'er the formfull brain,
This moment, hurrying wide th' impassion'd Soul
The next in nothing lost. Yet still with Hopes
New-flush'd, and fresh Desires, deluded Man
Again prepares to run the giddy Round.

229 whitening] silent 273 whelms, while foul and fierce 274—76 *cancelled* 278 Caught by the storm on some lone Heath, the Swain, 293 *cancelled* 299—302 A dire descent! of precipices huge, || Smooth'd up with snow; of faithless Bogs beyond || The Power of Frost; of still unfrozen springs, 304 *cancelled* 310 Who leaves his Friends, his Family, unseen. 351 *cancelled* 354 conscious] (generous) tender 359 Nor shall my Muse forget 369 wintry] shivering 373—76 stripes. || To curb this barbarous Insolence arose || With honest Zeal the British senators. || O great *etc.* . . . well! 377 *cancelled, but after* 378 *L. inserts:* With patient care, and temperate wisdom calm: 379 Drag the Detected Monsters *Lines* 389—413 *were to be placed after lines* 414—423, *with the foll. alterations: For* 389—92: Then, from the cloud-topt Alps or Appenines, 395 Assembled 396—97 *cancelled* 399 Press] Drag 414 embrac'd] enclosed 419 *cancelled* 447 tender] gentle 458 the other] his Master 472 unequal] unfriendly. *L. remarks:* unequal is obscure. 474 happy] justly 499—500 A race of heroes who, for Ages, knew || No Stain of Vice, save that *etc.* 502—3:

Good Numa first appears, the Light of Rome
Whose Wisdom softend her rapacious Sons
And gentle Virtue taught, and fixd the Yoke
Of mild Religion on the stubborn Mind.
Him follows, glorying in his People's Love
Servius, the King, *etc.*

519 youth, from all the Pride of Power || Triumphant and supreme, to private Shades 522 Sustaind the Freedom of corrupted Rome. 541 of Mankind 570 shew'n 573 soul,] minds 588 thro' remotest time 590 scatter'd] various 596 public soul] noble Fire 619—22:

The goblin Tale goes round; till solemn Fear
And superstitious *etc.*

Or in the chearfull Hall convened they sport
With their gay Landlord. Rustick mirth resounds;

630 The crowded city swarms. The *etc.* 632 flow] float *Lines* 638—43 *placed before l.* 656. *See below.* 644—45 *cancelled. Before* 646 *L. inserts:*

> From Scenes like these avert thy purer Eyes
> Celestial Muse, and view the British Stage.
> Lo! there the Ghost of Hamlet dreadful stalks;

649 comely] virtuous 651 itself. 652 *cancelled* 655 shewn. *Note cancelled. After* 655 *L. inserts:* Then the gay Ball invites the youthful Train: || Upsprings the Dance *etc. as ll.* 638—43 709—13 *cancelled* 754 wave;] show'r 762—68:

> Seek the glazed River and the Marbled Lake.
> From every Province, where the Belgick Rhine
> Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
> The glad Batavians swarm: and as they sweep,

779 quick] sharp *After* 793 *L. inserts:*

> Now let me stand on Cheviot's highest Peak
> Or Skidda's Summit, and beneath me stretch'd
> Behold the vast extent of dazzling Snow
> Deep-covering every Dale, and Hill, and Plain

794 infant] feeble 798 glittering waste] shaded Earth 804 vast,] Waste 808 *note cancelled* 837 know] taste 854 tribe] Beasts 857 marbled] hardend 861 And vivid Stars that gild the cloudless Skies . 862 radiant waste,] glossy Snows 878 chearful-loaded] *L. remarks:* I wish this was alterd, chearful-loaded is not English. "They chearfull to their shady Tents repair" would be better. 883 interest] avarice 893 *note cancelled* 953—54 Self-taught inspired, and called from Gothic Night. || Illustrious Peter 974 O'er joyless desarts rural Plenty smiles; 981 shrinking] warlike 984 *cancelled. After* 985 *L. adds:* All by the mighty Master's Soul informed: 1028 His] Her

Hymn

The whole poem is cancelled. In l. 2 thy varying Power *was first substituted for* the varied God.

MODELS AND SOURCES.

Spring A (1728)

1—4: Lucretius' De Rerum Natura ed. Bernays V 735—38 (esp. with reference to the MS. emendation).

3—4: Milton's Paradise Lost IX 425--27.

16, 17: Virgil's Georgics I 43, 44, Par. Lost VII 285—87.

32, 33: Georg. II 330—31.

35—39: „ I 45, 46.

41, 42: „ I 213.

43: „ I 98.

59, 60: Shakspere's Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. II, 79, 80, Milton's Comus 674—77. See also Su. A 298ff., and Wi. C 541.

77—81: Par. Lost III 583—86.

90: Georg. II 323.

93: „ II 328.

99ff.: Par. Lost IX 445—51.

112—17: De Rer. Nat. V 213—17, Philips' Cider II 34ff.

118ff.: Cider I 421—45.

136—68: Cider I 344—58.

188—90: Georg. I 375—76. See Wi. E 132—33.

205ff.: De Rer. Nat. I 250ff.

205—7: Comus 710—13. See also Spring A 396—98, and Su. C 126—28.

209ff.: Pope's Windsor Forest 53, 54.

214—27: Par. Lost II 492—95, Georg. I 410—23, and esp. Leonard Welsted's "Picture of a fine April Morning" (first printed in the "Freethinker", April 17, 1719). See Su. A 903ff.

267—323: Georg. I 125—46, Ovid's Metam. I 89—112.

267—70: Par. Lost V 1—7.

285—86: Psalm LXV 12.

324—53: Ovid's Met. I 127ff., Par. Lost IX 1121ff., Shakspere's Mids. Dream, Act II Sc. I 81ff.

362—79: Ovid's Met. I 116ff., Par. Lost X 651ff., Mids. Dream, Act II Sc. I 88—144.

366—67: Par. Lost IV 147—48.

380ff.: Plutarch's De Carnium Esu. I.

396—98: Comus 710—13. See Spring A 205—7.

400: Ovid's Met. I 84—86, Par. Lost IX 239—40, VIII 508—10.

406—13: Ovid's Met. XV 116—26.

458—59: Par. Lost IV 162—63.

466–74: Gay's Rural Sports (ed. 1720) 83—90.
485–507: Browne's Britannia's Pastorals II 3, 351 ff., Par. Lost IV 697—703, Milton's Lycidas 142–51, Shakspere's Winter's Tale, Act IV Sc. 4, 73—129.
542–66: Brit. Past. I 3, 195–216.
661—75: Georg. IV 511–15.
720–27: Par. Lost VII 438–46.
725–30: De Rer. Nat. II 801–7.
731–50: Georg. III 212–41.
750–62: „ III 250–54.
763—70: „ III 242—49.
896—1082: De Rer. Nat. IV 1008—1279.
940: Par. Lost 267—68.
973—82: Georg. III 258–63, Pope's Eloisa 123 ff., Hor. Carm. Lib. IV 1, 37–40.
1025—82: Pope's Eloisa 91—96, Par. Lost IV 750—70.

C (1744)

[377—440]: Brit. Past. I 5, 643—67, Winds. For. 135—46, Rural Sports (ed. 1720) 121—270.
[451—52]: Æneid V 213—17.
[483–84]: Penseroso 31—43.
951]: Allegro 77, 78.

Summer A (1727)

11, 12: Allegro 129—30, Par. Lost III 26—29.
17, 18: Mids. Dream, Act V Sc. 1, 12—13.
54 ff.: Georg. III 324–26.
68 ff.: Par. Lost VII 370—73, Psalm XIX 5.
77–83: Par. Lost III 1, 6, 8—12.
89 ff.: Par. Lost VIII 122, III 576–86.
127 ff.: „ „ III 608—12.
160 ff.: „ „ III 3–6.
170 ff.: „ „ IV 675 ff.
189: „ „ IX 426—27. See Spring A 3, 4.
215–17: De Rer. Nat. IV 988—93.
223 ff.: Georg. IV 42–44, III 51—55, Pope's Temple of Fame 282–87.
242 ff.: Par. Reg. IV 15–17.

248 ff.: Philips' Splendid Shilling 78—92.
298—300: See Spring A 59, 60.
307—84: Gay's Rural Sports (ed. 1720) 53—66.
345 ff.: Georg. II 487—88. See Wi. A 74 f.
356 ff.: Georg. III 331—35.
356—57: Pope's Eloisa 155—56.
378—80: Brit. Past. II 2, 9—10.
385 ff.: Georg. III 146—51. Fairy Queen II 9, 16.
409 ff.: See Wi. A 77 ff.
413—17: Comus 453—58.
439 ff.: Par. Lost IV 677—88. See Spectator Nr. 12.
487—93: Allegro 139—46.
494 ff.: Georg. II 136—76.
549: Allegro 133—34.
571—84: Philips' Cider I 668—93. Cp. esp. Cider I 690—93 with Su. A 683—84.
585—91: Shaksp. King Richard II, Act II Sc. 1, 40 ff.
632—42: Georg. II 303—11.
686—97: Probably suggested by Defoe's Robinson Crusoe (published 1719).
693: Par. Lost I 636—37.
696: Comus 549.
706—31: De Rer. Nat. VI 1136 ff., Ovid's Met. VII 528—613, Cider I 144—58.
745—49: Georg. I 356—59. See Wi. C 69 ff.
752—54: Georg. I 375—76. See Wi. E 132—33.
757 ff.: De Rer. Nat. VI 281 ff.
788—90: Par. Lost I 612—15.
803—26: De Rer. Nat. V 1216—23.
827—76: Pope's Letters to Mrs. Martha Blount, Aug. 6, 1718, and to Lady Wortley Montagu, Sept 1, 1718 (two lovers struck dead by lightning). Cp. also Par. Lost IV 288 ff.
832: Par. Lost V 122—24.
862—64: Psalm XCI 5.
877—87: Armstrong's Winter 156—82.
903—12: Par. Lost II 492—98.
939—48: Rural Sports (ed. 1720) 99—106.
987 ff.: Ibid. 91 ff.
995—98: Par. Lost I 781—88.
995—1006: Armstrong's Winter 118—22.
1021 ff.: Rur. Sp. (ed. 1720) 107—20.
1031—50: Fairy Queen IV 1, 13.
1053—57: Par. Lost II 533—38.

B (1730)

324—42: Rur. Sp. (ed. 1720) 39—52.
718—49: De Rer. Nat. VI 535 ff, Cider I 173—247, Mallet's Excursion (ed. 1728) p. 34 ff.
980—1037: Leonard Welsted's Acon and Lavinia. (Cp. esp. Su. B 1026 with a passage on p. 48, 49 of Nichols' ed. of W.'s Works. Lond. 1787. The resemblance to W.'s poem is still better brought out in the text of 1744. For 1026—27 see also Browne's Brit. Past. I 4, 820—21.) Cp. Fairy Queen II 12, 63 ff.
1030—31: Par. Lost IV 304—5. Fairy Queen IV 1, 13.

C (1744)

121—22: Hor. Carm. Lib. I 4, 5—6, Par. Lost IV 267—68.
126—28: Comus 710—13. See Spring A 205—7.
287—317: See Spring A 136—68.
371—422: Georg. III 445—47.
392—93: Georg. III 554—55.
722—24: De Rer. Nat. V 1300—02, 1337—38.
761 ff.: Par. Lost IV 246—68.
773—75: Ibid. 150—51.
787 ff.: De Rer. Nat. VI 262 ff.
792—94: Ibid. 290—92.
795—813: Plini Secundi Nat. Hist. V 51—54.
861—62: Par. Lost. I 684—88.
961—69: Armstrong's Winter 87—94.
972 ff.: De Rer. Nat. VI 423 ff.
1063 ff.: Mallet's Excursion (ed. 1728) p. 20, 21 (very close). See, however, the earlier passage Su. A 939 ff.
1514—15: Milton's Lycidas 151.
1698—1721: Mallet's Excursion (ed. 1728) p. 68, 69, Savage's Wanderer (ed. 1729) p. 63 ff., Moreau de Maupertuis' Lettre sur la Comète (publ. 1742).

Autumn A (1730)

1, 2: Fairy Queen VII 7, 30.
43—157: De Rer. Nat. V 911—1455, Georg. I 125 ff., Savage's Wanderer (ed. 1729) p. 19 ff.
127—40: Pope's Winds. For. 219—34.
128: Denham's Cooper's Hill 191—92.
138—40: Winds. For. 385—87.

186—307: Book of Ruth. The proper names of this episode (Lavinia, Palæmon, and Acasto) seem to have been taken from Welsted's poems "Palæmon to Cælia" and "Acon and Lavinia" (see note to Su. A 980—1037). The influence of the latter poem is also traceable in the beginning of the present episode.

327—36: Georg. I 322–27.

336—38: Ibid. 482—83, Æneid II 496–99.

441—45: Æneid II 305–8.

357—75: Winds. For. 13—119, Rur. Sports (ed. 1720) 301—42.

369—75: Cider II 169—76.

376—97: Plutarch's De Carnium Esu I.

384—86: Psalm CIV 20, 21.

387—97: See Spring A 380 ff.

398—422: Rur. Sports (ed. 1720) 289–300, 362—87.

423—54: Cooper's Hill 247–318.

451—54: Shaksp. As You Like It, Act II Sc. 1, 36—40.

472—83: Winds. For. 147—58, Rur. Sports 362—81.

526 ff.: Cider II 459 ff. (Cp. esp. 452—53 with. Aut. A 535), Gay's Wine, esp. 187—216.

546—47: Par. Lost II 285—90. See also Wi. A 326 ff.

668—70: Par. Lost IV 258—60, 307.

695—98: De Rer. Nat V 463–66, Par. Lost V 185—86 (repeated in Gay's Wine 50, 51).

711—14: Par. Lost I 594–98.

714—17: De Rer. Nat. IV 134—40.

722—25: Par. Lost I 6—10.

726—74: De Rer. Nat. V 261—72, VI 608 ff., Par. Lost IV 223—30.

775–800: Par. Lost VII 423—32.

810—14: Cider I 105–14.

897—977: See Wi. A 29—79.

919–20: Riccaltoun's Winter's Day 29, 20.

987—89: Par. Lost I 287—91.

992–93: See Wi. A 88—92.

1013—17: Par. Lost II 533–38.

1041—52: Par. Lost IX 634–42.

1044–45: Comus 337—40.

1066–67: De Rer. Nat. V 461—62.

1117 ff.: Ibid. 1390 ff.

1131—1247: Georg. II 458—542, De Rer. Nat. V 1115 ff., Cider I 667 ff.

1248—69: Georg. II 475—86 (see Thomson's translation of these lines in his preface to the 2nd ed. of Winter), Pope's Winds. For. 259 ff.

B (1744)

785—86: Par. Lost III 431—32.
1074—77: Georg. II 277—81.

Winter A (March, 1726)

6—10: Spenser's December 19, 20.
13, 14: Georg. I 318—24.
15: Job IX 9.
29—33: Cider II 325—27.
33—300: Mainly modelled on Milton's Il Penseroso, from l. 45.
44: Penseroso 56 ff.
53—57: Winds. For. 125—28.
54: Hamlet, Act I Sc. 4, 33.
57 ff.: Pope's Winter 29. See below l. 359.
74—76: Penseroso 132—34, Georg. II 488—89, Winds. For. 261 ff.
77—79: Comus 455—58. See Su. A 413 ff.
80—87: Browne's Brit. Past. II 1, 781—86.
88—90: Par. Lost IV 604—08.
91, 92: Penseroso 67—68, 71—72, Comus 331—33.
98 ff.: Par. Lost V 746—47 (cp. "impearl" Wi. B. 98).
113: Macbeth, Act I Sc. 7, 22.
113—16: Georg. I 322—24, 333—34.
117—19: Pope's Winter 30, Par. Lost II 488—91.
119—20: Georg. IV 473—74.
124—29: Hor. Carm. Lib. I 4, 3.
127: Allegro 49—52.
133—42: Par. Lost VII 297—300, Plini Sec. Nat. Hist. V 54. (See note to Su. C 795—813.)
143—44: Par. Reg. III 187, Pope's Spring 38.
162: Comus 598, Par. Lost VIII 76.
173—74, 178: Par. Reg. IV 413—19.
178—79: Hor. Carm. Lib. II 9, 7—8.
186—89: Macbeth, Act II Sc. 3, 59 ff., Georg. I 476—77.
190: Par. Lost III 710—11.
192—94: Matth. VIII 24—26, Mark IV 37—39, Luke VIII 23—24, Psalm CIV 29.
216—20: Par. Lost II 488—91, Riccaltoun's Winter's Day 9—12.
225: Hor. Carm. Lib I 9, 2—3.
228—29: Georg. III 368—69.
238—39: Georg. I 375—76. See Wi. E 132 f.
242 ff.: Georg. III 295—96, 318—20.

253—58: Penseroso 77—80.
273: Pope's Temple of Fame 176.
286: Ibid. 200—03.
289—90: Ibid. 184—86.
308—9: Georg. III 360.
326—28: Georg. I 43—44.
326 ff.: Par. Lost II 285—90.
340—41: Ibid. I 207—8.
349—51: Ibid. VII 410—13.
359: Pope's Winter 29.
374 ff.: Par. Lost III 333—38.
380—88: Samson Agonistes 293—306.
391: Acts VIII 23.

B (June, 1726)

193—94: Par. Lost II 263—67.
237—47: Armstrong's Winter 99—104. (This poem, which first appeared in print in 1770, was ready in manuscript when Thomson's Winter was published for the first time. It became known to Thomson soon afterwards. See Armstrong's Miscellanies I.)
273—78: Ibid. 8—10.

C (1730)

44: Hor. Sat. Lib. I 1, 36.
45—50: Riccaltoun's Winter's Day 5—8; Par. Lost I 595—96.
58 ff.: Georg. III 440 ff.
69—72: Ibid. I 357—58. See below 128 ff. and Su. A 745 ff.
73—74: Georg. I 328—29.
125: Ibid. 395.
126: Ibid. 368.
127—28: Ibid. 362—64.
128—31: Ibid. 356—59.
154—55: Armstrong's Winter 180—84.
214—15: Hor. Carm. Lib. I 3, 4.
250—95: Par. Lost IX 640—42. See Su. A 1007 ff.
271—72: Comus 205 ff.
270: Armstrong's Winter 98.
285—89: Hor. Ep. II 39—44, Georg. II 523—24. See also Aut. A 1235—40, Wi. E 877—80.
290—91: De Rer. Nat. III 892—94.

296 ff.: Brit. Past. II 1, 825 ff.
410—11: Penseroso 75.
471—83: Mallet's Excursion (ed. 1728) p. 71.
490: Luke XXIV 32.
497—99: Georg. II 477—82. See Aut. A 1263 ff.
515—49: Allegro 91—133.
515—18: Allegro 100—05, Armstrong's Winter 105—26, Tatler, Nov. 17, 1709.
519—27: Philips' Cider II 411—23.
523—24: Hor. Carm. Lib. II 12, 25—27.
530—35: Savage's Wanderer (ed. 1729) p. 66.
541—42: Shaksp. Troilus, Act III Sc. 3, 79—80.
563—65: Cider II 184—88.
582—88: Armstrong's Winter 12—18.
592: Savage's Wand. (ed. 1729) p. 6.
630—35: Armstrong's Winter 75—79. See also above ll. 45—50.
650—87: Mallet's Excursion (ed. 1728) p. 28.
666—67: Armstrong's Winter 28, 29.
672—73: Ibid. 28, 29.
675—77: Par. Lost I 207—8. See Wi. A 340—41.
688—700: Georg. III 356—83.

E (1744)

119—20: Georg. I 454.
125: Ibid. 433.
128—29: Ibid. 365—67.
131: Ibid. 369.
132—33: Ibid. 375—76. See Wi. A 238 f., Su. A 752 f., Spring A 188 f.
134—37: Georg. I 390—92.
139—42: Ibid. 381—82.
143—44: Ibid. 403, Mallet's Excursion (ed. 1728) p. 23.
144—45: Georg. I 361—62.
148—49: Ibid. 356—57.
158: Æn. I 89.
175: Armstrong's Winter 182—83.
479—89: Pope's Temple of Fame 174—75.
662: Hor. Carm. Lib. I 1, 2.
816—26: Georg. III 369—75.
834—42: Par. Lost I 351—55.
867—73: Par. Lost X 678—85.
877—80: Hor. Ep. II 36—44. See Wi. C 285 ff.

894—901: Æn. I 52—57, Savage's Wanderer (ed. 1729) p. 4, 5.
902: Mallet's Excursion (ed. 1728) p. 28.
950—87: Aaron Hill's Northern Star, publ. 1718. See also Aut. A 43 ff.

A Hymn (A, 1730)

Founded chiefly upon the 148th Psalm and upon Par. Lost V 153—208.

40: Par. Lost V 197.
43 f.: Ibid. 192—93.
46, 47: Ibid. 193—94, Pope's Eloisa 155—56.
51 ff.: Par. Lost V 195—96.
69—72: Ibid. 171—74.
84—86: Penseroso 56—58.
91 ff.: Ibid. 161 ff.
107 ff.: Hor. Carm. Lib. I 22, 17 ff.

SPRING.

A

POEM.

By Mr. THOMSON.

Et nunc omnis Ager, nunc omnis parturit Arbos,
Nunc frondent Silvæ, nunc formosissimus Annus.
VIRG.

LONDON,

Printed: And sold by A. Millar, at Buchanan's Head over-against St. Clement's Church in the Strand; and G. Strahan, at the Golden Ball in Cornhill.

MDCCXXVIII.

[Price 1 s. 6 d.]

To the Right Honourable the

Countess of Hartford.[1])

Madam,

I Have always observed, that, in Addresses of this Nature, the general Taste of the World demands ingenious Turns of Wit, and disguised artful Periods, instead of an open Sincerity of Sentiment flowing in a plain Expression. From what secret Impatience of the justest Praise, when bestowed on Others, this often proceeds, rather than a pretended Delicacy, is beyond my Purpose here to enquire. But as nothing is more foreign to the Disposition of a Soul sincerely pleased with the Contemplation of what is beautiful, and excellent, than Wit and Turn; I have too much Respect for your Ladyship's Character, either to touch it in that gay, trifling Manner, or venture on a particular Detail of those truly amiable Qualities of which it is composed. A Mind exalted, pure, and elegant, a Heart overflowing with Humanity, and the whole Train of Virtues thence derived, that give a pleasing Spirit to Conversation, an engaging Simplicity to the Manners, and form the Life to Harmony, are rather to be felt, and silently admired, than expressed. I have attempted, in the following Poem, to paint some of the most tender

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[1]) *This epistolary dedication is only found in the editions prior to the subscription quarto of 1730. In the quarto, and in some of the later editions, the following short dedication appears on the title-page:* Spring. Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the Countess of Hartford.

Beauties, and delicate Appearances of Nature; how much in vain, your Ladyship's Taste will, I am afraid, but too soon discover: Yet would it still be a much easier Task to find Expression for all that Variety of Colour, Form, and Fragrance, which enrich the Season I describe, than to speak the many nameless Graces, and Native Riches of a Mind capable so much at once to relish Solitude, and adorn Society. To whom then could these Sheets be more properly inscribed than to You, Madam, whose Influence in the World can give them the Protection they want, while your fine Imagination, and intimate Acquaintance with Rural Nature, will recommend them with the greatest Advantage to your favourable Notice? Happy! if I have hit any of those Images, and correspondent Sentiments, your calm Evening Walks, in the most delightful Retirement, have oft inspired. I could add too, that as this Poem grew up under your Encouragement, it has therefore a natural Claim to your Patronage. Should You read it with Approbation, it's Musick shall not droop; and should it have the good Fortune to deserve your Smiles, it's Roses shall not wither. But, where the Subject is so tempting, lest I begin my Poem before the Dedication is ended, I here break short, and beg Leave to subscribe my self, with the highest Respect,

Madam,

Your most Obedient,
Humble Servant,

James Thomson.

Advertisement.[1])

That the following Poem appears at present in Publick, is not any way in Prejudice of the Proposals I lately Published for Printing the Four Seasons, etc. by Subscription, but at the Solicitation of some of my Friends who had seen it in Manuscript, and the better to carry on a Work I stand engaged to finish. For Subscription is now at its last Gasp, and the World seems to have got the better of that many-headed Monster. However, those Gentlemen and Ladies who have been, or may hereafter be so good as to honour me with their Names, shall have the Book next Winter according to my Proposals: And if it should, in any Degree, be judged worthy their Encouragement, I have my best Reward.

The Contents.[2])

The Subject, Spring. Described as a Personage descending on Earth. Address to Lady Hartford. Winter described as a Personage, resigning the Dominion of the Year. Spring, yet unconfirmed. The Sun in Taurus fixes the Spring Quarter. First Effects of the Spring, in softening Nature. Plowing. Sowing and Harrowing. The Praise of Agriculture. Particularly applied to Britons. Effects of the Spring in colouring the Fields, and unfolding the Leaves. The Country in Blossom. A Blight. A Philosophical Account of Insects, producing the

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[1]) *Only found in the first edition (1728).*

[2]) *Only found in the second edition of "Spring" (1729), the text of which is the same as that of the first.*

Blight. A Spring-Shower. The Sun breaking out in the Evening after the Rain. The Rainbow. Herbs produced; the Food of Man in the first Ages of the World. Then, the Golden Age. As described by the Poets. The Degeneracy of Mankind from that State. On This, the Deluge, and Effects thereof, particularly in shortening the Life of Man. Hence, a Vegetable Diet recommended. The Cruelty of feeding on Animals. Flowers in Prospect. The Difficulty of describing that delicate Part of the Season. A Wild Flower-Piece. A Garden Flower-Piece. An Apostrophe to the Supream Being, as the Soul of Vegetation. Influence of the Spring on Birds; and first of their Singing. Their Courtship. Building their Nests. Brooding, and Care of their Young. Arts to secure them. Against confining them in Cages, and particularly the Nightingale; her Lamentation for her Young. Teaching their Young to fly. The Eagle trying his at the Sun. A Piece of Houshold-Fowl. Influence of the Spring on other Animals, the Bull, Horse etc. A Landskip of the Shepherd tending his Flock, with Lambs frisking around him; and a Transition in Praise of our present Happy Constitution. This various Instinct in Brutes ascribed to the continual, and unbounded Energy of Divine Providence. Influence of the Spring on Man, inspiring an universal Benevolence, the Love of Mankind, and of Nature. Accounted for from that general Harmony which then attunes the World. Effects of the Spring in Woman; with a Caution to the Fair Sex. Hence a Dissuasive from the feverish, extravagant, and unchastised Passion of Love; in an Account of its false Raptures, Pangs, and Jealousies. The Whole concludes with the Happiness of a pure, mutual Love, founded on Friendship, conducted with Honour, and confirmed by Children.

The Argument.[1])

The subject propos'd. Inscribed to Lady Hartford[2]). This Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; and mixed with Digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a Dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a purer and more reasonable kind.[3])

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[1]) *Appears for the first time in the quarto of 1730. In the editions of 1744 and 1746 the following variations occur:* [2]) to the Countess of Hartford. [3]) of a pure and happy Kind.

SPRING.

A

POEM.

The text reproduced in full (A) is that of the first ed. (1728). B = ed. 1730. C = ed. 1744. D = ed. 1746. If not replaced by new readings, the emendations are preserved in the subsequent texts (and in this case they are not specially noted again), i. e. those of B in C and D, and those of C in D. The MS. notes, written before the publication of C, were made on text B. T stands for Thomson, P for Pope. The bracketed words are cancelled.

COME, gentle Spring, Æthereal Mildness, come,
And from the Bosom of yon dropping Cloud,
While Music wakes around, veil'd in a Shower
Of shadowing Roses, on our Plains descend.

Oh Hertford, fitted, or to shine in Courts B5 C5 D5
With unaffected Grace, or walk the Plain,
With Innocence, and Meditation join'd
In soft Assemblage, listen to my Song,
Which thy own Season paints, when Nature all
Is blooming, and benevolent like Thee.

And see where surly Winter passes off, B11 C11
Far to the North, and calls his ruffian Blasts;
His Blasts obey, and quit the howling Hill,

B 9 Which] That
C 9 Which
MS 1—4 Come, gentle Spring, fair Queen of Seasons, come,
And from the Bosom of yon dropping Cloud,
With the glad Hours, the Zephirs, Loves, and Joys
Gay-fluttering round thee, on our Plains descend. *T*

The shatter'd Forest, and the ravag'd Vale:
While softer Gales succeed, at whose kind Touch,
Dissolving Snows in sudden Torrents lost,
The Mountains lift their green Heads to the Sky.

As yet the trembling Year is unconfirm'd, B18 C18 D18
And Winter oft at Eve resumes the Breeze,
Chills the pale Morn, and bids his driving Sleets
Deform the Day delightless; so that scarce
The Bittern knows his Time, with Bill ingulpht
To shake the sounding Marsh; or from the Shore
The Plovers theirs, to scatter o'er the Heath,
And sing their wild Notes to the listening Waste.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous Sun, B26 C26 D26
And the bright Bull receives Him. Then no more
Th'expansive Atmosphere is cramp'd with Cold,
But full of Life, and vivifying Soul,
Lifts the light Clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er All-surrounding Heaven.

Forth fly the tepid Aires; and unconfin'd, B32 C32 D32
Unbinding Earth, the moving Softness strays.
Joyous th'impatient Husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty Steers
Drives from their Stalls, to where the well-us'd Plow
Lies in the Furrow loosen'd from the Frost.
There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke,
They lend their Shoulder, and begin their Toil,
Chear'd by the simple Song, and soaring Lark.
Mean-while incumbent o'er the shining Share
The Master leans, removes th'obstructing Clay,
Winds the whole Work, and side-long lays the Glebe.

White thro' the neighbring Fields the Sower stalks, B44 C44 D44
With measur'd Step, and liberal throws the Grain

B 16 sudden] livid
C 24 theirs, to] when to

Into the faithful Bosom of the Earth.
The Harrow follows harsh, and shuts the Scene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious Man B48 C48
Has done his Due. Ye fostering Breezes blow!
Ye softening Dews, ye tender Showers descend!
And temper all, thou influential Sun,
Into the perfect Year! Nor, Ye who live
In Luxury and Ease, in Pomp and Pride,
Think these lost Themes unworthy of your Ear.
'Twas such as these the Rural Maro sung
To the full Roman Court, in all it's height
Of Elegance and Taste. The sacred Plow
Employ'd the Kings and Fathers of Mankind,
In antient Times. And Some, with whom compar'd
You're but the Beings of a Summer's Day,
Have held the Scale of Justice, shook the Launce
Of mighty War, then with descending Hand,
Unus'd to little Delicacies, seiz'd
The Plow, and greatly independant liv'd.

Ye generous Britons, cultivate the Plow! B65 C67
And o'er your Hills, and long withdrawing Vales,
Let Autumn spread his Treasures to the Sun,
Luxuriant, and unbounded. As the Sea,

B 46 Earth.] Ground. 51 influential] world-reviving
C 49 Due.] Part. 55–60:
Such Themes as these the rural Maro sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full Height
Of Elegance and Taste, by Greece refin'd.
In antient Times, the sacred Plow employ'd
The Kings and awful Fathers of Mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd, your Insect-Tribes
Are but the Beings *etc.*
61 Scale of Empire, rul'd the Storm 62 descending] victorious 63 Unus'd to] Disdaining 64 *thus amplified:* independent scorn'd || All the vile Stores Corruption can bestow. 65 cultivate] venerate

Far thro' his azure, turbulent Extent,
Your Empire owns, and from a thousand Shores
Wafts all the Pomp of Life into your Ports,
So with superior Boon may your rich Soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better Blessings pour
O'er every Land; the naked Nations cloath,
And be th'exhaustless Granary of the World.

Nor thro' the lenient Air alone, this Change B76 C78 D78
Delicious breathes; the penetrative Sun,
His Force deep-darting to the dark Retreat
Of Vegetation, sets the steaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant Earth
In various Hues, but chiefly Thee, gay Green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal Robe!
United Light and Shade! where the Sight dwells
With growing Strength, and ever-new Delight!

From the moist Meadow to the brown-brow'd Hill, B85 C87 D87
Led by the Breeze, the vivid Verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens to the cherish'd Eye.
The Hawthorn whitens, and the juicy Groves
Put forth their Buds, unfolding by Degrees,
Till the whole leafy Forest stands display'd
In full Luxuriance, to the sighing Gales,
While the Deer rustle thro' the twining Brake,
And the Birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the Colours of the flushing Year,
By Nature's swift and secret-working Hand,
The Garden glows, and fills the liberal Air
With lavish Fragrance; while the promis'd Fruit
Lies yet a little Embrio, unperceiv'd,
Within it's Crimson Folds. Now from the Town
Buried in Smoak, and Sleep, and noisome Damps,

B 75 a world.
C 69 Extent,] Domain, 76 Nor only thro' the lenient Air this Change, 85 brown-brow'd] wither'd 92 While] Where

Oft let me wander o'er the dewy Fields,
Where Freshness breathes, and dash the lucid Drops
From the bent Bush, as thro' the fuming Maze
Of Sweet-Briar Hedges I pursue my Walk;
Or taste the Smell of Dairy; or ascend
Some Eminence, Augusta, in thy Plains,
And see the Country far-diffus'd around
One boundless Blush, one snow-empurpled Shower
Of mingled Blossoms; where the raptur'd Eye
Travels from Joy to Joy, and, hid beneath
The fair Profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If brush'd from Russian Wilds a cutting Gale B112 C1 D114
Rise not, and scatter from his foggy Wings
The bitter Mildew, or dry-blowing breathe
Untimely Frost; before whose baleful Blast,
The full-blown Spring thro' all her Foliage shrinks.
Into a smutty, wide-dejected Waste.
For oft engender'd by the hazy North,
Myriads on Myriads, Insect-Armies waft
Keen in the poison'd Breeze; and wasteful eat
Thro' Buds, and Bark, even to the Heart of Oak
Their eager Way. A feeble Race! scarce seen,
Save to the prying Eye; yet Famine waits
On their corrosive Course, and starves the Year.
Sometimes o'er Cities as they steer their Flight,
Where rising Vapour melts their Wings away,
Gaz'd by th'astonish'd Crowd, the horrid Shower

B 108 snow-empurpled] white-empurpled 121 bark, into the blacken'd Core, 123 to] by 124 starves] kills

C 102 lucid] trembling 103 fuming] verdant 110 Travels] Hurries 113 foggy] humid 114 bitter] clammy 117 Joyless, and dead, a wide-dejected Waste.
122—128 *thus contracted:* A feble Race! yet oft
The sacred Sons of Vengeance! on whose Course
Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the Year.
To check this Plague the skilful Farmer Chaff,

Descends. And hence the skillful Farmer Chaff
And blazing Straw before his Orchard burns,
Till all involv'd in Smoak the latent Foe
From every Cranny suffocated falls;
Or Onions steaming hot beneath his Trees
Exposes, fatal to the frosty Tribe:
Nor, from their friendly Task, the busy Bill
Of little trooping Birds instinctive scares.

These are not idle Philosophic Dreams; B136 C— D—
Full Nature swarms with Life. Th'unfaithful Fen
In putrid Steams emits the living Cloud
Of Pestilence. Thro' subterranean Cells,
Where searching Sun-Beams never found a Way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery Leaf
Wants not it's soft Inhabitants. The Stone,
Hard as it is, in every winding Pore
Holds Multitudes. But chief the Forest-Boughs,
Which dance unnumber'd to th'inspiring Breeze,
The downy Orchard, and the melting Pulp
Of mellow Fruit the nameless Nations feed
Of evanescent Insects. Where the Pool
Stands mantled o'er with Green, invisible,

C 132—135 Or scatters o'er the Blooms the pungent Dust
Of Pepper, fatal to the frosty Tribe:
Or, when th'envenom'd Leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled Water drowns them in their Nest:
Nor, while they pick them up with busy Bill,
The little trooping Birds unwisely scares.

Lines 136—168 *are transferred to "Summer" C 287—317, q. v. (There the variations of the MS. will also be noted.) Here the following six lines are inserted in their place:*

Be patient, Swains; these cruel-seeming Winds D137
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd,
Those deepening Clouds on Clouds, surcharg'd with Rain,
That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne, [140]
In endless Train, would quench the Summer-Blaze,
And, chearless, drown the crude unripen'd Year.

Amid the floating Verdure Millions stray.
Each Liquid too, whether of acid Taste,
Milky, or strong, with various Forms abounds.
Nor is the lucid Stream, nor the pure Air,
Tho' one transparent Vacancy they seem,
Devoid of theirs. Even Animals subsist
On Animals, in infinite Descent;
And all so fine adjusted, that the Loss
Of the least Species would disturb the whole.
Stranger than this th'inspective Glass confirms,
And to the Curious gives th'amazing Scenes
Of lessning Life; by Wisdom kindly hid
From Eye, and Ear of Man: for if at once
The Worlds in Worlds enclos'd were push'd to Light,
Seen by his sharpen'd Eye, and by his Ear
Intensely bended Heard, from the choice Cate,
The freshest Viands, and the brightest Wines,
He'd turn abhorrent, and in Dead of Night,
When Silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with Noise.

The North-East spends his Rage, and now shut up B169 C141 D143
Within his Iron Caves, th'effusive South
Warms the wide Air, and o'er the Void of Heaven
Breathes the big Clouds with vernal Showers distent.
At first a dusky Wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining Æther; but by fast Degrees,
In Heaps on Heaps, the doubling Vapour sails
Along the loaded Sky, and mingling thick
Sits on th'Horizon round a settled Gloom.
Not such as wintry Storms on Mortals shed,
Oppressing Life, but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every Hope, and every Joy,
The Wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the Breeze
Into a perfect Calm; that not a Breath

B 152 Potent, or mild,
C 176 thick] deep

Is heard to quiver thro' the closing Woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling Leaves
Of Aspin tall. Th'uncurling Floods, diffus'd
In glassy Breadth, seem thro' delusive Lapse
Forgetful of their Course. 'Tis Silence all,
And pleasing Expectation. Herds and Flocks
Drop the dry Sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling Verdure. Hush'd in short Suspense
The plumy People streak their Wings with Oil,
And wait th'approaching Sign to strike at once
Into the general Choir. Ev'n Mountains, Vales,
And Forests seem expansive to demand
The promis'd Sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad Creation, musing Praise,
And looking lively Gratitude. At last
The Clouds consign their Treasures to the Fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimply Pool
Prelusive Drops, let all their Moisture flow
In large Effusion o'er the freshen'd World.
'Tis scarce to patter heard, the stealing Shower,
By such as wander thro' the Forest-Walks,
Beneath th'umbrageous Multitude of Leaves.
But who would hold the Shade, while Heaven descends
In universal Bounty, shedding Herbs,
And Fruits, and Flowers, on Nature's ample Lap?
Imagination fir'd prevents their Growth,
And while the verdant Nutriment distills,
Beholds the kindling Country colour round.

Thus all Day long the full-distended Clouds B211 C186 D1
Indulge their genial Stores, and well-showr'd Earth

B 205 would] can

C *After* 191 *one line is inserted:* To throw the lucid Moisture trickling off; 194 expansive] impatient, 202 The stealing Shower is scarce to patter heard, 208 Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their Growth; 209 verdant] milky

D 199 dimpled

Is deep enrich'd with vegetable Life;
Till, in the Western Sky, the downward Sun
Looks out illustrious from amid the Flush
Of broken Clouds, gay-shifting to his Beam.
The rapid Radiance instantaneous strikes
Th'illumin'd Mountain, thro' the Forest streams,
Shakes on the Floods, and in a yellow Mist,
Far-smoaking o'er th'interminable Plain,
In twinkling Myriads lights the dewy Gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the Landskip laughs around.
Full swell the Woods; their every Musick wakes,
Mix'd in wild Consort with the warbling Brooks
Increas'd, th'unnumber'd Bleatings of the Hills,
The hollow Lows responsive from the Vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd Zephir springs.
Mean-time refracted from yon Eastern Cloud,
Bestriding Earth, the grand ætherial Bow
Shoots up immense! and every Hue unfolds,
In fair Proportion, running from the Red,
To where the Violet fades into the Sky.
Here, mighty Newton, the dissolving Clouds
Are, as they scatter round, thy numerous Prism,
Untwisting to the Philosophic Eye
The various Twine of Light, by Thee pursu'd
Thro'all the mingling Maze. Not so the Swain,
He wondering views the bright Enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant Fields, and runs
To catch the falling Glory, but amaz'd

B 237 Thro' the white mingling maze.

C 215 illustrious] effulgent, 224 Consort] Concert 225 th'unnumber'd] the distant 234 Are,] Form, numerous] showery 236–7 pursu'd Thro] disclos'd From

D 233 mighty] awful 234–35 Form, fronting on the Sun, thy showery Prism, || And to the sage-instructed Eye unfold

MS 215 Breaks forth effulgent *T*

Beholds th'amusive Arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still Night succeeds,
A soften'd Shade; and saturated Earth
Awaits the Morning Beam, to give again,
Transmuted soon by Nature's Chymistry,
The blooming Blessings of the former Day.

Then spring the living Herbs, profusely wild B247 C222 D222
O'er all the deep-green Earth, beyond the Power
Of Botanist to number up their Tribes;
Whether he steals along the lonely Dale
In silent Search; or thro' the Forest, rank
With what the dull Incurious Weeds account,
Bursts his blind Way; or climbs the Mountain-Rock,
Fir'd by the nodding Verdure of its Brow.
With such a liberal Hand has Nature flung
Their Seeds abroad, blown them about in Winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nursing Mold,
The moistening Current, and prolific Rain.

But who their Virtues can declare? who pierce B259 C234 D234
With holy Eye into these secret Stores
Of Life, and Health, and Joy? The Food of Man
While yet he liv'd in Innocence, and told
A Length of golden Years, unflesh'd in Blood,
A Stranger to the Savage Arts of Life,
Death, Rapine, Carnage, Surfeit, and Disease,
The Lord, and not the Tyrant of the World.

Then the glad Morning wak'd the gladden'd Race B267 C242 D242
Of uncorrupted Men, nor blush'd to see

B 260 With vision pure
C 244—46 . . . to give to Light,
Rais'd thro' then thousand different Plastic Tubes,
The balmy Treasures of the former Day.
261 Of Health, and Life, 267 The first fresh Dawn then wak'd 268 Man,

The Sluggard sleep beneath her sacred Beam.
For their light Slumbers gently fum'd away,
And up they rose as vigorous as the Sun,
Or to the Culture of the willing Glebe,
Or to the chearful Tendance of the Flock.
Mean-time the Song went round; and Dance, and Sport,
Wisdom, and friendly Talk successive stole
Their Hours away. While in the rosy Vale
Love breath'd his Infant Sighs, from Anguish free,
Fragrant with Bliss, and only wept for Joy.
Nor yet injurious Act, nor surly Deed
Was known among these happy Sons of Heaven;
For Reason and Benevolence were Law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clean shone the Skies, cool'd with eternal Gales,
And balmy Spirit all. The youthful Sun
Shot his best Rays; and still the gracious Clouds
Drop'd Fatness down; as o'er the swelling Mead
The Herds and Flocks commixing play'd secure.
Which when, emergent from the gloomy Wood,
The glaring Lyon saw, his horrid Heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen Joy.
For Musick held the whole in perfect Peace:
Soft sigh'd the Flute; the tender Voice was heard
Warbling the joyous Heart; the Woodlands round
Apply'd their Quire; and Winds and Waters flow'd
In Consonance. Such were these Prime of Days.

B296 C–

This to the Poets gave the golden Age;
When, as they sung in Allegoric Phraze,

B 278 Fragrant] Replete 297 Allegoric] elevated

C 269 her] its 278 And full replete with Bliss; save the sweet Pain, || That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more. 283 Clear 288 Which] This 293 joyous] vary'd 295 these] those 296–323 *omitted*

MS 297 boldly-figur'd Phrase, *T*

The Sailor-Pine had not the Nations yet
In Commerce mix'd; for every Country teem'd
With every Thing. Spontaneous Harvests wav'd
Still in a Sea of yellow Plenty round.
The Forest was the Vineyard, where untaught
To climb, unprun'd, and wild, the juicy Grape
Burst into Floods of Wine. The knotted Oak
Shook from his Boughs the long transparent Streams
Of Honey, creeping thro' the matted Grass.
Th'uncultivated Thorn a ruddy Shower
Of Fruitage shed, on such as sat below,
In blooming Ease, and from brown Labour free,
Save what the copious Gathering, grateful, gave.
The Rivers foam'd with Nectar; or diffuse,
Silent, and soft, the milky Maze devolv'd.
Nor had the spongy. full-expanded Fleece
Yet drunk the Tyrian Die. The stately Ram
Shone thro' the Mead, in native Purple clad,
Or milder Saffron; and the dancing Lamb
The vivid Crimson to the Sun diclos'd.
Nothing had Power to hurt; the savage Soul,
Yet untransfus'd into the Tyger's Heart,
Burn'd not his Bowels, nor his gamesome Paw
Drove on the fleecy Partners of his Play:
While from the flowery Brake the Serpent roll'd
His fairer Spires, and play'd his pointless Tongue.

But now what-e'er those gaudy Fables meant, B324 C272 D272
And the white Minutes that they shadow'd out,
Are found no more amid these Iron Times,
These Dregs of Life! in which the Human Mind

B 324 these 325 which 326 those 327 Those
C 324, 325 But now those white unblemish'd Minutes, whence ||
The fabling Poets took their golden Age, 326 these
327, 328 These Dregs of Life! Now the distemper'd Mind ||
Has lost that Concord of harmonious Powers,
MS 311 diffuse,] calm-spread, *T*

Has lost that Harmony ineffable,
Which forms the Soul of Happiness; and all
Is off the Poise within; the Passions all
Have burst their Bounds; and Reason half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul Disorder. Anger storms at large,
Without an equal Cause; and fell Revenge
Supports the falling Rage. Close Envy bites
With venom'd Tooth; while weak, unmanly Fear,
Full of frail Fancies, loosens every Power.
Even Love itself is Bitterness of Soul,
A pleasing Anguish pining at the Heart.
Hope sickens with Extravagance; and Grief,
Of Life impatient, into Madness swells,
Or in dead Silence wastes the weeping Hours.
These, and a thousand new Emotions more,
That from their Mixture spring, distract the Mind

B 343 new] mixt
344, 345 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm. Whence, inly-rankling, grows

C 333—339 *thus expanded:*
. . . Disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
Convulsive Anger storms at large; or pale,
And silent, settles into fell Revenge.
Base Envy withers at another's Joy,
And hates whate'er is excellent and good. [285]
Desponding Fear, of feeble Fancies full,
Weak, and unmanly, loosens every Power.
Even Love itself is Bitterness of Soul,
A pensive Anguish pining at the Heart:
Or, sunk to sordid Interest, feels no more [290]
That restless Wish, that infinite Desire,
Which, selfish Joy disdaining, seek, alone,
To bless the dearer Object of it's Flame.

D [285] And hates that Excellence it cannot reach. [291] That noble Wish, that never cloy'd Desire, [292] seeks,

With endless Tumult. Whence resulting rise
The selfish Thought, a listless Inconcern,
Cold, and averting from our Neighbour's Good;
Then dark Disgust, and Malice, winding Wiles,
Sneaking Deceit, and Coward Villany:
At last unruly Hatred, lewd Reproach,
Convulsive Wrath, and thougthless Fury, quick
To every evil Deed. Even Nature's self
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her Course.

Hence in old Time, they say, a Deluge came; B355 C309 D30
When the dry-crumbling Orb of Earth, which arch'd
Th'imprison'd Deep around, impetuous rush'd,
With Ruin inconceivable, at once
Into the Gulph, and o'er the highest Hills
Wide-dash'd the Waves, in Undulation vast:

B 350 unruly] deep-roted 353 To deeds of vilest aim.
355 dry-crumbling] disparting which] that

C 346 selfish] partial . . . Unconcern, 348 Malice,] Hatred,
349—358:

Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence.
At last, extinct each social Feeling, fell [305]
And joyless Inhumanity pervades,
And petrifies the Heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her Course.

Hence, in old dusky Time, a Deluge came:
When the deep-cleft disparting Orb, that arch'd [310]
The central Waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal Burst, into the Gulph,
And o'er the high-pil'd Hills of fractur'd Earth

D 345 deeply rankling,

MS [306] *sq. T had first written for* [306] joyless] loveless *(?)* pervades] corrodes [307] petrifies] gangrenes [310] deep-cleft] deep-chapt, deep-parch'd *and for line* [311]: The rarefy'd Abyss whose searching Streams || Expansive sought a Vent, impetuous rush'd, *for* [312] Burst] Lapse, [313] high-pil'd] new-form'd

Till from the Centre to the streaming Clouds
A shoreless Ocean tumbled round the Globe.

The Seasons since, as hoar Tradition tells, B363 C317 D317
Have kept their constant Chace; the Winter keen
Pour'd out his Waste of Snows, and Summer shot
His pestilential Heats: great Spring before
Green'd all the Year; and Fruits and Blossoms blush'd
In social Sweetness on the self-same Bough.
Clear was the temperate Air; an even Calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the Zephirs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue Expanse; for then no Storms
Were taught to blow, nor Hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the Waters: no sulphureous Glooms
Swell'd in the Sky, and sent the Lightning forth:
While sickly Damps, and cold Autumnal Fogs,
Sat not pernicious on the Springs of Life.
But now from clear to cloudy, moist to dry,
And hot to cold, in restless Change revolv'd,
Our drooping Days are dwindled down to nought,
The fleeting Shadow of a Winter's Sun.

And yet the wholesome Herb neglected dies B381 C336 D336
In lone Obscurity, unpriz'd for Food,
Altho' the pure, exhilerating Soul

C 364 Pour'd out] Shook forth 368 Clear] Pure
375—379 *thus expanded:*
Oppressive, sat not on the Springs of Life. [330]
But now, of turbid Elements the Sport,
From Clear to Cloudy tost, from Hot to Cold,
And Dry to Moist, with inward-eating Change,
Our drooping Days are dwindled down to Nought,
Their Period finish'd ere 'tis well begun. [335]
380 dies; 381 *omitted* 382 Tho' with the pure
D 362, 363 The Seasons since have, with severer Sway, || Oppress'd a broken World: 375 Hung not, relaxing, on
MS [333] And Moist to Dry, *T*

Of Nutriment, and Health, salubrious breathes,
By Heaven infus'd, along it's secret Tubes.
For, with hot Ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man
Is now become the Lyon of the Plain,
And worse. The Wolf, who from the nightly Fold
Fierce-drags the bleating Prey, ne'er drunk her Milk,
Nor wore her warming Fleece: nor has the Steer,
At whose strong Chest the deadly Tyger hangs,
E'er plowd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With Hunger stung, and wild Necessity,
Nor lodges Pity in their shaggy Breasts.
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder Clay,
With every kind Emotion in his Heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her Lap
She pours ten thousand Delicacies, Herbs,
And Fruits as numerous as the Drops of Rain,
And Beams which gave them Birth: shall He, fair Form!
Who wears sweet Smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling Herd,
And dip his Tongue in Blood? The Beast of Prey,
'Tis true, deserves the Fate in wich He deals:
Him from the Thicket let the hardy Youth
Provoke, and foaming thro' th'awakened Woods
With every Nerve pursue. But You, ye Flocks,
What have ye done? ye peaceful People, what,
To merit Death? You, who have given us Milk
In luscious Streams, and lent us your own Coat
Against the Winter's Cold; whose Usefulness

B 399 which] that

C 383, 384 salubrious. blest, || And deeply stor'd with wondrous vital Powers. 393 Breast. 399 And] Or 402 Blood?] Gore? 403—406 *thus contracted:* Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye Flocks, 407 you done; 410, 411 Winter's Cold? And the plain Ox, *(one line omitted)*

D 383, 384 Health, and vital Powers, || Beyond the Search of Art, 'tis copious blest.

In living only lies. And the plain Ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless Animal,
In what has He offended? He, whose Toil,
Patient, and ever-ready, cloaths the Fields
With all the Pomp of Harvest; shall He bleed,
And wrestling groan beneath the cruel Hands
Even of the Clowns he feeds? And that perhaps
To swell the Riot of the gathering Feast,
Won by his Labour. Thus the feeling Heart
Would tenderly suggest. But 'tis enough,
In this late Age, adventurous to have touch'd
Light on the Numbers of the Samian Sage.
High Heaven beside forbids the daring Strain,
Whose wisest Will has fix'd us in a State,
Which must not yet to pure Perfection rise.

B 414 Fields] land 425 Which] That

C 416 wrestling] struggling 418 th'autumnal Feast, 423 Heaven too forbids the bold presumptuous Strain, *Before l.* 426 *the following 88 lines are inserted:*

Now when the first foul Torrent of the Brooks, [377] D:
Swell'd by the vernal Rains, is ebb'd away;
And, whitening, down their mossy tinctur'd Stream
Descends the billowy Foam: now is the Time, [380]
While yet the dark-brown Water aids the Guile,
To tempt the Trout. The well-dissembled Fly,
The Rod fine-tapering with elastic Spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary Steed the floating Line,
And all thy slender watry Stores prepare. [385]
But let not on thy Hook the tortur'd Worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing Folds,
Which by rapacious Hunger swallow'd deep
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding Breast
Of the weak, helpless, umcomplaining Wretch, [390]
Harsh Pain and Horror to the tender Hand.

D 419 Thus] This 423 High Heaven forbids *etc.* *After l.* 425 *two lines are added*: Besides, who knows, how rais'd to higher Life, || From Stage to Stage, the Vital Scale ascends? [378] by] with

C *(Sequel)*

When, with his lively Ray, the potent Sun D394
Has pierc'd the Streams, and rous'd the finny Race,
Then, issuing chearful, to thy Sport repair;
Chief should the Western Breezes curling play, [395]
And light o'er Ether bear the shadowy Clouds.
High to their Fount, this Day, amid the Hills,
And Woodlands warbling round, trace up the Brooks;
The Next, pursue their rocky-channel'd Maze,
Down to the River, in whose ample Wave [400]
Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious Point, where with the Pool
Is mix'd the trembling Stream, or where it boils
Around the Stone, or from the hollow'd Bank,
Reverted, plays in undulating Flow, [405]
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive Fly;
And, as you lead it round in artful Curve,
With Eye attentive mark the springing Game.
Strait as above the Surface of the Flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by Hunger leap, [410]
Then fix, with gentle Twitch, the barbed Hook;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy Bank,
And to the shelving Shore slow-dragging some,
With various Hand proportion'd to their Force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd, [415]
A worthless Prey scarce bends your pliant Rod,
Him, piteous of his Youth, and the short Space
He has enjoy'd the vital Light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the Stream
The speckled Captive throw. But should you lure [420]
From his dark Haunt, beneath the tangled Roots,
Of pendant Trees, the Monarch of the Brook,
Behoves thee then to ply thy finest Art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the Fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft [425]
The dimpled Water speaks his jealous Fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded Sun
Passes a Cloud, he desperate takes the Death,
With sullen Plunge. At once, he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd Line; [430]

D [420] Captive] Infant [423] thee] you thy] your

But yonder breathing Prospect bids the Muse B427 C465 D467
Throw all her Beauty forth, that Daubing all
Will be to what I gaze; for who can paint

C *(Sequel)*

Then seeks the farthest Ooze, the sheltering Weed,
The cavern'd Bank, his old secure Abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the Pool,
Indignant of the Guile. With yielding Hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious Course [435]
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the Stream, exhaust his idle Rage;
Till floating broad upon his breathless Side,
And to his Fate abandon'd, to the Shore
You gayly drag your unresisting Prize. [440]

Thus pass the temperate Hours: but when the Sun D443
Shakes from his Noon-day Throne the scattering Clouds,
Even shooting listless Languor thro' the Deeps;
Then seek the Bank where flowering Elders croud,
Where scatter'd wild the Lilly of the Vale [445]
It's balmy Essence breathes, where Cowslips hang
The dewy Head, where purple Violets lurk,
With all the lowly Children of the Shade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading Ash,
Hung o'er the Steep; whence, borne on liquid Wing, [450]
The sounding Culver shoots; or where the Hawk,
High, in the beetling Cliff, his Airy builds.
There let the Classic Page thy Fancy lead
Thro' rural Scenes; such as the Mantuan Swain
Paints in immortal Verse and matchless Song: [455]
Or catch thyself the Landskip gliding swift
Athwart Imagination's vivid Eye:
Or by the vocal Woods and Waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely Musing, in a Dream,
Confus'd, of careless Solitude, where mix [460]
Ten thousand wandering Images of Things,
Soothe every Gust of Passion into Peace,
All but the Swellings of the soften'd Heart,
That waken, not disturb the tranquil Mind.

426 But yonder] Behold yon 427, 428 Beauty forth. But who can paint *(one line omitted)*

D [455] Paints in the matchless Harmony of Song.

Like Nature? Can Imagination boast
Amid his gay Creation Hues like Her's?
And can He mix them with that matchless Skill,
And lay them on so delicately sweet,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every Bud that blows? If Fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the lovely Task;
Ah what shall Language do? Ah where find Words
Ting'd with so many Colours? And whose Power
To Life approaching, may perfume my Lays
With that fine Oil, these aromatic Gales,
Which inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, tho' successless, will the Toil delight. B442 C478 D486
Come then ye Virgins, and ye Youths, whose Hearts
Have felt the Raptures of refining Love,
Oh come, and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us walk
The Morning Dews, and gather in their Prime
Fresh-blooming Flowers, to deck the flowing Hair,
And for a Breast which can improve their Sweets.

See, where the winding Vale her lavish Stores, B450 C492 D494
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the Lilly drinks

B 432 sweet,] fine, 447 flowing] braided 448 And the white bosom that improves their sweets.

C 430 his] it's 431 Or can it 432 *omitted* 435 lovely] pleasing 439 these] those 440 Which] That *Between l.* 443 *and l.* 444 *six lines are inserted*:

And thou, Amanda, come, Pride of my Song!
Form'd by the Graces, Loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast Eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those Looks demure, that deeply pierce the Soul;
Where with the Light of thoughtful Reason, mix'd,
Shines lively Fancy and the feeling Heart:

445 walk] tread 447 to grace thy braided Hair, 448 And thy lov'd Bosom

D 449 her] its

MS 448 *(see B)* white] (fair) full *T*

The latent Rill, scarce oozing thro' the Grass
Of Growth luxuriant, or the humid Bank
Profusely climbs. Turgent, in every Pore
The Gummy Moisture shines, new Lustre lends,
And feeds the Spirit that diffusive round
Refreshes all the Dale. Long let us walk,
Where the Breeze blows from yon extended Field
Of blossom'd Beans: Arabia cannot boast
A fuller Gale of Joy than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the Sense, and takes the ravish'd Soul.
Nor is the Meadow worthless of our Foot,
Full of fresh Verdure, and unnumber'd Flowers,
The Negligence of Nature, wide, and wild,
Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she shows
Unbounded Beauty to the boundless Eye.
'Tis here that their delicious Task the Bees,
In swarming Millions, tend. Around, athwart,
This Way and that, the busy Nations fly,
Cling to the Bud, and with inserted Tube,
It's Soul, it's Sweetness, and it's Manna suck.
The little Chymist thus, all-moving Heaven
Has taught. And oft, of bolder Wing, he dares
The Purple Heath, or where the Wild-Thyme grows,
And yellow loads him with the luscious Spoil.

At length the finish'd Garden to the View B476 C D51
It's Vistas opens, and it's Alleys green.

B 464 shows] spreads

C 453 In fair Profusion, decks. Long let us walk, *etc. as after l.* 456 *(three lines omitted)* 461 Nor is the Mead unworthy of thy Foot, 465 boundless] roving 466 Here their delicious Task the fervent Bees, 468 Thro' the soft Air, the busy 470—472 *thus contracted:* Suck it's pure Essence, it's etherial Soul. || And oft, with bolder Wing, they soaring dare 474 load them

MS 470 *(see C)* pure] (sweet, soft) *T* 472 *(see C) T first wrote:* And oft, of more excursive Wing he dares, *then:* And oft, of bolder Wing he soaring dares

Snatch'd thro' the verdant Maze, the hurried Eye
Distracted wanders; now the bowery Walk
Of Covert close, where scarce a Speck of Day
Falls on the lengthen'd Gloom, protracted darts;
Now meets the bending Sky, the River now
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled Lake,
The Forest running round, the rising Spire,
Th'ætherial Mountain, and the distant Main.
But why so far excursive? When at Hand,
Along the blushing Borders, dewy-bright,
And in yon mingled Wilderness of Flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every Grace;
Throws out the Snow-Drop, and the Crocus first,
The Daisy, Primrose, Violet darkly blue,
Soft-bending Cowslips, and of nameless Dies
Anemonies, Auriculas, a Tribe
Peculiar powder'd with a shining Sand,
Renunculas, and Iris many-hued.
Then comes the Tulip-Race, where Beauty plays
Her gayest Freaks; from Family diffus'd

B 491 Dew-bending

C 480 darts;] sweeps; 483 running] darkening rising] glittering
486 bright with Dew, 491—494 *thus expanded:*

And Polyanthus of unnumber'd Dyes; [530]
The yellow Wall-Flower, stain'd with iron Brown;
And lavish Stock that scents the Garden round.
From the soft Wing of vernal Breezes shed,
Anemonies; Auriculas, enrich'd
With shining Meal o'er all their velvet Leaves; [535]
And full Renunculas, of glowing Red.

496 gayest] idle

D 486 the] these

MS 482 (Zephir-ruffled, Breeze-discolour'd) *T* 486, 487 (Borders in that Wild || Or those well-mingled Beds of choicer Flowers) *T* [531] stain'd] mark'd *T* [532, 533] And lovely-tinctur'd Stock (that chears, breathes the Spring) of mild Perfume || By the soft Breath of vernal Breezes blown. *T*
496 gayest] wildest *T*

To Family, as flies the Father-Dust,
The varied Colours run; and while they break
On the charm'd Florist's Eye, he wondering stands,
And new-flush'd Glories all ecstatic marks.
Nor Hyacinths are wanting, nor Junquils
Of potent Fragrance, nor Narcissus white,
Nor deep Carnations, nor enamel'd Pinks,
And showr'd from every Bush the Damask-Rose.
Infinite Numbers, Delicacies, Smells,
With Hues on Hues Expression cannot paint,
The Breath of Nature, and her endless Bloom.

Hail, Mighty Being! Universal Soul B509 C D556
Of Heaven and Earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the Knee, to Thee my Thoughts
Continual climb, who, with a Master-Hand
Hast the great Whole into Perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative Tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy Net, and clad with Leaves,

B 499 wondering] curious 503 deep] strip'd 504 And] Nor

C 499–503 *thus expanded:*

On the charm'd Eye, th'exulting Florist marks,
With secret Pride, the Wonders of his Hand.
No gradual Bloom is wanting; from the Bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky Tribes:
Nor Hyacinths, deep-purpled; nor Jonquils, [545]
Of potent Fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled Fountain hanging still;
Nor broad Carnations; nor gay-spotted Pinks;

508 Hail, Source of Beings!

D [545] Nor Hyacinths, of purest virgin White,
Low bent, and blushing inward; nor Jonquils,

MS 499, 500 Florist's Eye, with secret Pride || He marks the gay Creation of his Hand *etc. as in C T* [544] The first Spring blows to Summer's *T* [545] deep-purpled] sweet-breathing *T* 503 strip'd] (full, pounc'd, rich) bright *T*

Draw the live Æther, and imbibe the Dew.
By Thee dispos'd into cogenial Soils
Stands each attractive Plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy Tide, and twining Mass of Tubes.
At Thy command, the vernal Sun awakes
The torpid Sap, detruded to the Root
By Wintry Winds, that now, in fluent Dance
And lively Fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerous-colour'd Scene of things.

Ascending from the vegetable World B525 C569 D572
To higher Life, with equal Wing ascend,
My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the Woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest Trim.
Lend me your Song, ye Nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running Soul of Melody
Into my varied Verse! while I deduce,
From the first Note the hollow Cuckoo sings,
The Symphony of Spring, and touch a Theme
Unknown to Fame, the Passion of the Groves.

Just as the Spirit of Love is sent abroad, B535 C579 D582
Warm thro' the vital Air, and on their Hearts
Harmonious seizes, the gay Troops begin
In gallant Thought to plume their painted Wings;
And try again the long-forgotten Strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft Infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than all alive at once their Joy o'erflows
In Music unconfin'd. Up-springs the Lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the Messenger of Morn;
Ere yet the Shadows fly, He mounted sings

B 537 the painted wing;

C 516 congenial 524, 525 As rising from the vegetable World || My Theme ascends, with equal *etc.* 534 When first the Soul of Love *etc.* 535 the Heart

Amid the dawning Clouds, and from their Haunts
Calls up the tuneful Nations. Every Copse
Thick-wove, and Tree irregular, and Bush,
Bending with dewy Moisture o'er the Heads
Of the coy Quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of Harmony. The Thrush
And Wood-Lark, o'er the kind-contending Throng
Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest Length
Of Notes, when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in Thought
Elate, to make her Night excel their Day.
The Black-bird whistles from the thorny Brake;
The mellow Bull-finch answers from the Grove:
Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flowering Furze,
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to These,
Thousands beside, thick as the covering Leaves
They warble under, or the nitid Hues
Which speck them o'er, their Modulations mix
Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw,
And all these jangling Pipes, when heard alone,
Here aid the Consort: while the Wood-Dove breathes
A melancholy Murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis Love creates their Gaiety, and all
This Waste of Music is the Voice of Love;
Which even to Birds, and Beasts, the tender Arts
Of Pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy Kind
Try every winning Way inventive Love

B568 D6

B 562 Which] That 564 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone, 565 Stock-dove

C 560—562 *thus contracted:* Innumerous Songsters, in the freshening Shade || Of new-sprung Leaves, their Modulations mix 565 Aid the full Concert: 567 Gaiety,] Melody, 569 Which] That

D 547 Deep-tangled, Tree irregular,

Can dictate, and in fluttering Courtship pour
Their little Souls before Her. Wide around,
Respectful, first in airy Rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand Tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted Glance
Of their regardless Charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least Approvance to bestow,
Their Colours burnish, and by Hope inspir'd
They brisk advance; then on a sudden struck
Retire disorder'd; then again approach,
And throwing out the last Efforts of Love,
In fond Rotation spread the spotted Wing,
And shiver every Feather with Desire.

Connubial Leagues agreed, to the deep Woods B586 C628 D631
They haste away, each as their Fancy leads,
Pleasure or Food, or latent Safety prompts;
That Nature's great Command may be obey'd,
Nor all these sweet Sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the Holly-Hedge
Nestling repair, and to the Thicket some;
Some to the rude Protection of the Thorn
Resolve to trust their Young. The clefted Tree
Offers it's kind Concealment to a Few,
Their Food it's Insects, and it's Moss their Nests.
Others apart far in the grassy Dale
Their humble Texture weave. But most delight

B 587 latent] secret 589 these] the

C 572—574: Can dictate, and in Courtship to their Mates
Pour forth their little Souls. First, wide around,
With distand Awe, in airy Rings *etc.*
582 *omitted* 586 each] all 593 Commit their feeble Offspring. The cleft Tree 597 *thus amplified:* Dale, || Or roughening Waste, their humble Texture weave. || But most in woodland Solitudes delight,

MS *(Variations from C)* 572 Mates] Fair *T* 573 Pour out *T* 574 Aw'd by Respect, in *etc. T*

In unfrequented Glooms, or shaggy Banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling Brook,
Whose Murmurs sooth them all the livelong Day,
When for a Season fix'd. Among the Roots
Of Hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive Stream,
They frame the first Foundation of their Domes,
Dry Sprigs of Trees, in artful Manner laid,
And bound with Clay together. Now 'tis nought
But Hurry Hurry thro' the busy Air,
Beat by unnumber'd Wings. The Swallow sweeps
The slimy Pool, to build his hanging House
Ingeniously intent. Oft from the Back
Of Herds and Flocks a thousand tugging Bills
Pluck Hair, and Wool, and oft when unobserv'd
Steal from the Barn the Straw; till soft, and warm,
Clean, and compleat, their Habitation grows.

Mean-time the patient Dam assiduous sits, B615 C
Not to be tempted from her tender Task, D66
Or by sharp Hunger, or by smooth Delight,
Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing Lover takes his Stand
High on th'opponent Bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious Time away; or else supplies
Her Place a Moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty Meal. Th'appointed Time
With pious Toil fulfill'd, the callow Young
Warm'd, and expanded into perfect Life,
Their brittle Bondage break, and come to Light,
A helpless Family, demanding Food

B 614 As thus

C 604 Manner] Fabrick 606 But restless Hurry 609 Intent.
And often, from the careless Back 612 a Straw:

D 601 When by kind Duty fix'd.

MS 601 And (ease) lull their Labours. *(cancelled)* When fix'd by Duty, dark, among the Roots *T*

With constant Clamour. Oh what Passions then,
What melting Sentiments of kindly Care
Seize the new Parents' Hearts! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious Morsel to their Young,
Which equally distributed, again
The Search begins. So pitiful, and poor,
A gentle Pair on Providential Heaven
Cast, as they weeping eye their clamant Train,
Check their own Appetites, and give them all.

Nor is the Courage of the fearful Kind, B638 *For* C *and* D *see footnote*
Nor is their Cunning less, should some rude Foot
Their Woody Haunts molest; stealthy aside
Into the Centre of a neighbring Bush
They drop, and whirring thence alarm'd, deceive
The rambling School-Boy. Hence around the Head
Of Traveller, the white-wing'd Plover wheels
Her sounding Flight, and then directly on
In long Excursion skims the level Lawn,

C 629 On the new Parents seize!
633 — begins. Even so a gentle Pair,
By Fortune sunk, but form'd of generous Mold,
And pierc'd with Cares beyond the vulgar Breast,
In some lone Cott amid the distant Woods, [680]
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they *etc. as l.* 635
637 Nor Pain alone they scorn: exalting Love D687
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd, [685]
Gives instant Courage to the fearful Race,
And to the simple Art. With stealthy Wing,
Should some rude Foot their woody Haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring Bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th'unfeeling School-Boy. *etc. as l.* 642
643 Traveller,] wandering Swain,
D [679] pierc'd] charm'd] [684] Pain] Toil
MS 629 Heart *T* 635 Cast,] Thrown, *T*

To tempt you from her Nest. The Wild-Duck hence
O'er the rough Moss, and o'er the trackless Waste
The Heath-Hen flutters, as if hurt, to lead
The hot, pursuing Spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan B651 C6
Her Brothers of the Grove, by Tyrant Man D702
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow Cage
From Liberty confin'd, and boundless Air.
Dull are the pretty Slaves, their Plumage dull,
Ragged, and all it's brightning Lustre lost;
Nor is that luscious Wildness in their Notes
That warbles from the Beech. Oh then desist,
Ye Friends of Harmony! this barbarous Art
Forbear, if Innocence and Music can
Win on your Hearts, or Piety perswade.

But let not chief the Nightingale lament B662 C7
Her ruin'd Care, too delicately fram'd D714
To brook the harsh Confinement of the Cage.
Oft when returning with her loaded Bill,
Th'astonish'd Mother finds a vacant Nest,
By the hard Hands of unrelenting Clowns
Rob'd, to the Ground the vain Provision falls;
Her Pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
Can bear the Mourner to the Poplar Shade,
Where all-abandon'd to Despair she sings

B 666 hand

C 646 you] him 648 as if hurt,] (pious Fraud!) 656 luscious] sprightly 657—660 *thus expanded:*

Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the Beech.
Oh then, ye Friends of Love and Love-taught Song,
Spare the soft Tribes, this barbarous Art forbear!
If on your Bosom Innocence can win,
Music engage, or Piety persuade.

MS 657, 658 (Oh then forbear, || Ye Friends of Harmony, this barbarous Art!) O then, ye Friends || Of Harmony, this barbarous Art forbear! *T*

Her Sorrows thro' the Night; and, on the Bough
Sad-sitting, still at every dying Fall
Takes up again her lamentable Strain
Of winding Woe, till wide around the Woods
Sigh at her Song, and with her Wail resound.

And now the feather'd Youth their former Bounds B677 C726 D72
Ardent disdain, and weighing oft their Wings,
Demand the free Possession of the Sky.
But this glad Office more, and then dissolves
Parental Love at once; for needless grown,
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some Evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but Balm is breathing thro' the Woods,
With yellow Lustre bright, that the new Tribes
Visit the spacious Heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's Common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their Range, and Pasture. O'er the Boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy Verge
Their Resolution fails; their Pinions still,
In loose Libration stretch'd, the void Abrupt
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The Parent-Guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging Air receives
The plumy Burden; and their self-taught Wings
Winnow the waving Element. On Ground
Alighted bolder, up again they lead
Farther and farther on the lengthning Flight;
Till vanish'd every Fear, and every Power
Rouz'd into Life, and Action, in the Void

B 696 Alighted, bolder up

C 672 Sole-sitting, 675 at] to 676 But now 679 This one glad 680 once, now needless grown. *(Full stop!)* 690 stretch'd, to trust the Void 699, 700 Action, light in Air || Th'acquitted Parents *etc.*

Th'exoner'd Parents see their soaring Race,
And once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the Summit of a craggy Cliff, B703 C752 D755
Hung o'er the green Sea grudging at it's Base,
The Royal Eagle draws his Young, resolv'd
To try them at the Sun. Strong-pounc'd, and bright
As burnish'd Day, they up the blue Sky wind,
Leaving dull Sight below, and with fixt Gaze
Drink in their native Noon: the Father-King
Claps his glad Pinions, and approves the Birth.

And should I wander to the Rural Seat, B711 *For* C *and* D *see footnote*
Whose aged Oaks, and venerable Gloom,
Invite the noisy Rook, with Pleasure there,
I might the various Polity survey
Of the mixt Houshold Kind. The careful Hen
Calls all her chirping Family around,

C 703—712 *thus amplified*:

Hung o'er the Deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost *Kilda's Shore, whose lonely Race
Resign the setting Sun to Indian Worlds, [755]
The royal Eagle draws his vigorous Young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal Fire.
Now fit to raise a Kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his Fort, the towering Seat,
For Ages, of his Empire; which in Peace, [760]
Unstain'd he holds, while many a League to sea
He wings his Course, and preys in distant Isles.

* The farthest of the western Islands of Scotland.

Should I my Steps turn to the rural Seat, D766
Whose lofty Elms, and venerable Oaks,
Invite the Rook, who high amid the Boughs, [765]
In early Spring, his airy City builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,

MS 700 *For* Th'acquitted *(C) T had first written* The faithful [764] Oaks,] Elms, *P* Gloom] Oaks *P* [765] *sq.* with Pleasure] delighted *T* Who high amid the boughs || In early spring their airy city build || And caw with ceaseless clamour, there wellpleasd. *P*

Fed, and defended by the fearless Cock,
Whose Breast with Ardour flames, as on he walks
Graceful, and crows Defiance. In the Pond,
The finely-checker'd Duck before her Train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing Swan
Gives out his snowy Plumage to the Gale,
And, arching proud his Neck, with oary Feet
Bears onward fierce, and beats you from the Bank,
Protective of his Young. The Turkey nigh,
Loud-threatning, reddens; while the Peacock spreads
His every-colour'd Glory to the Sun,
And swims in floating Majesty along.
O'er the whole homely Scene, the cooing Dove
Flies thick in amorous Chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing Eye, and turns the changeful Neck.

While thus the gentle Tenants of the Shade B73a C786 D789
Indulge their purer Loves, the rougher World
Of Brutes below rush furious into Flame,
And fierce Desire. Thro' all his lusty Veins
The Bull, deep-scorcht, receives the raging Fire.
Of Pasture sick, and negligent of Food,
Scarce-seen, he wades among the yellow Broom,
While o'er his brawny Back the rambling Sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy Wood
Dejected wanders, nor th'inticing Bud
Crops, tho' it presses on his careless Sense:
For, wrapt in mad Imagination, he
Roars for the Fight, and idly butting feigns
A Rival gor'd in every knotty Trunk.

B 723 forward

C 723 and guards his Osier Isle, 735 deep-scorch'd, the raging Passion feels. 738 o'er his ample Sides 742, 743 And oft, in jealous madning Fancy wrapt, || He seeks the Fight; 744 His Rival

D 727 floating] radiant

Such should he meet, the bellowing War begins;
Their Eyes flash Fury; to the hollow'd Earth,
Whence the Sand flies, they mutter bloody Deeds,
And groaning vast th'impetuous Battel mix:
While the fair Heifer, redolent, in View
Stands kindling up their Rage. The trembling Steed,
With this hot Impulse seiz'd in every Nerve,
Nor hears the Rein, nor heeds the sounding Whip;
Blows are not felt; but tossing high his Head,
And by the well-known Joy to distant Plains
Attracted strong, all wild, he bursts away;
O'er Rocks, and Woods, and craggy Mountains flies,
And neighing on th'aerial Summit takes
Th'informing Gale; then steep-descending stems
The headlong Torrents foaming down the Hills,
Even where the Madness of the straiten'd Stream
Turns in black Eddies round: Such is the Force
With which his frantic Heart, and Sinews swell.

Nor, undelighted by the boundless Spring, B764 C D821
Are the broad Monsters of the Deep: thro' all
Their oozy Caves, and gelid Kingdoms rous'd,
They flounce, and tumble in unwieldy Joy.
Dire were the Strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel Raptures of the Savage Kind;
How the red Lioness, her Whelps forgot
Amid the thoughtless Fury of her Heart,
The lank rapacious Wolf, th'unshapely Bear,
The spotted Tyger, fellest of the Fell,
And all the Terrors of the Lybian Swain,

B 758 stems] cleaves 760 streams 764, 765 Are the broad monsters of the boiling deep: || From the deep ooze, and gelid cavern rous'd,

C 745 Him should 748 vast] deep 749 Heifer, balmy-breathing, near, 752 Whip;] Thong; 758 informing] exciting 760 Stream 769—773 *omitted*

D 764 boiling] foaming

By this new Flame their Native Wrath sublim'd,
Roam the resounding Waste in fiercer Bands,
And growl their horrid Loves. But this the Theme
I sing, transported, to the British Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the Mountain-brow,
Where sits the Shepherd on the grassy Turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending Sun.
Around Him feeds his many-bleating Flock,
Of various Cadence; and his sportive Lambs,
This way and that convolv'd in friskful Glee,
Their little Frolicks play. And now the Race
Invites them forth; when swift, the Signal given,
They start away, and sweep the circly Mound
That runs around the Hill; the Rampart once
Of Iron War, in antient barbarous Times,
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal Broil; ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid, indissoluble State,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden Head,
And o'er our Labours Liberty and Law
Illustrious watch, the Wonder of a World!

What is this mighty Breath, ye Curious, say, B796 C846 D849
Which, in a Language rather felt than heard,
Instructs the Fowls of Heaven; and thro' their Breasts
These Arts of Love diffuses? . . . What? but God!
Inspiring God! who boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,

B 786 circly] massy

C 774, 775 *thus expanded:* How by this Flame their native Wrath sublim'd, || They roam, amid the Fury of their Heart, || The far-resounding Waste in fiercer Bands, 777 transported,] enraptur'd, 784 Their Frolicks play. And now the sprightly Race 792 their] the 794 Impartial, watch, 796 That, 797 Breast

D 796 That, in a powerful Language, felt not heard,

MS 792 golden] (happy) *T*

Subsists, adjusts, and agitates the Whole.
He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone
Seems not to work, so exquisitely fram'd
Is this complex, amazing Scene of Things.
But tho' conceal'd, to every purer Eye
Th'informing Author in his Works appears;
His Grandeur in the Heavens: the Sun, and Moon,
Whether that fires the Day, or falling this
Pours out a lucid Softness o'er the Night,
Are but a Beam from Him. The glittering Stars,
By the deep Ear of Meditation heard,
Still in their Midnight Watches sing of Him.
He nods a Calm. The Tempest blows His Wrath,
Roots up the Forest, and o'erturns the Main.
The Thunder is His Voice; and the red Flash
His speedy Sword of Justice. At His Touch
The Mountains flame. He takes the solid Earth,
And rocks the Nations. Nor in these alone,
In every common Instance God is seen;
And to the Man, who casts his mental Eye
Abroad, unnotic'd Wonders rise. But chief
In Thee, Boon Spring, and in thy softer Scenes,
The Smiling God appears; while Water, Earth,
And Air attest his Bounty, which instils
Into the Brutes this temporary Thought,
And annual melts their undesigning Hearts
Profusely thus in Tenderness, and Joy.

B 801 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates 803 work, with such perfection fram'd 804 Scene] scheme

C 804 amazing] stupendous 806 Work 807—821 *omitted and* 822 *thus altered:* Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft Scenes, 823 appears;] is seen; 824, 825 which exalts || The Brute-Creation to this finer Thought,

D 806 Works

MS 807 (The Heavens his Grandeur speak:) *T* 821 (To range abroad, new Wonders rise) *T* 822 *(see C)* But cheif in Thee, Boon Spring, and Thy kind Scenes, *T* 824 which] that *T*

B829,C864 D867

Still let my Song a nobler Note assume,
And sing th'infusive Force of Spring on Man;
When Heaven and Earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his Being, and serene his Soul.
Can he forbear to smile with Nature? Can
The stormy Passions in his Bosom rowl,
While every Gale is Peace, and every Grove
Is Melody? Hence, from the bounteous Walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid Sons of Earth,
Hard, and unfeeling at Another's Woe,
Or only lavish to Youselves, . . . away.
But come, ye generous Breasts, in whose wide Thought,
Of all his Works, Creative Bounty, most,
Divinely burns; and on your open Front,
And liberal Eye, sits, from his dark Retreat
Inviting modest Want. Nor only fair,
And easy of Approach; your active Search
Leaves no cold wintry Corner unexplor'd,
Like silent-working Heaven, surprizing oft
The lonely Heart with unexpected Good.
For you the roving Spirit of the Wind
Blows Spring abroad, for you the teeming Clouds
Descend in buxom Plenty o'er the World,
And the Sun spreads his genial Blaze for you,
Ye flower of Human Race! In these green Days,
Sad-pining Sickness lifts her languid Head;
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole Creation round. Contentment walks

B 837 at] of

C 832, 833 Can he forbear to join the general Smile || Of Nature? Can fierce Passions vex his Breast, 839 Breasts,] Minds, 840, 841 creative Bounty burns, || With warmest Beam; 843, 844 Nor, till invok'd, || Can restless Goodness wait; 850 buxom] gladsome 851 sheds his kindest Rays for you, 853 Sad-pining] Reviving

MS 831 raise] chear *T* serene] elate *T*

The Sunny Glade, and feels an inward Bliss
Spring o'er his Mind, beyond the Pride of Kings
E'er to bestow. Serenity apace
Induces Thought, and Contemplation still.
By small Degrees the Love of Nature works,
And warms the Bosom; till at last arriv'd
To Rapture, and enthusiastic Heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The Joy of God, to see a happy World.

'Tis Harmony, that World-embracing Power B866 C.
By which all Beings are adjusted, each
To all around, impelling and impell'd
In endless Circulation, that inspires
This universal Smile. Thus the glad Skies,
The wide-rejoicing Earth, the Woods, the Streams,
With every Life they hold, down to the Flower
That paints the lowly Vale, or Insect-Wing
Wav'd o'er the Shepherd's Slumber, touch the Mind
To Nature tun'd, with a light-flying Hand,
Invisible; quick-urging, thro' the Nerves,
The glittering Spirits, in a Flood of Day.

B 857, 858 beyond the power of kings || To purchase. Pure serenity apace 865 world-attuning

C 860 small] swift 861 arriv'd] sublim'd *Lines* 865—876 *omitted. The following 59 lines are inserted in their place:*

These are the Sacred Feelings of thy Heart, [901]
Thy Heart inform'd by Reason's purest Ray,
O Lyttelton, the Friend! thy Passions thus
And Meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley-Park you stray, [905]
Thy British Tempe! There along the Dale,
With Woods o'er-hung, and shag'd with mossy Rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing Waters play
And down the rough Cascade white-dashing fall,

D [902] purer

MS 876 Th'enliven'd Spirits *T*

C *(Sequel)*

Or gleam in lengthen'd Vista thro' the Trees,
You silent steal; or sit beneath the Shade
Of solemn Oaks, that tuft the swelling Mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless Hand,
And pensive listen to the various Voice
Of rural Peace: the Herds, the Flocks, the Birds,
The hollow-whispering Breeze, the Plaint of Rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted Roots
Which creep around, their dewy Murmurs shake
On the sooth'd Ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander through the Philosophic World;
Where in bright Train continual Wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious Eye.
And oft, conducted by Historic Truth,
You tread the long Extent of backward Time:
Planning, with warm Benevolence of Mind,
And honest Zeal unwarp'd by Party-Rage,
Britannia's Weal; how from the venal Gulph
To raise her Virtue, and her Arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy View, these graver Thoughts
The Muses charm: while, with sure Taste refin'd,
You draw th'inspiring Breath of antient Song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy Walk,
With Soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the Lover's Eye a Look of Love;
And all the Tumult of a guilty World,
Tost by ungenerous Passions, sinks away.
The tender Heart is animated Peace;
And as it pours it's copious Treasures forth,
In vary'd Converse, softening every Theme,
You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her Eyes,
Where meeken'd Sense, and amiable Grace,
And lively Sweetness dwell, enraptur'd drink
That nameless Spirit of etherial Joy,
Inimitable Happiness! which Love,
Alone, bestows, and on a favour'd Few.
Meantime you gain the Height, from whose fair Brow
The bursting Prospect spreads immense around;
And snatch'd o'er Hill and Dale, and Wood and Lawn,
And verdant Field, and darkening Heath between,

Hence from the Virgin's Cheek, a fresher Bloom B878 F and D footn
Shoots, less and less, the live Carnation round;
Her Lips blush deeper Sweets; she breathes of Youth;
The shining Moisture swells into her Eyes,
In brighter Flow; her wishing Bosom heaves
With Palpitations wild; kind Tumults seize
Her Veins, and all her yielding Soul is Love.
From the keen Gaze her Lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic Power, and sick
With sighing Languishment. Ah then, ye Fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding Hearts;
Dare not th'infectious Sigh, the pleading Eye
In meek Submission drest, deject, and low,
But full of tempting Guile. Let not the Tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with Adulation smooth,
Gain on your purpos'd Wills. Nor in the Bower,
Where Woodbines flaunt, and Roses shed a Couch,
While Evening draws her crimson'd Curtains round,
Trust your soft Minutes with betraying Man.

B 894 crimson

C *(Sequel)*

And Villages embosom'd soft in Trees,
And spiry Towns by dusky Columns mark'd
Of rising Smoak, your Eye excursive roams:
Wide-stretching from the Hall, in whose kind Haunt
The Hospitable Genius harbours still, [955]
To Where the broken Landskip, by Degrees,
Ascending, roughens into ridgy Hills;
O'er which the Cambrian Mountains, like far Clouds
That skirt the blue Horizon, doubtful, rise.

877 Flush'd by the Spirit of the genial Year, [960] D
Now from the Virgin's *etc.*

888—890 the pleading Look, || Down-cast, and low, in meek Submission drest, || But full of Guile. Let not the fervent Tongue, 892 Will.

D [952] dusky] surging [953] Of houshold Smoak, [955] harbours] lingers [957] ridgy] rigid [959] doubtful,] dusky,

MS 894 crimson'd *T*

And let th'aspiring Youth beware of Love, B897 C980 D98
And shun th'enchanting Glance, for 'tis too late,
When on his Heart the Torrent Softness pours.
Then Interest sinks to Dirt, and distant Fame
Dissolves in Air away. While the fond Soul
Is wrapt in Dreams of Ecstacy, and Bliss;
Stills paints th'illusive Form, the kindling Grace,
Th'alluring Smile, the full æthereal Eye
Effusing Heaven; and listens ardent still
To the small Voice, where Harmony and Wit,
A modest, melting, mingled Sweetness, flow.
No sooner is the fair Idea form'd,
And Contemplation fixes on the Theme,

B 897 Of the smooth glance beware, for 899 Then wisdom prostrate lies; and fading fame 903 Th'inticing smile; the modest-seeming eye, 904—911 *replaced by the following 18 lines:*

Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven, [905]
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on,
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even present, in the very lap of love [910] C993 D99
Inglorious laid; while musick flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours,
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning twinge
Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still, [915]
And great design against th'oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic pangs arrous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life? [920]
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.

C 901 Wrapt in gay Visions of unreal Bliss, [914] twinge]
Pang [918] pangs] Woes,

MS [918] pangs] Fears *T*

Than from his own Creation wild He flies,
Sick of a Shadow. Absence comes apace,
And shoots his every Pang into his Breast.
'Tis nought but Gloom around. The darken'd Sun
Loses his Light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright Arch
Of Heaven low-bends into a dusky Vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and She alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every Thought,
Fills every Sense, and pants in every Vein.
Books are but formal Dulness, tedious Friends,
And sad amid the Social Band he sits,
Lonely, and inattentive. From the Tongue
Th'unfinish'd Period falls: while, born away
On swelling Thought, his wafted Spirit flies
To the dear Bosom of his absent Fair;
And leaves the Semblance of a Lover, fix'd
In melancholy Site, with Head declin'd,
And Love-dejected Eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender Trance, and restless runs
To glimmering Shades, and sympathetic Glooms,
Where the dun Umbrage o'er the falling Stream
Romantic hangs; there thro' the pensive Dusk
Strays, in Heart-thrilling Meditation lost,
Indulging all to Love: or on the Bank
Thrown, amid drooping Lillies, swells the Breeze
With Sighs unceasing, and the Brook with Tears.
Thus in soft Anguish he consumes the Day;
Nor quits his deep Retirement, till the Moon
Peeps thro' the Chambers of the fleecy East,
Enlighten'd by Degrees, and in her Train
Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth He walks,
Beneath the trembling Languish of her Beams,

B 924 dear] vain absent] distant

C 915 Contracted, bends into *etc.* 921 unattentive. 941 Beam,

With soften'd Soul, and wooes the Bird of Eve B953 C1036 D1039
To mingle Woes with his: or while the World,
And all the Sons of Care lie hush'd in Sleep,
Associates with the Mid-night Shadows drear,
And, sighing to the lonely Taper, pours
His sweetly-tortur'd Heart into the Page
Meant for the moving Messenger of Love.
But ah how faint, how meaningless, and poor
To what his Passion swells! which bursts the Bounds
Of every Eloquence, and asks for Looks,
Where Fondness flows on Fondness, Love on Love,
Entwisting Beams with Her's, and speaking more
Than ever charm'd, ecstatic Poet sigh'd
To listening Beauty, bright with conscious Smiles,
And graceful Vanity. But if on Bed
Delirious flung, Sleep from his Pillow flies.
All Night he tosses, nor the balmy Power
In any Posture finds; 'till the grey Morn
Lifts her pale Lustre on the paler Wretch,
Exanimate by Love: and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a-while to Rest,
Still interrupted by disorder'd Dreams,
That o'er the sick Imagination rise,
And in black Colours paint the mimic Scene.
Oft with the Charmer of his Soul he talks;
Sometimes in Crowds distrest; or if retir'd
To secret-winding, Flower-inwoven Bowers,
Far from the dull Impertinence of Man,
Just as He kneeling all his former Cares
Begins to lose in vast oblivious Love,

B 947 idly-tortur'd 949–956 (But ah . . . graceful Vanity) *thus contracted:* Love; || Where rapture burns on rapture, every line || With rising frenzy fir'd. 963 disorder'd] distracted 966 the Charmer] th'enchantress 970 Just as he, credulous, his thousand cares 971 vast] blind

C 970 thousand] endless

Snatch'd from her yielded Hand, he knows not how, B977 C
Thro' Forests huge, and long untravel'd Heaths D106
With Desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In Night and Tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending Principe; or wades
The turbid Stream below, and strives to reach
The farther Shore, where succourless, and sad,
His Dearer Life extends her beckoning Arms,
But strives in vain, born by th'outragious Flood
To Distance down, he rides the ridgy Wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling Eddy sinks.
Then a weak, wailing, lamentable Cry
Is heard, and all in Tears he wakes, again
To tread the Circle of revolving Woe.
These are the charming Agonies of Love,
Whose Misery delights. But thro' the Heart
Should Jealousy it's Venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful Misery no more,
But Agony unmixt, incessant Rage,
Corroding every Thought, and blasting all
The Paradise of Love. Ye Fairy Prospects then,
Ye Beds of Roses, and ye Bowers of Joy,
Farewell! Ye Gleamings of departing Peace,
Shine out your last! The yellow-tinging Plague
Internal Vision taints, and in a Night
Of livid Gloom Imagination wraps.
Ay then, instead of Love-enliven'd Cheeks,
Of Sunny Features, and of ardent Eyes
With flowing Rapture bright, dark Looks succed,
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender Fire,

B 979 Wild as a Bacchanal she spreads her arms, 992 Love's Paradise.

C 979 She with extended Arms his Aid implores, 983—985 *omitted* 990 Rage,] Gall, 998 Ah then

D 994 departed

A clouded Aspect, and a burning Cheek, B1007 C1087 D1090
Where the whole poison'd Soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens Love away. Ten thousand Fears,
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic Views
Of horrid Rivals, hanging on the Charms
For which he melts in Fondness, eat him up
With fervent Anguish, and consuming Pine.
In vain Reproaches lend their idle Aid,
Deceitful Pride, and Resolution frail,
Giving a Moment's Ease. Reflection pours,
Afresh, her Beauties on his busy Thought,
Her first Endearments, twining round the Soul,
With all the Witchcraft of ensnaring Love.
Strait the fierce Storm involves his Mind anew,
Flames thro' the Nerves, and boils along the Veins:
While anxious Doubt distracts the tortur'd Heart;
For even the sad Assurance of his Fears
Were Heaven to what he feels. Thus the warm Youth,
Whom Love deludes into his thorny Wilds,
Thro' flowery-tempting Paths, or leads a Life
Of feavor'd Rapture, or of cruel Care;
His brightest Aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively Moments running down to Waste.

But happy They! the Happiest of their Kind! B1030 C1110 D1113
Whom gentler Stars unite, and in one Fate
Their Hearts, their Fortunes, and their Beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser Tie of human Laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the Mind,
Which binds their Peace, but Harmony itself,
Attuning all their Passions into Love;

B 1019 Heaven] peace 1030 That
C 1002 cloudy 1008 Pine.] Rage. 1011 Giving false Peace a Moment. Fancy pours,
D 1002 clouded
MS 1008 Pine.] Care *P (T or P Tovey, Aldine Ed. 1897)*

Where Friendship full-exerts his softest Power,
Perfect Esteem enliven'd by Desire
Ineffable, and Sympathy of Soul,
Thought meeting Thought, and Will preventing Will,
With boundless Confidence; for nought but Love
Can answer Love, and render Bliss secure.
Let Him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid Parents buys
The loathing Virgin, in eternal Care,
Well-merited, consume his Nights and Days.
Let barbarous Nations, whose inhuman Love
Is wild Desire fierce as the Suns they feel,
Let Eastern Tyrants from the Light of Heaven
Seclude their Bosom-slaves, meanly possest
Of a meer, lifeless, violated Form:
While those whom Love cements, in holy Faith,
And equal Transport, free as Nature, live,
Disdaining Fear; for what's the World to them,
It's Pomp, it's Pleasure, and it's Nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High Fancy forms, and lavish Hearts can wish,
Something than Beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the Mind, or Mind-illumin'd Face,
Truth, Goodness, Honour, Harmony and Love,
The richest Bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Mean-time a smiling Offspring rises round,
And mingles both their Graces. By degrees,
The human Blossom blows; and every Day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new Charm,
The Father's Lustre, and the Mother's Bloom.
Then infant Reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind Hand of an assiduous Care:
Delightful Task! to rear the tender Thought,
To teach the young Idea how to shoot,

C 1032 his] her 1049 Fear. What is

To pour the fresh Instruction o'er the Mind,
To breathe th'inspiring Spirit, and to plant
The generous Purpose in the glowing Breast.
Oh speak the Joy! You, whom the sudden Tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your Eye but Sights of Bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the Heart,
Obedient Fortune, and approving Heaven.
These are the Blessings of diviner Love;
And thus their Moments fly; the Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring World they roll,
Still find Them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy Garland on their Head:
Till Evening comes at last, cool, gentle, calm;
When after the long vernal Day of Life,
Enamour'd more, as Soul approaches Soul,
Together, down They sink in social Sleep.

The End.

C 1067 inspiring] enlivening plant] fix 1069 ye,
1073, 1074 *thus expanded:*

An elegant Sufficiency, Content,
Retirement, rural Quiet, Friendship, Books,
Ease and alternate Labour, useful Life, [1160]
Progressive Virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless Joys of virtuous Love;

1078 Heads: 1079 at last, serene and mild;
1081, 1082 Enamour'd more, as more Remembrance swells
With many a Proof of recollected Love,
Together down they sink in social Sleep;
Together freed, their gentle Spirits fly
To Scenes where Love and Bliss immortal reign.

MS 1067 to plant] call forth *T* 1068 in] from *T* [1160] useful] (social) *T* 1079 at last, pleasing, serene *T*.

Proposals [1])

For Printing by Subscription

The

Four Seasons,

With a Hymn on their Succession.

To which will be added a Poem sacred to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton. And an Essay on Descriptive Poetry will be prefixed to the Whole.

By Mr. Thomson.

I. This Work is proposed to be printed in one Volume in Quarto, on a Superfine Royal Paper, and adorned with Copper-Plates adapted to the Subject.

II. The Price of the Book in Sheets to Subscribers is One Guinea, to be paid at the time of Subscribing.

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[1]) *These "Proposals" are found appended to the first edition of "Spring", but had already been published before.*

SUMMER.

A

POEM.

By JAMES THOMSON.

Jam clarus Occultum Andromedæ Pater
Ostendit Ignem: Jam Procyon furit
Et Stella vesani Leonis,
Sole Dies referente siccos.
Jam Pater Umbras cum Grege languido,
Rivumque fessus quærit, & horridi
Dumeta Sylvani: caretque
Ripa vagis taciturna Ventis.
HOR.

LONDON:
Printed for J. Millan, at Locke's Head in New-Street,
near the upper End of the Hay-Market.

MDCCXVII.

Price 1 s. 6 d.

To the Right Honourable

Mr. Dodington, [1])

One of the Lords of His Majesty's Treasury, etc.

Sir,

It is not my Purpose, in this Address, to run into the common Tract of Dedicators, and attempt a Panegyric which would prove ungrateful to You, too arduous for Me, and superfluous with Regard to the World. To You it would prove ungrateful, since there is a certain generous Delicacy in Men of the most distinguished Merit, disposing Them to avoid those Praises They so powerfully attract. And when I consider that a Character, in which the Vertues, the Graces, and the Muses join their Influence, as much exceeds the Expression of the most elegant and judicious Pen, as the finish'd Beauty does the Representation of the Pencil, I have the best Reasons for declining such an arduous Undertaking. As, indeed, it would be superfluous in itself; for what Reader need to be told of those great Abilities in the Management of public Affairs, and those amiable Accomplishments in private Life, which You so eminently possess. The general Voice is loud in the Praise of so many Vertues, tho' Posterity alone will do Them Justice. But may You, Sir, live long to illustrate your own Fame by your own

[1]) *This epistolary dedication is found only in the editions prior to the subscription quarto of 1730. In the quarto, and in some of the later editions, the following short dedication appears on the title-page:* Summer. Inscribed to the Right Honourable Mr. Dodington.

Actions, and by them be transmitted to future Times as the British Mæcenas!

Your Example has recommended Poetry, with the greatest Grace, to the Admiration of Those, who are engag'd in the highest and most active Scenes of Life: and this, tho' confessedly the least considerable of those exalted Qualities that dignify your Character, must be particularly pleasing to One, whose only Hope of being introduced to your Regard is thro' the Recommendation of an Art in which You are a Master. — But I forget what I have been declaring above, and must therefore turn my Eyes to the following Sheets. I am not ignorant that, when offered to your Perusal, they are put into the Hands of one of the finest, and consequently the most indulgent Judges of the Age: but as there is no Mediocrity in Poetry, so there should be no Limits to its Ambition. — I venture directly on the Tryal of my Fame. — If what I here present You has any Merit to gain your Approbation, I am not afraid of its Success; and if it fails of your Notice, I give it up to its just Fate. This Advantage at least I secure to myself, an Occasion of thus publickly declaring that I am, with the profoundest Veneration,

Sir,

Your most devoted,

humble Servant

James Thomson.

The Argument.[1])

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Dodington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the Seasons. As the face of nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. Morning. A view of the sun rising.[2]) Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Rural prospects.[3]) Summer insects described.[4]) Noon-day. A woodland retreat. A groupe of flocks and herds.[5]) A solemn grove. How it affects a contemplative mind.[6]) Transition to the prospect of a well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. A digression on foreign summers. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over; a serene afternoon. Bathing. Sun set. Evening. The whole concluding with the Praise of Philosophy.

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[1]) *Appears for the first time in the quarto of 1730. The following variations occur in the editions of 1744 and 1746:* [2]) Summer's Day. The Dawn. Sun-rising. [3]) "Rural prospects" *omitted* [4]) describ'd. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. [5]) Groupe of Herds and Flocks. [6]) Mind. A Cataract, and rude Scene. View of Summer in the torrid Zone. Storm of Thunder and Lightning. A Tale. The Storm over, a serene Afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the Prospect *etc. as above down to* "Great Britain". Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer Meteors. The whole concluding *etc.*

SUMMER.

A

POEM.

The text given in full (A) is that of the first edition (1727). B = ed. 1730. The MS. notes, written before the publication of the edition of 1744, were made on the latter text.

FROM Southern Climes, where unremitting Day
Burns over Head, illustrious Summer comes,
In Pride of Youth, and felt thro' Nature's Depth.
He comes! attended by the sultry Hours,
And ever-fanning Breezes, on his Way;
While, from his ardent Look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful Face, and Earth, and Skies,
All-smiling, to his hot Dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood Shade, B9
Where scarce a Sun-Beam wanders thro' the Gloom;
And, on the dark-green Grass, beside the Brink
Of haunted Stream, that by the Roots of Oaks
Rowls o'er the rocky Channel, lie at large,
And sing the Glories of the circling Year.

Come, Inspiration! from thy Hermit-Seat, B15
By Mortal seldom found: may I presume

B 1, 2 From yonder fields of æther fair disclos'd, || Child of the Sun! illustrious *etc.* 12 oak 16 may fancy dare,
MS 2 illustrious] resplendent *T*

SUMMER.

The text reproduced in full (C) is that of the edition of 1744. The variations from the previous text are printed in italics. D = ed. 1746.

FROM *brightening* Fields of Ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, *refulgent* Summer comes,
In pride of Youth, and felt thro' Nature's Depth:
He comes attended by the sultry Hours,
And ever-fanning Breezes, on his way;
While, from his ardent Look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful Face; and Earth, and Skies,
All-smiling, to his hot Dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood Shade, D9
Where scarce a Sun-beam wanders thro' the Gloom;
And on the dark-green Grass, beside the Brink
Of haunted Stream, that by the Roots of Oak
Rolls o'er the rocky Channel, lie at large,
And sing the Glories of the circling Year.

Come, Inspiration! from thy Hermit-Seat, D15
By Mortal seldom found: may Fancy dare,

From thy fix'd, serious Muse, and raptur'd Glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one Look,
Creative of the Poet, every Power
Exalting to an Extasy of Soul!

With what a perfect, World-revolving Power B32
Were first th'unweildy Planets launch'd along
Th'illimitable Void! thus to remain,
Amid the Flux of many thousand Years,
That of has swept the busy Race of Men,
And all their labour'd Monuments away,
Unresting, changeless, matchless, in their Course;
To Day, and Night, and the delightful Round
Of Seasons, faithful; not excentric once:
So pois'd, and perfect, is the vast Machine!

B 17 Glance] eye *After l.* 20 *the poetical dedication is inserted:*

And thou, the muse's honour! and her friend!
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastiz'd; goodness and wit, [25]
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honour; and an active zeal,
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man;
Oh Dodington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, [30
And teach me to deserve thy best applause.

28 To night and day, with the delightful round

MS 22 th'unweildy] (the cumbrous) *T* 27 Unresting, changeless] Firm, unabating *T*

From thy fix'd serious *Eye*, and raptur'd *Glance*
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one Look
Creative of the Poet, every Power
Exalting to an Ecstasy of Soul.

And thou, *my youthful Muse's early* Friend, D21
In whom the Human Graces all unite:
Pure Light of Mind, and Tenderness of Heart;
Genius, and Wisdom; the gay social Sense,
By Decency chastis'd; Goodness and Wit,
In seldom-meeting Harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd Honour, and an active Zeal,
For Britain's Glory, Liberty, and Man:
O Dodington! attend my rural Song,
Stoop to my Theme, inspirit every Line,
And teach me to deserve thy *just* Applause.

With what *an awful* world-revolving Power D32
Were first th'unwieldy Planets launch'd along
Th'illimitable Void! Thus to remain,
Amid the Flux of many thousand Years,
That oft has swept the *toiling* Race of Men
And all their labour'd Monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their Course;
To the kind-temper'd Change of Night and Day,
And of the Seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful: Such the perfect Hand,
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady Whole.

D 41 th'all-perfect

When now no more th'alternate Twins are fir'd, B42
And Cancer reddens with the Solar Blaze,
Short is th'uncertain Empire of the Night;
And soon, observant of approaching Day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews!
Mildly elucent in the streaky East;
And, from before the Lustre of her Face,
White, break the Clouds away. With tardy Step
Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in a-pace
And opens all the lawny Prospect wide.
The dripping Rock, the Mountain's misty Top
Swell on the Eye, and brighten with the Dawn.
Blue, thro' the Dusk, the smoaking Currents shine;
And, from the bladed Field, th'unhunted Hare
Limps aukward: while along the Forest-Glade,
The wild Deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early Passenger. Musick awakes,
The native Voice of undissembling Joy;
And thick around the wood-land Hymns arise.
Rous'd by the Cock, the soon-clad Shepherd leaves
His mossy Cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crowded Fold, in Order, drives
His Flock, to taste the Verdure of the Morn.

Falsly luxurious, will not Man awake, B66
And starting from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent Hour,
To Meditation due, and sacred Song!
And is there ought in Sleep can charm the Wise?
To lie in dead Oblivion, lost to all,
Our Natures boast of noble, and divine:

B 33 th'uncertain] the doubtful 36, 37 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east; || Till far o'er æther shoots the trembling glow; 44 th'unhunted] the fearful 59, 60 losing half || The fleeting moments of too short a life?

When now no more th'alternate Twins are fir'd, D43
And Cancer reddens with the solar Blaze,
Short is the doubtful Empire of the Night;
And soon, observant of approaching Day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled
Till far o'er Ether *spreads the widening* Glow;
And, from before the Lustre of her Face,
White break the Clouds away. With *quicken'd* Step,
Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny Prospect wide.
The dripping Rock, the Mountain's misty Top
Swell on the *Sight,* and brighten with the Dawn.
Blue, thro' the Dusk, the smoking Currents shine;
And from the bladed Field the fearful Hare
Simps, aukward: while along the Forest-glade
The wild Deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early Passenger. Musick awakes,
The native Voice of undissem*bled* Joy;
And thick around the woodland Hymns arise.
Rous'd by the Cock, the soon-clad Shepherd leaves
His mossy Cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crouded Fold, in Order, drives
His Flock, to taste the Verdure of the Morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake; D67
And, *springing* from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent Hour,
To Meditation due, and sacred Song?
For is there aught in Sleep can charm the Wise?
To lie in dead Oblivion, losing half
The fleeting Moments of too short a Life?

Total Extinction of th'enlighten'd Soul!
Or else to feaverish Vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd Dreams.
Who would in such a gloomy State remain
Longer than Nature craves? When every Muse,
And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning Walk.

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day, B80
Rejoicing in the East. The lessening Cloud,
The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's Brim,
Tipt with æthereal Gold, his near Approach
Betoken glad: and now apparent all,
Aslant the Dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air,
He looks, in boundless Majesty, abroad;
And sheds the shining Day, that, burnish'd, plays
On Rocks, and Hills, and Towers, and wandering Streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer, Light!
Of all material Beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent Robe,
Without whose vesting Beauty, all were wrapt
In unessential Gloom; and Thou, red Sun,
In whose wide Circle Worlds of Radiance lie,
Exhaustless Brightness! may I sing of Thee!

Who would the Blessings, first and last, recount, B96 C–1
That, in a full Effusion, from Thee flow,
As soon might number, at the Height of Noon,
The Rays that radiate from thy cloudless Sphere,
An universal Glory darting round.

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive Force, B101
As with a Chain, indissoluble, bound,
Thy System rolls entire; from the far Bourn

B 88 A

MS 84 (But he who would the Blessings all recount) *T*
87 cloudless] (dazzling) *T*

Total extinction of th'enlighten'd Soul;
Or else to feverish Vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd Dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy State remain,
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious Morning-walk?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day, D81
Rejoicing in the East. The lessening Cloud,
The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's *Brow*
Illum'd with fluid Gold, his near Approach
Betoken glad. *Lo!* now apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air,
He looks in boundless Majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining Day, that burnish'd plays
On Rocks, and Hills, and Towers, and wandering Streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer, Light!
Of all material Beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent Robe!
Without whose vesting Beauty all were wrapt
In unessential Gloom; and thou, *O* Sun!
Soul of surrounding Worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive Force, D97
As with a Chain indissoluble bound,
Thy System rolls entire: from the far Bourne
Of *utmost* Saturn, *wheeling wide his Round*
Of thirty Years; to Mercury, whose Disk

Of slow-pac'd Saturn, to the scarce-seen Disk
Of Mercury, lost in excessive Blaze.

Informer of the planetary Train! B106
Without whose vital, and effectual Glance,
They'd be but brute, uncomfortable Mass,
And not, as now, the green Abodes of Life,
How many Forms of Being wait on Thee,
Inhaling Gladness! from th'unfetter'd Mind,
By Thee sublim'd, to that Day-living Race,
The mixing Myriads of thy evening Beam.

The vegetable World is also thine, B114
Parent of Seasons! from whose rich-stain'd Rays
Reflected various, various Colours rise:
The freshening Mantle of the youthful Year;
The wild Embroidery of the watry Vale;
With all that chears the Eye, and charms the Heart.

The branching Grove thy lusty Product stands, B120 C–
To quench the Fury of thy Noon-Career;
And crowd a Shade for the retreating Swain,
When on his russet Fields You look direct.

B 101 setting beam. 107 Eye,] sense, 109 Diffus'd, and deep, to quench the summer noon;

MS *For* 103: . . . Seasons! thine the lovely Spring
Thy fairest Offspring. (Her each Beauty thine
Her every Grace) Her each Beauty owes
Its Birth to Thee; as from thy rich stain'd Rays *T*

107, 108 The Meadow blooming broad, the blossom'd Woods,
And all the flowery Pride of rising May.
Summer is thine, thine his expanding Force,
His (quickening) vital Vigour, (and) his prolific Heat,
Whence (teeming) pregnant Earth swells joyous to thy Ray:
And whence the Grove thy lusty *etc. T*

109 *(see B)* the summer noon] (thy fiery Rage) the Dog-star's Rage *T*

Can scarce be caught by Philosophic Eye,
Lost in the near Effulgence of thy Blaze.

Informer of the planetary Train! D104
Without whose *quickening Glance their cumbrous Orbs*
Were brute unlovely Mass, inert and dead,
And not as now the green Abodes of Life;
How many Forms of Being wait on thee,
Inhaling *Spirit;* from th'unfetter'd Mind,
By thee sublim'd, *down to the daily* Race,
The mixing Myriads of thy setting Beam.

The vegetable World is also thine, D112
Parent of Seasons! *who the Pomp precede*
That waits thy Throne, as thro' thy vast Domain,
Annual, along the bright Ecliptic-Road,
In World-rejoicing State, it moves sublime.
Mean-time th'expecting Nations, circled gay
With all the various Tribes of foodful Earth,
Implore thy Bounty, or send grateful up
A common Hymn: while, round thy beaming Car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly Dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
Of Bloom etherial the light-footed Dews,
And soften'd into Joy the surly Storms.
These, in successive Turn, with lavish Hand,
Shower every Beauty, every Fragrance shower,
Herbs, Flowers, and Fruits; till, kindling at thy Touch,
From Land to Land is flush'd the vernal Year.

Nor to the Surface of enliven'd Earth, D130
Graceful with Hills and Dales, and leafy Woods,
Her liberal Tresses, is thy Force confin'd:
But, to the bowel'd Cavern darting deep,
The mineral Kinds confess thy mighty Power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny Marble shines;

Fruit is thy Bounty too, with Juice replete, B124 C–
Acid, or mild; and from thy Ray receives
A Flavour pleasing to the Taste of Man.
By Thee concocted, blushes; and by Thee
Fully matur'd, into the verdant Lap
Of Industry, the mellow Plenty falls.

Extensive Harvests wave at thy Command, B130 C–
And the bright Ear, consolidate by Thee,
Bends, unwitholding, to the Reaper's Hand.

Even Winter speaks thy Power, whose every Blast, B133 C–
O'ercast with Tempest, or severely sharp
With breathing Frost, is eloquent of Thee,
And makes us languish for thy vernal Gleams.

Shot to the Bowels of the teeming Earth, B137 C–
The ripening Oar confesses all thy Flame.

Th'unfruitful Rock, itself, impregn'd by Thee, B144
In dark Retirement, forms the lucid Stone,
Collected Light, compact! that, polish'd bright,
And all its native Lustre let abroad,
Shines proudly on the Bosoms of the Fair!

At Thee the Ruby lights his deepening Glow, B149
A bleeding Radiance! grateful to the View.

B 126 Flame.] power. *Five new lines follow:*
Hence labour draws his tools; hence waving war
Flames on the day; hence busy commerce binds [140]
The round of nations in a golden chain;
And hence the sculptur'd palace, sumptuous, shines
With glittering silver, and refulgent gold.

MS *For* 113—120:
Acid, or mild, or sweetly various mixt:
Whatever Autumn o'er the Garden showers,
In radiant Heaps; or, in bright Prospect round,
Spreads unwitholding to the Reaper's Hand. *T*

[140,141] (and busy Commerce hence || Wide, binds the Nations *etc.*) *T*, *who then cancels from* hence busy *to* refulgent gold.

133 (And inward seems to wave it's radiant Flame) *T*

Hence Labour draws his Tools; hence *burnish'd* War
Gleams on the Day; *the nobler Works of Peace*
Hence bless Mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The Round of Nations in a golden Chain.

Th'unfruitful Rock itself, impregn'd by thee, D140
In dark Retirement, forms the lucid Stone.
The lively Diamond drinks thy purest Rays,
Collected Light, compact; that polish'd bright,
And all it's native Lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the Fair-one's Breast,
With vain Ambition emulate her Eyes.
At thee the Ruby lights *it's* deepening Glow,
And with a waving Radiance, inward flames.

MS 136 *P*

From Thee the Saphire, solid Æther! takes
His Hue cerulean; and, of evening Tinct,
The Purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
With thy own Smile the Yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper Verdure dies the Robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the Southern Gale,
Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick, thro' the whitening Opal, play thy Beams;
Or, flying, several, from his Surface, form
A trembling Variance of revolving Hues,
As the Site changes in the Gazer's Hand.

The very dead Creation, from thy Touch, B162
Assumes a mimic Life. By Thee refin'd,
In brisker Measures, the relucent Stream
Frisks o'er the Mead. The Precipice abrupt,
Projecting Horror on the blacken'd Flood,
Softens at thy Return. The Desart joys
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy Bounds.
Rude Ruins glitter; and the briny Deep,
Seen from some pointed Promontory's Top,
Reflects, from every fluctuating Wave,
A Glance, extensive as the Day. But these,
And all the much transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy Beauty, Dignity, and Use,
Unequal far, great, delegated Source,
Of Life, and Light, and Grace, and Joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him, B177
Who, Light Himself, in uncreated Light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From Mortal Eye, or Angel's purer Ken;
Whose single Smile has, from the First of Time,
Fill'd, over-flowing, all these Lamps of Heaven,

B 144 changes] varies 165 those
MS 148 o'er] thro' *T*

From thee the Saphire, solid Ether, takes
It's Hue cerulean; and, of evening Tinct,
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
With thy own Smile the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper Verdure dyes the Robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern Gale,
Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd.
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy Beams;
Or, flying several from *it's* Surface, form
A trembling Variance of revolving Hues,
As the Site varies in the Gazer's Hand. D160

The very dead Creation, from thy Touch,
Assumes a mimic Life. By thee refin'd,
In *brighter Mazes,* the relucent Stream
Plays o'er the Mead. The Precipice abrupt,
Projecting Horror on the blacken'd Flood,
Softens at thy return. The Desart joys
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy Bounds.
Rude Ruins glitter; and the briny Deep,
Seen from some pointed Promontory's Top,
Far to the blue Horizon's utmost Verge,
Restless, reflects a floating Gleam. But This,
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy Beauty, Dignity, and Use,
Unequal far, great delegated Source,
Of Light, and Life, and Grace, and Joy below! D175

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him,
Who, Light Himself, in uncreated Light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal Eye, or Angel's purer Ken;
Whose single Smile has, from the first of Time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those Lamps of Heaven,

MS 170 floating] waving *T*

That Beam for ever thro' th'immeasur'd Sky:
But should He hide his Face, th'astonish'd Sun,
And all th'extinguish'd Stars, would, loosening, reel
Wide, from their Spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet, was every faultering Tongue of Man, B187
Almighty Poet! silent in thy Praise,
Thy matchless Works, in each exalted Line,
And all the full, harmonic Universe,
Would tuneful, or expressive, Thee attest,
The Cause, the Glory, and the End of All!

To Me be Nature's Volume, wide, display'd; B193
And to peruse the broad, illumin'd Page,
Or haply catching Inspiration thence,
Some easy Passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole Delight; as thro' the falling Glooms,
Pensive, I muse, or, with the rising Day,
On Fancy's Eagle-Wing, excursive, soar.

Fierce, flaming up the Heavens, the peircing Sun B200
Attenuates to Air the high-rais'd Clouds,
And Morning Mists that hover'd round the Hills,
In Party-colour'd Bands; till, all unveil'd,
The Face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending Sphere.

Half in a Blush of clustering Roses lost, B206
Dew-dropping Coolness to the Shade retires;
And Tyrant Heat, dispreading thro' the Sky,
By sharp Degrees, his burning Influence rains
On Man, and Beast, and Herb, and tepid Stream.

B 166 th'immeasur'd] the boundless 174 tuneful,] vocal, 184 Melts into limpid air the *etc.*

MS 189—193 *T deletes but then writes:* To be restored 192 sharp] (swift) *T*

That beam for ever thro' the boundless Sky:
But, should he hide his Face, th'astonish'd Sun,
And all th'extinguish'd Stars, would loosening start
Wide from their Spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faultering Tongue of Man, D185
Almighty *Maker!* silent in thy Praise;
Thy Works themselves would raise a general Voice,
Even in the Depth of solitary Woods,
By human Foot untrod, proclaim thy Power,
And to the Quire celestial Thee resound,
Th'eternal Cause, Support, and End of all!

To me be Nature's Volume *broad*-display'd; D192
And to peruse *it's all-instructing* Page,
Or, haply catching Inspiration thence,
Some easy Passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole Delight; as thro' the falling Glooms
Pensive I *stray,* or with the rising *Dawn,*
On Fancy's Eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the Heavens, the *potent* Sun D199
Melts into limpid Air the high-rais'd Clouds,
And morning Mists, that hover'd *o'er* the Hills
In party-colour'd Bands; till *wide* unveil'd
The Face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems,
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending Sphere.

Half in a Blush of clustering Roses lost, D205
Dew-dropping Coolness to the Shade retires;
There on the verdant Turf, or flowery Bed,
By gelid Founts and careless Rills to muse:
While tyrant Heat, dispreading thro' the Sky,
With rapid Sway, his burning Influence *darts*
On Man, and Beast, and Herb, and tepid Stream.

D 183 start] reel 186 Maker!] Father! 201 Mists,] Fogs,

Who can, unpitying, see the flowery Race, B211
Shed by the Morn, their new-flush'd Bloom resign,
Before th'unbating Beam! So fade the Fair,
When Fevers revel thro' their azure Veins.
But One, the Follower of the Sun, They say,
Sad, when he sets, shuts up her yellow Leaves,
Weeping all Night; and when He, warm, returns,
Points her enamour'd Bosom to his Ray.

Home, from his Morning Task, the Swain retreats, B219
His Flock before Him stepping to the Fold;
While the full-udder'd Mother lows around
The chearful Cottage then expecting Food,
The Food of Innocence, and Health! The Daw,
The Rook, and Magpie, to the grey-grown Oaks,
That the calm Village, in their verdant Arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy Flight;
Where, on the mingling Boughs, they sit embower'd,
All the hot Noon, till cooler Hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the homely Fowls convene;
And, in a Corner of the buzzing Shade,
The House-Dog, with th'employless Grey-Hound, lies,
Outstretch'd, and sleepy: in his Slumbers One
Attacks the nightly Thief, and one exults
O'er Hill and Dale; till waken'd by the Wasp,
They bootless snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little, noisy Summer-Race
Live in her Lay, and flutter thro' her Song,
Not mean tho' simple; to the Sun ally'd,
From Him their high Descent, direct, They draw.

Wak'd by his warmer Ray, the reptile Young B240
Come wing'd abroad; by the light Air upborn,
Lighter, and full of Life. From every Chink,

B 208, 209 That . . . embrace *bracketed*
MS *For* 196, 197: And, (flagging) withering fade before the fervid Beam? *T*

Who can unpitying see the flowery Race, D212
Shed by the Morn, their new-flush'd Bloom resign,
Before *the parching* Beam? So fade the Fair,
When Fevers revel thro' their azure Veins.
But one, the *lofty Follower of the Sun,*
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow Leaves,
Drooping all Night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd Bosom to his Ray.

Home, from his morning Task, the Swain retreats; D220
His Flock before him stepping to the Fold:
While the full-udder'd Mother lows around
The chearful Cottage, then expecting Food,
The Food of Innocence, and Health! The Daw,
The Rook and Magpie, to the grey-grown Oaks
(That the calm Village in their verdant Arms,
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy Flight;
Where on the mingling Boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot Noon, till cooler Hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the *houshold* Fowls convene;
And, in a Corner of the buzzing Shade,
The House-Dog, with *the vacant* Greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his Slumbers one
Attacks the nightly Thief, and one exults
O'er Hill and Dale; till waken'd by the Wasp,
They *starting* snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy Summer-race
Live in her Lay, and flutter through her Song,
Not mean tho' simple: to the Sun ally'd,
From him *they draw their animating Fire.*

Wak'd by his warmer Ray, the reptile Young D241
Come wing'd abroad; by the light Air upborn,
Lighter and full of *Soul.* From every Chink,

And secret Corner, where they slept away
The wintry Glooms. by Myriads, all at once,
Swarming, they pour: green, speckled, yellow, grey.
Black, azure, brown; more than th'assisted Eye
Of poring Virtuoso can discern.
Ten thousand Forms! Ten thousand different Tribes!
People the Blaze. To sunny Waters some
By fatal Instinct fly; where, on the Pool,
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the Stream,
Are snatch'd, immediate, by the springing Trout,
Often beguil'd. Some thro' the green-Wood Glade
Delight to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
In the fresh Leaf. Luxurious, others make
The Meads their Choice, and visit every Flower,
And every latent Herb; but careful still
To shun the Mazes of the sounding Bee,
As o'er the Blooms He sweeps. Some to the House,
The Fold, and Dairy, hungry, bend their Flight;
Sip round the Pail, or taste the curdling Cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, by the boiling Stream
They're pierc'd to Death; or, weltering in the Bowl,
With powerless Wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief, to heedless Flies the Window proves B265
A constant Death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The Villain Spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled Heap
Of Carcasses, in eager Watch, He sits,
Surveying all his waving Snares around.
Within an Inch the dreadless Wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the Ruffian shows his Front.
The Prey at last ensnar'd, He, dreadful, darts,
With rapid Glide, along the leaning Line;

B 253 Surveying] O'erlooking
MS 231 Forms!] Hues! *T*

And secret Corner, where they slept away
The wintry *Storms; or rising from their Tombs,*
To higher Life; by Myriads, *forth* at once,
Swarming they pour; *of all the vary'd Hues*
Their Beauty-beaming Parent can disclose.
Ten thousand Forms! Then thousand different Tribes!
People the Blaze. To sunny Waters some
By fatal Instinct fly; where on the Pool
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the Stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the *quick-eyed* Trout,
Or darting Salmon. Thro' the green-wood Glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
In the fresh Leaf. Luxurious, others make
The Meads their choice, and visit every Flower,
And every latent Herb: *for the sweet Task,*
To propagate their Kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft Beds, their Young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender Care. Some to the House,
The Fold, and Dairy, hungry, bend their Flight;
Sip round the Pail, or taste the curdling Cheese;
Oft, inadvertent, *from the milky* Stream
They *meet their Fate;* or, weltering in the Bowl,
With powerless Wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless Flies the Window proves D267
A constant Death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain Spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled Heap
Of Carcasses, in eager Watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving Snares around.
Near the dire Cell the dreadless Wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the Ruffian shows his Front.
The Prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid Glide, along the leaning Line:

MS 254 Or darting] (And springing) *T*

And, fixing in the Fly his cruel Fangs,
Strides backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering Wing,
And shriller Sound declare extream Distress,
And ask the helping, hospitable Hand.

Ecchoes the living Surface of the Earth; B279
Nor undelightful is the humming Sound
To Him who muses, thro' the Woods, at Noon;
Or drowsy Shepherd, as He lies reclin'd,
With half-shut Eyes, beneath the floating Shade
Of Willows grey, close-crowding o'er the Brook.

B 262 Earth;] ground; 263 humming Sound] ceaseless hum,
MS 265 drowsy] (slumbering) *T*

And, fixing, in the *Wretch* his cruel Fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering Wing,
And shriller Sound declare extreme Distress,
And ask the helping hospitable Hand.

Resounds the living Surface of the Ground: D281
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless Hum,
To him who muses thro' the Woods at Noon;
Or drowsy Shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut Eyes, beneath the floating Shade
Of Willows grey, close-crouding o'er the Brook.

Gradual, from These what numerous Kinds descend, D287 *ll. 287–317 transferred here from Spring B136–168*
Evading even the microscopic Eye!
Full Nature swarms with Life; one wondrous Mass
Of Animals, or Atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the vital Breath, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary Fen,
In putrid Streams, emits the living Cloud
Of Pestilence. Thro' subterranean Cells,
Where searching Sun-Beams *scarce can find* a Way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery Leaf
Wants not it's soft Inhabitants. *Secure,*
Within it's winding Citadel, the Stone
Holds Multitudes. But chief the Forest-Boughs,
That Dance unnumber'd to *the playful* Breeze,
The downy Orchard, and the melting Pulp
Of mellow Fruit, the nameless Nations feed
Of evanescent Insects. Where the Pool
Stands mantled o'er with Green, invisible,
Amid the floating Verdure Millions stray.
Each Liquid too, whether *it pierces, sooths,*

MS 287–315 *T's draught — in "Spring", but already marked "In Summer" — shows the following variations:* Downward from these, *etc. as Su. C 287–305. For* 306–308:
Each Liquid too, whether of acid (Point, Taste) Point
Or oily smooth, whether severe and harsh

Let no presuming, impious Railer tax B285
Creative Wisdom, as if ought was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable Ends.
Shall little, haughty Ignorance pronounce
His Works unwise; of which the smallest Part
Exceeds the narrow Vision of his Mind!
So on the Concave of a sounding Dome,
On swelling Columns heav'd, the Pride of Art!
Wanders a critic Fly; his feeble Ray
Extends an Inch around; yet, blindly bold,
He dares dislike the Structure of the Whole.
And lives the Man, whose universal Eye
Has swept, at once, th'unbounded Scheme of Things;

B 274 So] Thus
MS 274 sounding] lofty *T*

Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the Taste,
With various Forms abounds. Nor is the Stream
Of purest Crystal, nor the lucid Air,
Tho' one transparent Vacancy *it seems,*
Void of their unseen People. These, conceal'd
By the kind Art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser Eye of Man: for, if the Worlds
In Worlds inclos'd should on his Senses burst,
From Cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd Bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead Night,
When Silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with Noise.

Let no presuming impious Railer tax D318
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable Ends.
Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His Works unwise, of which the smallest Part
Exceeds the narrow Vision of *her* Mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd Dome,
On swelling Columns heav'd, the Pride of Art!
A Critic-Fly, whose feeble Ray scarce spreads
An Inch around, with blind Presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the Structure of the Whole.
And lives the Man, whose universal Eye
Has swept at once th'unbounded Scheme of Things;

MS *(Sequel)*

Or rais'd to racy Flavour, (bright) quick and high
With various Forms abounds (whence is deriv'd
Perhaps their various Taste) whence is, perhaps,
Deriv'd their various Taste. Nor is the Stream
etc. as Su. C 309/10 with limpid *for* lucid. *Then:*
Devoid of Life. Even Animals subsist
On Animals, in infinite Descent.
These, more and more, th'Inspective Glass discerns,
As more it's finer Curve collects the Rays,
And to the Curious gives th'amazing Scenes
Of lessening Life, *etc. as Spring B 161—68 save*
l. 167, which runs as Su. C 316.

Mark'd their Dependance so, and firm Accord,
As, with unfaultering Accent, to conclude
That this availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty Chain of Beings, lessening down
From infinite Perfection to the Brink
Of dreary Nothing, desolate Abyss!
Recoiling giddy Thought: or with sharp Glance,
Such as remotely wafting Spirits use,
Survey'd the Glories of the little World?
Till then, alone, let zealous Praise ascend,
And Hymns of heavenly Wonder, to that Power,
Whose Wisdom shines as lovely on our Minds,
As on our smiling Eyes his Servant-Sun.

Thick, in yon Stream of Light, a Thousand Ways, B311
Upwards and downwards, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering Kingdoms sport; with Tempest-Wing,
Till Winter sweeps them from the Face of Day:
Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass
An idle, Summer Life, in Fortune's Shine,
A Season's Glitter! In soft-circling Robes,
Which the hard Hand of Industry has wrought,
The human Insects glow; by Hunger fed,
And chear'd by toiling Thirst, They rowl about
From Toy to Trifle, Vanity to Vice;
Till blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes Them from the Book of Life.

B 289 Survey'd] Beheld *After l.* 306 *the following 19 lines are inserted:*

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead;
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil, [325]
Healthful, and strong; full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the blooming maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek,
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands [330]
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load

Mark'd their Dependance so, and firm Accord,
As with unfaultering Accent to conclude
That This availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty Chain of Beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the Brink
Of dreary Nothing, desolate Abyss!
From which astonish'd Thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous Praise ascend,
And Hymns of *holy* Wonder, to that Power,
Whose Wisdom shines as lovely on our Minds,
As on our smiling Eyes his Servant-Sun.

Thick, in yon Stream of Light, a thousand Ways, D342
Up*ward,* and down*ward,* thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering *Nations* sport; *till, Tempest-wing'd,*
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the Face of Day.
Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass
An idle Summer-Life in Fortune's Shine,
A Season's Glitter! *Thus they flutter on*
From Toy to *Toy, from* Vanity to Vice;
Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the Book of Life.

Now swarms the Village o'er the jovial Mead: D352
The rustic Youth, brown with meridian Toil,
Healthful, and strong; full as the Summer-Rose
Blown by prevailing Suns, the *ruddy* Maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the Sight, and all
Her kindled Graces burning o'er her Cheek.
Even stooping Age is here; and Infant-Hands
Trail the long Rake, or, with the fragrant Load
O'ercharg'd, amid the *kind* Oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded Grain; all in a Row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the Field,
They spread the *breathing* Harvest to the Sun,

B *(Sequel)*

O'ercharg'd, amid the soft oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the tawny harvest to the sun, [335]
That casts refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
Rises the russet hay-cock thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale, [340]
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

That *throws* refreshful round a rural Smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing Ground,
And drive the dusky Wave along the Mead,
The russet Hay-Cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from Dale to Dale,
Waking the Breeze, resounds the blended Voice
Of happy Labour, Love, and social Glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive Band, D371
They drive the troubled Flocks, many a Dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running Brook
Forms a deep Pool: This Bank abrupt and high,
And That fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy Brink, much is the Toil,
The Clamour much, of Men, and Boys, and Dog,
Ere the soft fearful People to the Flood
Commit their woolly Sides. And oft the Swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing Wave,
And panting labour to the farther Shore.
Repeated This, till deep the well-wash'd Fleece
Has drunk the Flood, and from his lively Haunt
The Trout is banish'd by the sordid Stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy Brow
Slow-move the harmless Race: where, as they spread
Their swelling Treasures to the sunny Ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outragious Tumult means, their loud Complaints
The Country fill; and, toss'd from Rock to Rock,
Incessant Bleatings run around the Hills.
At last, of snowy White, the gather'd Flocks,
Are in the wattled Pen innumerous press'd,
Head above Head; and, rang'd in lusty Rows,

D 377 Dogs,

The Shepherds sit, and whet the sounding Shears.
The Housewife waits to roll her fleecy Stores,
With all her gay-drest Maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious Dignity inthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral Queen, and rays
Her Smiles, sweet-beaming, on her Shepherd-King;
While the glad Circle round them yield their Souls
To festive Mirth, and Wit that knows no Gall.
Mean-time, their joyous Task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted Tar, and Some,
Deep on the new-shorn Vagrant's heaving Side,
To stamp his Master's Cipher ready stand;
Others th'unwilling Wether drag along,
And, glorying in his Might, the sturdy Boy
Holds by the twisted Horns th'indignant Ram.
Behold where bound, and of its Robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending Lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild Creature lies!
What Softness in it's melancholy Face,
What dumb complaining Innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle Tribes, 'tis not the Knife
Of horrid Slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender Swain's well-guided Shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual Care,
Borrow'd your Fleece, to you a cumbrous Load,
Will send you bounding to your Hills again.

A Simple Scene! yet hence Britannia sees D423
Her solid Grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th'exalted Stores of every brighter Clime,
The Treasures of the Sun without his Rage:
Hence, fervent all, with Culture, Toil, and Arts,
Wide glows her Land: her dreadful Thunder hence
Rides o'er the Waves sublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled Coast,
Hence rules the circling Deep, and awes the World.

'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun B343
Shoots, thro' th'expanding Air, a torrid Gleam.
O'er Heaven, and Earth, far, as the darted Eye
Can pierce, a dazzling Deluge reigns; and all,
From Pole to Pole, is undistinguish'd Blaze.
Down to the dusty Earth the Sight, o'er-power'd,
Stoops for Relief; but thence ascending Steams,
And keen Reflection pain. Burnt to the Heart
Are the refreshless Fields; their arid Hue
Adds a new Fever to the sickening Soul:
And, o'er their slippery Surface, wary, treads
The Foot of thirsty Pilgrim, often dipt
In a cross Rill, presenting to his Wish
A living Draught, He feels before he drinks!
No more the Woods return the sandy Sound
Of sharpening Sithe: the Mower, sinking, heaps
O'er Him the tedded Hay, with Flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping Grashopper is heard
Thro' all the Mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The Desart singes; and the stubborn Rock,
Split to the Centre, sweats at every Pore.
The very Streams look languid from afar;
Or, thro' the fervid Glade, impetuous, hurl
Into the Shelter of the crackling Grove.

Prevailing Heat! oh intermit thy Wrath! B367
And on my aking Temples, potent, thus
Beam not so hard! — Incessant, still You flow;
And still another fervent Flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the Head profuse — In vain I groan,

B 321 Echo no more returns 323 tedded] humid 325 Thro' the dumb mead. 326 singes;] reddens; 331 All-conquering heat, 332 aking] throbbing 335 groan,] sigh,

MS 317 o'er] on *T* *For* 318—320: The thirsty Pilgrim; who to firm his Step, || Dips in the passing Rill his dusty Foot. *T* 323 humid] (breathing) *T*

'Tis raging Noon: and, vertical, the Sun D432
Darts on the Head direct his forceful Rays.
O'er Heaven and Earth, far as the *ranging* Eye
Can *sweep,* a dazling Deluge reigns; and all
From Pole to Pole is undistinguish'd Blaze.
In vain the Sight, dejected to the Ground,
Stoops for Relief; *thence hot* ascending Steams
And keen Reflection pain. *Deep to the Root*
Of Vegetation parch'd, the cleaving Fields
And slippery Lawn an arid Hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's Blooms, and wither even the Soul.
Echo no more returns the *chearful* Sound
Of sharpening Scythe: the Mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid Hay, with Flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping Grass-hopper is heard
Thro' the dumb Mead. Distressful Nature pants. *2 lines omitte*
The very Streams look languid from afar;
Or, thro' *th'unshelter'd* Glade, *impatient, seem*
To hurl into the Covert of the Grove.

All-Conquering Heat, oh intermit thy Wrath! D451
And on my throbbing Temples potent thus
Beam not so *fierce!* Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent Flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the Head profuse. In vain I sigh,

MS 449 the (sultry) fervid Glade *T* 450 Covert] Shelter *T*

And, restless, turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter Hours approach.
Who shall endure! — The too resplendent Scene
Already darkens on the dizzy Eye;
And double Objects dance: unreal Sounds
Sing round the Ears: a Weight of sultry Dew
Hangs, deathful, on the Limbs: shiver the Nerves:
The supple Sinews sink; and on the Heart,
Misgiving, Horror lays his heavy Hand.
Thrice happy He! who, on the Sunless Side
Of a romantic Mountain, Forrest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected Shade reclines:
Or in the gelid Caverns, Woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting Streams,
Sits cooly calm; while all the World without,
Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in Noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,
Who keeps his temper'd Mind serene, and pure,
And all his Passions aptly harmoniz'd,
Amidst a jarring World with Vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets hail! B392
Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!
With Ashes wild, resounding o'er the Steep!
Delicious is your Shelter to the Soul,
As to the hunted Hart the sallying Spring,
Or Stream full-flowing, that his swelling Sides
Laves, as He floats along the Herbag'd Brink.
Cold, thro' the Nerves, your pleasing Comforts glide;
The Heart beats glad: the misty Eyes refulge:
The Ears resume their Watch: the Sinews knit;
And Life shoots swift thro' every active Limb.

B 338 shall] can 339 Eye;] sight, 341 Sing deep around; 345 who,] that 355 Amid 358 Ye Ashes 363 comfort glides; 364, 365 glad; the fresh-expanded eye, || And ear resume 366 active] lighten'd

And restless turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter Hours approach. *7 lines omitte*
Thrice happe he! that on the sunless side
Of a romantic Mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected Shade reclines:
Or in the gelid Caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting Streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the World without,
Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in Noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,
Who keeps his temper'd Mind serene, and pure,
And *every Passion* aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring World with Vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets, hail! D469
Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!
Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the Steep!
Delicious is your Shelter to the Soul,
As to the hunted Hart the sallying Spring,
Or Stream full-flowing, that his swelling Sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd Brink.
Cool, thro' the Nerves, your pleasing Comfort glides;
The Heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded Eye
And Ear resume their watch; the Sinews knit;
And Life shoots swift thro' *all the* lighten'd Limbs.

D 458 that] who

All in th'adjoining Brook, that shrills along B403
The vocal Grove, now fretting o'er a Rock,
Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy Pool,
Now starting to a sudden Stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid Plain,
A various Groupe the Herds and Flocks compose,
Rural Confusion! On the grassy Bank
Some ruminating lie; while Others stand
Half in the Flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling Surface. In the Middle droops
The strong, laborious Ox, of honest Front,
Which, incompos'd, He shakes; and from his Sides
The busy Insects lashes with his Tail,
Returning still. Amid his Subjects safe,
Slumbers the Monarch-Swain; his careless Arm
Thrown round his Head on downy Moss sustain'd;
Here laid his Scrip, with wholesome Viands fill'd;
And there his Sceptre-Crook, and watchful Dog.

Light, fly his Slumbers, if perchance a Flight B421
Of angry Hornets fasten on the Herd,
That, startling, scatters from the shallow Brook,
In search of lavish Stream. Tossing the Foam,
They scorn the Keeper's Voice, and scour the Plain,
Thro' all the bright Severity of Noon;
While, from their labouring Breasts, a hollow Moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the Hills.

Oft in this Season too the Horse provok'd, B429
While his big Sinews, full of Spirits, swell,

B 379 busy] troublous

MS *For* 380–382 (Amid . . . sustain'd) *T writes but then cancels:*
stretch'd on (his) the grassy Bed,
To Guilt and Care unknown, slumbers the Swain:
Around his Head, in downy Moss sustain'd,
His loosen'd arm in careless Manner thrown;

Around th'adjoining Brook, that *purls* along D480
The vocal Grove, now fretting o'er a Rock,
Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy Pool,
Now starting to a sudden Stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid Plain;
A various Groupe the Herds and Flocks compose,
Rural Confusion! on the grassy Bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the Flood, and often bending sip
The circling Surface. In the Middle droops
The strong laborious Ox, of honest Front,
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his Sides
The troublous Insects lashes with his Tail,
Returning still. Amid his Subjects safe,
Slumbers the Monarch-Swain; his careless Arm
Thrown round his Head, on downy Moss sustain'd;
Here laid his Scrip, with wholesome Viands fill'd;
There, *listening every Noise, his* watchful Dog.

Light fly his Slumbers, if perchance a Flight D498
Of angry *Gad-Flies* fasten on the Herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow Brook,
In search of lavish Stream. Tossing the Foam,
They scorn the Keeper's Voice, and scowr the Plain,
Thro' all the bright Severity of Noon;
While from their labouring Breasts, a hollow Moan,
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the Hills.

Oft in this Season too the Horse, provok'd, D506
While his big Sinews full of Spirits swell,

Trembling with Vigour, in the Heat of Blood,
Springs the high Fence; and, o'er the Field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy Flood, with steady Eye,
And Heart estrang'd to Fear: his nervous Chest,
Luxuriant, and erect, the Seat of Strength!
Bears down th'opposing Stream: quenchless his Thirst,
He takes the River at redoubled Draughts;
And, with wide Nostrils, snorting, skims the Wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight Depth B439
Of yonder Grove, of wildest, largest Growth;
That, high embowering in the middle Air,
Nods o'er the Mount beneath. At every Step,
Solemn, and slow, the Shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful, silent Gloom around.

These are the Haunts of Meditation, these B445
The Scenes where antient Bards th'inspiring Breath,
Extatic, felt; and, from this World retir'd,
Convers'd with Angels, and immortal Forms,
On heavenly Errands bent — To save the Fall
Of Vertue, struggling on the Brink of Vice;
In waking Whispers, and repeated Dreams,
To hint pure Thought, and warn the favour'd Soul,
For future Tryals, fated, to prepare;
To prompt the Poet, who, devoted, gives
His Muse to better Themes; to sooth the Pangs
Of dying Saints; and from the Patriot's Breast,
Backward to mingle in detested War,
But foremost when engag'd, to turn the Death;
And numberless such Offices of Love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous, to perform.

Shook, sudden, from the Bosom of the Air, B461
A thousand Shapes, or glide athwart the Dusk,

B 421, 422 Backward . . . engag'd *bracketed* 425 Air,] sky,
MS 395 With Ardor trembling *T* 413 Errand *T*

Trembling with Vigour, in the Heat of Blood,
Springs the High Fence; and, o'er the Field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy Flood, with *steadfast* Eye,
And Heart estrang'd to Fear: his nervous Chest,
Luxuriant, and erect, the Seat of Strength!
Bears down th'opposing Stream: quenchless his Thirst;
He takes the River at redoubled Draughts;
And with wide Nostrils, snorting, skims the Wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight Depth D516
Of yonder Grove, of wildest largest Growth;
That, *forming high in Air a woodland Quire,*
Nods o'er the Mount beneath. At every Step,
Solemn, and slow, the Shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful *listening* Gloom around.

These are the Haunts of Meditation, these D522
The Scenes where antient Bards th'inspiring Breath,
Extatic, felt; and, from this World retir'd,
Convers'd with Angels, and immortal Forms,
On *gracious* Errands bent: to save the Fall
Of Virtue struggling on the Brink of Vice;
In waking Whispers, and repeated Dreams,
To hint pure Thought, and warn the favour'd Soul
For future Trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the Poet, who devoted gives
His Muse to better Themes; to sooth the Pangs
Of dying *Worth*, and from the Patriot's Breast,
(Backward to mingle in detested War,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the Death;
And numberless such Offices of Love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the Bosom of the Sky, D538
A thousand Shapes or glide athwart the Dusk,

Or stalk, majestic, on: harrow'd, I feel
A sacred Terror, and severe Delight,
Creep thro' my mortal Frame; and thus, methinks,
Those hollow Accents, floating on my Ear,
Pronounce, distinct, — "Be not of Us afraid,
"Poor, kindred Man, thy fellow Creatures, We
"From the same bounteous Power our Beings drew,
"The same our Lord, and Laws, and great Pursuit!
"Once, some of Us, like Thee, thro' stormy Life
"Toil'd, Tempest-beaten, ere We could attain
"This holy Calm, this Harmony of Mind,
"Where Purity and Peace immingle Charms.
"Then fear not Us; but, with commutual Song,
"Oft, in these dim Recesses, undisturb'd
"By noisy Folly, and discordant Vice,
"Of Nature sing with Us, and Nature's God —
"And, frequent, at the middle Waste of Night,
"Or, all Day long, in Desarts still, are heard,
"Now here, now there, now wheeling in mid-Sky,
"Around, or underneath, aerial Sounds.
"Sent from angelic Harps, and Voices join'd;
"A Happiness bestow'd by Us, alone,
"On Contemplation, or the hallow'd Ear
"Of Poet, swelling to seraphic Strain."

B 427 on. Arrous'd, I 430 Those accents murmur'd in th'abstracted ear, 433 Parent-Power 439 us not commutual] responsive

MS 443, 444 Here frequent at the solemn midnight Hour
Or silent depth of noon, in Desarts *etc.* *T*

Or stalk majestic on. *Deep-rous'd,* I feel
A sacred Terror, and severe Delight,
Creep through my mortal Frame; and thus, methinks,
A Voice, than Human more, th'abstracted Ear
Of Fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
"Poor kindred Man; thy Fellow-creatures, we
"From the same Parent-Power our Beings drew,
"The same our Lord, and Laws, and great Pursuit.
"Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy Life,
"Toil'd, Tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
"This holy Calm, this Harmony of Mind,
"Where Purity and Peace immingle Charms.
"Then fear *not us;* but with responsive Song,
"*Amid* these dim Recesses, undisturb'd
"By noisy Folly, and discordant Vice,
"Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
"*Here* frequent, at the *Visionary Hour,*
"*When musing Midnight reigns or silent Noon,*
"*Angelic Harps are in full Concert heard,*
"*And Voices chaunting from the Wood-crown'd Hill,*
"*The deepening Dale, or inmost silvan Glade:*
"A *Privilege* bestow'd by us, alone,
"On Contemplation, or the hallow'd Ear
"Of Poet, swelling to seraphic Strain."

*And art thou, *Stanley, of that sacred Band?* D564
Alas, for us too soon! — Tho' rais'd above
The Reach of human Pain, above the Flight
Of human Joy; yet, with a mingled Ray
Of sadly-pleas'd Remembrance, must thou feel
A Mother's Love, a Mother's tender Woe:
Who seeks Thee still, in many a former Scene;
Seeks thy fair Form, thy lovely-beaming Eyes,

* *A Young Lady, well known to the Author, who died at the Age of Eighteen, in the Year 1758.*

D 541 and] a

Thus up the Mount, in visionary Muse B487
I stray, regardless whither; till the Stun
Of a near Fall of Water every Sense
Wakes from the Charm of Thought: Swift, shrinking back,
I stand aghast, and view the broken Scene.

Like one who flows in Joy, when, all at once,
Misfortune hurls Him down the Hill of Life,
Smooth, to the giddy Brink a lucid Stream
Rolls, unsuspecting, till, surpris'd, 'tis thrown,
In loose Meanders, thro' the trackless Air;
Now a blue watry Sheet, anon, dispers'd,
A hoary Mist, then, gather'd in again,
A darted Stream, aslant the hollow Rock,
This Way, and that tormented, dashing thick,
From Steep to Steep, with wild, infracted Course,
And, restless, roaring to the humble Vale.

B 456, 457 *omitted.* 458—460 *thus expanded:*
Smooth to the shaggy brink a spreading flood
Rolls fair, and placid; till collected all,
In one big glut, as sinks the shelving ground,
Th'impetuous torrent, tumbling down the steep, [495]
Thunders, and shakes th'astonish'd country round.

Thy pleasing Converse, by gay lively Sense
Inspir'd; where moral Wisdom mildly shone,
Without the Toil of Art, and Virtue glow'd,
In all her Smiles, without forbidding Pride.
But, O thou best of Parents! wipe thy Tears;
Or rather to Parental Nature pay
The Tears of grateful Joy, who for a while
Lent thee his younger Self, this opening Bloom
Of thy enlighten'd Mind and gentle Worth.
Believe the Muse: the wintry Blast of Death
Kills not the Buds of Virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly Beam of brighter Suns,
Thro' endless Ages, into higher Powers.

Thus up the Mount, in *airy Vision rapt,* D585
I stray, regardless whither; till the *Sound*
Of a near Fall of Water every Sense
Wakes from the Charm of Thought: swift-shrinking back,
I *check my Steps,* and view the broken Scene.

Smooth to the *shelving* Brink a *copious* Flood D590
Rolls fair, and placid; *where* collected all,
In one *impetuous Torrent, down the Steep*
It thundering shoots, and shakes the Country round.
At first, an azure Sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding Rocks below
Dash'd in a Cloud of Foam, it sends aloft
A hoary Mist, and forms a ceaseless Shower.
Nor can the tortur'd Wave here find Repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy Rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd Fragments, now
Aslant the hollow'd Channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual Steep to Steep,
With wild infracted Course, and lessen'd Roar,

D 603 Steep to Steep.] Slope to Slope,

With the rough Prospect tir'd, I turn my Eyes B503
Where, in long Vista, the soft-murmuring Main
Darts a green Lustre, trembling, thro' the Trees;
Or to yon Silver-streaming Threads of Light,
A showery Beauty beaming thro' the Boughs.
Invited from the Rock, to whose dark Cliff
He clings, the steep-ascending Eagle soars,
With upward Pinions, thro' th'attractive Gleam;
And, giving full his Bosom to the Blaze,
Gains on the Sun; while all the feathery Race,
Smote by afflictive Noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep, in the Thicket; or, from Bower to Bower,
Responsive, force an interrupted Strain.
The Wood-Dove, only, in the Centre, coos,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his Plaint,
Short Interval of weary Woe! again,
The sad Idea of his murder'd Mate,
Struck from his Side by savage Fowler's Guile,
Accross his Fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder Song of Sorrow thro' the Grove.

Beside the dewy Border let Me sit, B523
All in the Freshness of the humid Air;
There, on that Rock, by Nature's Chissel carv'd,
An ample Chair, moss-lin'd, and over Head
With weaving Umbrage hung; thro' which the Bee
Strays, diligent; and, with th'extracted Sweet
Of Honey-Suckle, loads his little Thigh.

And what a pleasing Prospect lies around! B530 C143 D343
Of Hills, and Vales, and Woods, and Lawns, and Spires

B 467 Eyes] gaze, 471 Beauty] radiance, 477 by] with 480 The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes, 491 By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee 494 pleasing] various

MS 468, 469 (To where the River, as it various winds || It's mazy Current, gleams amid the Trees;) *T* 494 And] See *T*

It gains a safer Bed, and steals, at last,
Along the Mazes of the quiet Vale.

Invited from the *Cliff,* to whose dark *Brow* D607
He clings, the steep-ascending Eagle soars,
With upward Pinions thro' *the Flood of Day;*
And, giving full his Bosom to the Blaze,
Gains on the Sun; while all the *tuneful* Race,
Smit by afflictive Noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the Thicket; or, from Bower to Bower
Responsive, force an interrupted Strain.
The Stock-Dove only thro' the Forest cooes,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his Plaint,
Short Interval of weary Woe! again
The sad Idea of his murder'd Mate,
Struck from his Side by savage Fowler's Guile,
Across his Fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder Song of Sorrow thro' the Grove.

Beside the dewy Border let me sit, D622
All in the Freshness of the humid Air;
There on that *hollow'd Rock, grotesque and wild,*
An ample Chair Moss-lin'd, and over Head
By flowering Umbrage shaded; where the Bee
Strays diligent, and with th'extracted *Balm*
Of *fragrant Woodbine* loads his little Thigh.

Now, while I taste the Sweetness of the Shade, D629
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring Flight,
And view the Wonders of the torrid Zone:
Climes unrelenting! with whose Rage compar'd,
Yon Blaze is feeble, and yon Skies are cool.
See, how at once the bright-effulgent Sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the Sky

And Towns betwixt, and gilded Streams! till all
The stretching Landskip into Smoak decays.

Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts, B534 C1434 D1442
Inspiring Vigour, Liberty, abroad,
Walks thro' the Land of Heroes, unconfin'd,
And scatters Plenty with unsparing Hand.

Rich is thy Soil, and merciful thy Skies; B538 C1438 D1446
Thy Streams unfailing in the Summer's Drought:
Unmatch'd thy Guardian-Oaks: thy Vallies float
With golden Waves; and on thy Mountains Flocks
Bleat, numberless: while, roving round their Sides,
Bellow the blackening Herds, in lusty Droves.
Beneath, thy Meadows flame, and rise unquell'd.
Against the Mower's Sythe. On every Hand,
Thy Villas shine. Thy Country teems with Wealth;
And Property assures it to the Swain,
Pleas'd, and unweary'd, in his certain Toil.

Full are thy Cities with the Sons of Art; B549 C1449 D1457
And Trade, and Joy, in every busy Street,
Mingling, are heard: even Drudgery, Himself,
As at the Car He sweats, or, dusty, hews
The Palace-Stone, looks gay. Thy crowded Ports,
Where rising Masts an endless Prospect yield,
With Labour burn, and eccho to the Shouts
Of hurry'd Sailor, as He, hearty, waves
His last Adieu, and, loosening every Sheet,
Resigns the spreading Vessel to the Wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous Youth, B559 C1459 D1467
By Hardship sinew'd, and by Danger fir'd,
Scattering the Nations where They go; and first,
Or on the listed Plain, or wintry Seas.
Mild are thy Glories too, as o'er the Arts

B 526 on] in 527 Arts] plans

The short-liv'd Twilight; and with ardent Blaze
Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling Air:
He mounts his Throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the Portals of the Morn,
*The *general Breeze, to mitigate his Fire,*
And breathe Refreshment on a fainting World.
Great are the Scenes, with dreadful Beauty crown'd
And barbarous Wealth, that see, each circling Year,
Returning Suns and †double Seasons pass:
Rocks rich in Gems, and Mountains big with Mines,
That on the high Equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting Stream auriferous plays:
Majestic Woods, of every vigorous Green,
Stage above Stage, high-waving o'er the Hills;
Or to the far Horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundless deep Immensity of Shade.
Here lofty Trees, to ancient Song unknown,
The noble Sons of potent Heat and Floods
Prone-rushing from the Clouds, rear high to Heaven
Their thorny Stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian Gloom. Here, in eternal Prime,
Unnumber'd Fruits, of keen delicious Taste
And vital Spirit, drink amid the Cliffs,
And burning Sands that bank the shrubby Vales,
Redoubled Day, yet in their rugged Coats *Cf.* A627, 628
A friendly Juice to cool it's Rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy Citron-Groves; D663
To where the Lemon and the piercing Lime,
With the deep Orange, glowing thro' the Green,

* *Which blows constantly between the Tropics from the East, or the collateral Points, the North-East and South-East; caused by the Pressure of the rarefied Air on That before it, according to the diurnal Motion of the Sun from East to West.*

† *In all Places between the Tropics, the Sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual Motion, is twice a-year perpendicular, which produces this Effect.*

Of thriving Peace thy thoughtful Sires preside;
In Genius, and substantial Learning high;
For every Vertue, every Worth renown'd,
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind,
Yet like the mustering Thunder when provok'd;
The Scourge of Tyrants, and the sole Resource
Of such as under grim Oppression groan.

Hence may'st Thou boast a Bacon, and a More;
Nor cease to vie Them with the noblest Names
Of ancient Times, or Patriot, or Sage.
And for the Strength, and Elegance of Truth,
A Barrow, and a Tillotson are thine:
A Locke, inspective into human Minds,
And all th'unnotic'd World that passes there.
Nor be thy Boyle forgot; who, while He liv'd,
Seraphic, sought Th'Eternal thro' his Works,
By sure Experience led; and, when He dy'd,
Still bid his Bounty argue for his God,
Worthy of Riches He! — But what needs more —

B 533 Scourge] dread 535—546 *thus expanded:*

Thy sons of glory many! thine a More, C1471 D1479
As Cato firm, as Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham is thine; [575]
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy Name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high; but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the maiden reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd, [580]
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe. [585]
Then deep thro' fate his mind retorted saw,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,

Their lighter Glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading Tamarind that shakes,
Fann'd by the Breeze, it's Fever-cooling Fruit;
Or, stretch'd amid these Orchards of the Sun,
O let me drain the Cocoa's milky Bowl,
More bounteous far than all the frantic Juice
Which Bacchus pours! Nor, on it's slender Twigs
Low-bending, be the full Pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping thro' the Woods, the gelid Race
Of Berries. Oft in humble Station dwells
Unboastful Worth, above fastidious Pomp.
Witness, thou best Anana, thou the Pride
Of vegetable Life, beyond whate'er
The Poets imag'd in the golden Age:
Quick, let me strip thee of thy spiny Coat,
Spread thy ambrosial Stores, and feast with Jove!

From These the Prospect varies. Plains immense D690
Lie stretch'd below, interminable Meads,
And vast Savannahs, where the wandering Eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant Ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder Hues,
And richer Sweets, beyond our Garden's Pride,
Plays o'er the Fields, and showers with sudden Hand
Exuberant Spring: for oft these Valleys shift
Their green-embroider'd Robe to fiery Brown,
And swift to Green again, as scorching Suns,

D *After* 668:

Deep in the Night the massy Locust sheds, [669]
Quench my hot Limbs; or lead me thro' the Maze,
Embowering endless, of the Indian Fig;
Or thrown at gayer Ease, on some fair Brow,
Let me behold, by breezy Murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my Head the verdant Cedar wave,
And high Palmetos lift their graceful Shade. [675]

669 Or] O 670 Give me to drain *After* 670: And from the Palm to draw its freshening Wine! 680 spiny] tufty

Let comprehensive Newton speak thy Fame, B620 C1552 D1560
In all Philosophy. For solemn Song
Is not wild Shakespear Nature's Boast, and thine!
And every greatly amiable Muse
Of elder Ages in thy Milton met!
His was the Treasure of Two Thousand Years,
Seldom indulg'd to Man, a God-like Mind,

B *(Sequel)*

So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
A Hambden thine, of unsubmitting soul;
Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age,
To slavery prone; and bad thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of Freedom fierce.
Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war! with every laurel crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
Nor him of later name, firm to the cause
Of Liberty, her rough determin'd friend,
The British Brutus; whose united blood
With Russel, thine, thou patriot wise, and calm,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
In loose inglorious sloth. High thy renown
In Sages too, far as the sacred light
Of science spreads, and wakes the muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon form'd of happy mold,
When Nature smil'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The generous *Ashley thine, the friend of man;
Who scan'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral Beauty charm the heart.
What need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
Still sought the great Creator in his works,
By sure experience led? and why thy Locke
Who made the whole internal world his own?

* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

Or streaming Dews and torrent Rains, prevail.
Along these lonely Regions, where retir'd,
From little Scenes of Art, great Nature dwells
In awful Solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild Herds, that own no Master's Stall,
Prodigious Rivers roll their fatning Seas:
On whose luxuriant Herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fall'n Cedar, far diffus'd his Train,
Cas'd in green Scales, the Crocodile extends.
The Flood disparts: behold! in plaited Mail,
**Behemoth rears his Head. Glanc'd from his Side,*
The darted Steel in idle Shivers flies:
He fearless walks the Plain, or seeks the Hills;
Where, as he crops his vary'd Fare, the Herds,
In widening Circle round, forget their Food, D716
And at the harmless Stranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful, beneath primeval Trees, that cast
Their ample Shade o'er Niger's yellow Stream, *Cf.* A629
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred Wave;
Or mid the Central Depth of blackning Woods,
High-rais'd in solemn Theater around,
Leans the huge Elephant: wisest of Brutes!
O truely wise! with gentle Might endow'd,
Tho' powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
Revolving Ages sweep the changeful Earth,
And Empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never-resting Race of Men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their Guile,
Who mine, from cruel Avarice, his Steps;
Or with his towery Grandeur swell their State,
The Pride of Kings! or else his Strength pervert
And bid him rage amid the mortal Fray,
Astonish'd at the Madness of Mankind.

* *The Hippopotamus, or River-Horse.*

Unlimited, and various, as his Theme;
Astonishing as Chaos; as the Bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, soft as the Talk
Of our grand Parents, and as Heaven sublime.

And should I northward turn my filial Eye, B– C– D-
Beyond the Tweed, pure Parent-Stream! to where
The hyperborean Ocean, furious, foams
O'er Orca, or Betubium's highest Peak,
Rapt, I might sing thy Caledonian Sons,
A gallant, warlike, unsubmitting Race!
Nor less in Learning vers'd, soon as He took
Before the Gothic Rage his Western Flight;
Wise in the Council, at the Banquet gay:
The Pride of Honour burning in their Breasts,
And Glory, not to their own Realms confin'd,
But into foreign Countries shooting far,
As over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

May my Song soften as, thy Daughters, I, B631 C1572 D1580
Britannia, hail! for Beauty is their own,
And Elegance, and Taste: the faultless Form,
Shap'd by the Hand of Harmony: the Cheek,
Where the live Crimson, thro' the Native White,
Soft-shooting, o'er the Face diffuses Bloom,
And every nameless Grace: the parted Lip,
Like the red Rose-Bud moist with morning Dew,
Breathing Delight; and, under flowing Jet,
Or sunny Ringlets, or of circling Brown,
The Neck slight-shaded, and the swelling Breast:
The Look resistless, piercing to the Soul,
And by the Soul inform'd, when, drest in Love,
She sits, sweet-smiling, in the lovely Eye.

B 558–570 *taken out of "Summer", and, with many alterations, transferred to "Autumn" (A 817–844). After* 572 *one line is inserted:* The feeling heart, simplicity of life, 584 high smiling in the conscious eye.

MS 580 circling] lovely *T*

Wide o'er the winding Umbrage of the Floods, D733
Like vivid Blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick-swarm the brighter Birds. For Nature's Hand,
That with a sportive Vanity has deck'd
The plumy Nations, there her gayest Hues
*Profusely pours. *But, if she bids them shine,*
Array'd in all the beauteous Beams of Day,
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in Song.
Nor envy we the gaudy Robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's Realm, whose Legions cast
A boundless Radiance waving on the Sun,
While Philomel is ours, while in our Shades,
Thro' the soft Silence of the listening Night,
The sober-suited Songstress trills her Lay.

But come, my Muse, the Desart-Barrier burst, D747
A wild Expanse of lifeless Sand and Sky:
And, swifter than the toiling Caravan,
Shoot o'er the Vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian Mountains, and the secret Bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no Ruffian, who beneath the Mask
Of social Commerce com'st to rob their Wealth;
No holy Fury Thou, blaspheming Heaven,
With consecrated Steel to stab their Peace,
And thro' the Land, yet red from Civil Wounds,
To spread the purple Tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless Bee, may'st freely range,
From Mead to Mead bright with exalted Flowers,
From Jasmine Grove to Grove, may'st wander gay,
Thro' Palmy Shades and Aromatic Woods,
That grace the Plains, invest the peopled Hills,
And up the more than Alpine Mountains wave.
There on the breezy Summit, spreading fair,

* *In all the Regions of the Torrid Zone, the Birds, tho' more beautiful in their Plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.*

Island of Bliss! amid the Subject Seas, B646 C1587 D1595
That thunder round thy rocky Coasts, set up,
At once the Wonder, Terror and Delight
Of distant Nations; whose remotest Shore
Can soon be shaken by thy naval Arm,
Not to be shook Thy self, but all Assaults
Baffling, like thy hoar Cliffs the loud Sea-Wave.

O Thou, by whose almighty Nod, the Scale B653 C1594 D1602
Of Empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Vertues round the Land,
In bright Patrol: white Peace, and social Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle Deeds, and shedding Tears thro' Smiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in Heart and Look; clear Chastity,
With Blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep Regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
With copious Life inform'd, and all awake:
While, in the radiant Front, superiour, shines
That first, paternal Vertue, public Zeal,
Who casts o'er all an equal, wide Survey,
And ever musing on the Common Weal,
Still labours, glorious, with some brave Design.

Thus far, transported by my Country's Love, B671 C— D-
Nobly digressive from my Theme, I've aim'd
To sing her Praises, in ambitious Verse;
While, slightly to recount, I simply meant,
The various Summer-Horrors, which infest
Kingdoms that scorch below severer Suns:

MS 610 Thus I, enraptur'd *T* 611 have dar'd *T* *For* 613—615: But other Prospects now, appalling, rise; || (And the fierce fervid Summer spreads to view) And dire to view the fervid Summer spreads *T* 615 scorch] parch *T* beneath *P*

For many a League; or on stupendous Rocks,
That, from the sun-redoubling Valley lift,
Cool, to the middle Air, their lawny Tops;
Where Palaces, and Fanes, and Villas rise;
And Gardens smile around, and cultur'd Fields;
And Fountains gush; and careless Herds and Flocks
Securely stray; a World within itself,
Disdaining all Assault: there let me draw
Etherial Soul, there drink reviving Gales,
Profusely breathing from the Spicy Groves,
And Vales of Fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring Floods, and Cataracts, that sweep
From disembowel'd Earth the virgin Gold;
And o'er the vary'd Landskip, restless, rove,
Fervent with Life of every fairer kind:
A Land of Wonders! which the Sun still eyes
With Ray direct, as of the lovely Realm
Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the Scene! In blazing Height of Noon, D784
The Sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest Gloom.
Still Horror reigns, a dreary Twilight round,
Of struggling Night and Day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot Equator crouding fast,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding Air
Admits their Stream, incessant Vapours roll,
Amazing Clouds on Clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty Wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
With the big Stores of steaming Oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid these upper Seas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial Mountain's Brow,
And by conflicting Winds together dash'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous Throne,
From Cloud to Cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental War

Kingdoms, on which, direct, the Flood of Day, B677 C– D–
Oppressive, falls, and gives the gloomy Hue, *Cf.* C879
And Feature gross: or worse, to ruthless Deeds,
Wan Jealousy, red Rage, and fell Revenge,
Their hasty Spirits prompts. Ill-fated Race! *Cf.* C867
Altho' the Treasures of the Sun be theirs,
Rocks rich in Gems, and Mountains big with Mines, *Cf.* C646
Whence, over Sands of Gold, the Niger rolls
His amber Wave; while on his balmy Banks,
Or in the Spicy, Abyssinian Vales,
The Citron, Orange, and Pomegranate drink
Intolerable Day, yet, in their Coats, *Cf.* C661
A cooling Juice contain. Peaceful. beneath, *Cf.* C708
Leans the huge Elephant, and, in his Shade,
A Multitude of beauteous Creatures play;
And Birds, of bolder Note, rejoice around.

And oft amid their aromatic Groves, B693 C– D–
Touch'd by the Torch of Noon, the gummy Bark,
Smouldering, begins to roll the dusky Wreath.
Instant, so swift the ruddy Ruin spreads,
A Cloud of Incense shadows all the Land;
And, o'er a thousand, thundering Trees at once,
Riots, with lawless Rage, the running Blaze:
But chiefly, if fomenting Winds assist,
And, doubling, blend the circulating Waves
Of Flame tempestuous, or, directly on,
Far-streaming, drive Them thro' the Forest's Length.

B 620 spirit 639 if] should

MS 619 Wan] Wild red] blind *T* *For* 626–628:

Unnumber'd Fruits of keen refreshful Taste,
Pomegranates, Citrons, and Ananas drink
Intolerable Day; yet, in their Coats,
A gelid Juice to cool it's Rage contain.
Peaceful, meantime, amid the mighty Woods, *T*

Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated Mass
Unbroken Floods and solid Torrents pours.

The Treasures These, hid from the bounded Search D803
Of ancient Knowledge; whence, with annual Pomp,
Rich King of Floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two Springs, in Gojam's sunny Realm,
Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid Lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his Infant-Stream.
There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful Youth, amid the fragrant Isles,
That with unfading Verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly River breaks;
And gathering many a Flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd Treasures of the Sky,
Winds in progressive Majesty along:
Thro' splendid Kingdoms now devolves his Maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary Tracts
Of Life-deserted Sand; till, glad to quit
The joyless Desart, down the Nubian Rocks
From thundering Steep to Steep, he pours his Urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading Wave.

His Brother Niger too, and all the Floods D822
In which the full-form'd Maids of Afric lave
Their jetty Limbs; and all that from the Tract
Of woody Mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cormandel's Coast, or Malabar;
*From *Menam's orient Stream, that nightly shines*
With Insect-Lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling Banks the rosy Shower:
All, at this bounteous Season, ope their Urns,
And pour untoiling Harvest o'er the Land.

* *The River that runs thro' Siam; on whose Banks a vast Multitude of those Insects called Fire-Flies make a beautiful Appearance in the Night.*

But other Views await — where Heaven above, B704 C
Glows like an Arch of Brass; and all below,
The Earth a Mass of rusty Iron lies,
Of Fruits, and Flowers, and every Verdure spoilt,
Barren, and bare, a joyless, weary Waste,
Thin-cottag'd, and, in Time of trying Need,
Abandon'd by the vanish'd Brook, like One
Of fading Fortune by his treacherous Friend.

Such are thy horrid Desarts, Barca, such, B712 C
Zaara, thy hot, interminable Sands,
Continuous, rising often with the Blast,
Till the Sun sees no more; and unknit Earth,
Shook by the South into the darken'd Air,
Falls, in new, hilly Kingdoms, o'er the Waste.

B 645 The brown-burnt earth a mass of iron lies; 652 interminable] inhospitable *After l.* 656 *the following 32 lines are added:*

Hence late expos'd (if distant fame says true) C
A smother'd city from the sandy wave
Emergent rose; with olive-fields around, [720]
Fresh woods, reclining herds, and silent flocks,
Amusing all, and incorrupted seen.
For by the nitrous penetrating salts,
Mix'd copious with the sand, pierc'd and preserv'd,
Each object hardens gradual into stone, [725]
Its posture fixes, and its colour keeps.
The statue-folk, within, unnumber'd crowd
The streets, in various attitudes surpriz'd
By sudden fate, and live on every face
The passions caught, beyond the sculptor's art. [730]
Here leaning soft, the marble-lovers stand,
Delighted even in death; and each for each
Feeling alone, with that expressive look,
Which perfect Nature only knows to give.
And there the father agonizing bends [735]
Fond o'er his weeping wife, and infant train
Aghast, and trembling, tho' they know not why.
The stiffen'd vulgar stretch their arms to heaven,
With horror staring; while in council deep

Nor less thy World, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd, D832
The lavish Moisture of the melting Year.
Wide o'er his Isles, the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown Deluge; and the Native drives
To dwell aloft on Life-sufficing Trees,
At once his Dome, his Robe, his Food, and Arms.
Swell'd by a thousand Streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
*The mighty *Orellana. Scarce the Muse*
Dares stretch her Wing o'er this enormous Mass
Of rushing Water, scarce she dares attempt
The Sea-like Plata; to whose dread Expanse,
Continuous Depth, and wondrous Length of Course,
Our Floods are Rills. With unabated Force,
In silent Dignity they sweep along,
And traverse Realms unknown, and blooming Wilds,
And fruitful Desarts, Worlds of Solitude,
Where the Sun smiles and Seasons teem in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking These,
O'er peopled Plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a Nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft Bosom, many a happy Isle;
The Seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By christian Crimes and Europe's cruel Sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the Deep,
Whose vanquish'd Tide, recoiling from the Shock,
Yields to this liquid Weight of Half the Globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green Domain.

But what avails this wondrous Waste of Wealth? D860
This gay Profusion of luxurious Bliss?
This Pomp of Nature? what their balmy Meads,
Their powerful Herds, and Ceres void of Pain?
By vagrant Birds dispers'd, and wafting Winds,
What their unplanted Fruits? What the cool Draughts,

* *The River of the Amazons.*

'Tis here, that Thirst has fix'd his dry Domain, B750 C—D-
And walks his wide, malignant Round, in search
Of Pilgrim lost; or, on the *Merchant's Tomb,
Triumphant, sits, who, for a single Cruise
Of unavailing Water paid so dear:
Nor could the Gold his hard Associate save.

* In the Desart of Araoan are two Tombs with Inscriptions on Them, importing that the Persons there interr'd were a rich Merchant, and a poor Carrier, who both died of Thirst; and that the Former had given to the Latter Ten thousand Ducats for one Cruise of Water.

B *(Sequel)*

Assembled full, the hoary-headed sires [740]
Sit sadly-thoughtful of the public fate.
As when old Rome, beneath the raging Gaul,
Sunk her proud turrets, resolute on death,
Around the Forum sat the grey divan
Of Senators, majestic, motionless, [745]
With ivory-staves, and in their awful robes
Dress'd like the falling fathers of mankind;
Amaz'd, and shivering, from the solemn sight
The red barbarians shrunk, and deem'd them Gods.

Th'ambrosial Food, rich Gums, and spicy Health,
Their Forests yield? Their toiling Insects what,
Their silky Pride, and vegetable Robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal Treasures, hid
Deep in the Bowels of the pitying Earth,
Golconda's Gems, and sad Potosi's Mines;
Where dwelt the gentlest Children of the Sun?
What all that Afric's golden Rivers rowl,
Her odorous Woods, and shining Ivory Stores?
Ill-fated Race! the softening Arts of Peace, *Cf.* A620
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
The Godlike Wisdom of the temper'd Breast;
Progressive Truth, the patient Force of Thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent Powers
Command the World; the Light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal Rule, the Government of Laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the Name and Dignity of Man:
These are not theirs. The Parent-Sun himself
Seems o'er this World of Slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppressive Ray, the roseat Bloom
Of Beauty blasting, gives the gloomy Hue, *Cf.* A617
And Feature gross: or worse, to ruthless Deeds,
Mad Jealousy, *blind* Rage, and fell Revenge,
Their *fervid* Spirit *fires. Love dwells not there,*
The soft Regards, the Tenderness of Life,
The Heart-shed Tear, th'ineffable Delight
Of sweet Humanity: These court the Beam
Of milder Climes; in selfish fierce Desire,
And the wild Fury of voluptuous Sense,
There lost. The very Brute-Creation there
This Rage partakes, and burns with horrid Fire.

Here the green Serpent gathers up his Train, B756
In Orbs immense, then darting out anew,
Progressive, rattles thro' the wither'd Brake;
And lolling, frightful, guards the scanty Fount.
If Fount there be: or, of diminish'd Size,
But mighty Mischief, on th'unguarded Swain
Steals, full of Rancour. Here the savage Race
Roam, licens'd by the shading Hour of Blood,
And foul Misdeed, when the pure Day has shut
His sacred Eye. The rabid Tyger, then,
The fiery Panther, and the whisker'd Pard,
Bespeckl'd fair, the Beauty of the Waste,
In dire Divan, surround their shaggy King,
Majestic, stalking o'er the burning Sand,
With planted Step; while an obsequious Crowd,
Of grinning Forms, at humble Distance wait.
These, all together join'd, from darksome Caves,
Where, o'er gnaw'd Bones, They slumber'd out the Day,
By supreme Hunger smit, and Thirst intense,
At once, their mingling Voices raise to Heaven;
And, with imperious, and repeated Roars,
Demanding Food, the Wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.

B 674 *bracketed*

Lo! the green Serpent, *from his dark Abode,* D898
Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At Noon forth-issuing, gathers up his Train
In Orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing Fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his Folds: and while, with threatning Tongue,
And deathful Jaws erect, the Monster curls
His flaming Crest, all other Thirst, appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at Distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful He,
The small close-lurking Minister of Fate,
Whose high-concocted Venom thro' the Veins
A rapid Lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital Current. Form'd to humble Man,
This Child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless Lust of Blood, the Savage Race *Cf.* A669
Roam, licens'd by the shading Hour of *Guilt,*
And foul Misdeed, when the pure Day has shut
His sacred Eye. The *Tyger darting fierce,*
Impetuous on the Prey his Glance has doom'd.
The lively-shining Leopard, speckled o'er
With many a Spot, the Beauty of the Waste; *Cf.* A674
And, scorning all the taming Arts of Man,
The keen Hyena, fellest of the Fell.
These, rushing from th'inhospitable Woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted Isles,
That verdant rise amid the Lybian Wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy King, *Cf.* A675
Majestic, stalking o'er the *printed* Sand;
And, with imperious and repeated Roars, *Cf.* A683
Demand their fated Food. The fearful Flocks
Croud near the guardian Swain; the nobler Herds,
Where round their lordly Bull, in rural Ease,
They ruminating lie, with Horror hear
The coming Rage. Th'awaken'd Village starts;
And to her fluttering Breast the Mother strains

Unhappy He! who, from the first of Joys, B779
Society, cut off, is left alone,
Amid this World of Death. Ceaseless, He sits,
Sad, on the rocky Eminence, and views
The rowling Main, that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming, in the farthest Verge,
Where the blue Æther mixes with the Wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the Clouds.
At Evening, to the setting Sun He turns
A watry Eye, and down his dying Heart
Sinks, helpless; while the wonted Roar is up,
And Hiss, continual thro' the tedious Night.

Yet here, even here, into these black Abodes B791
Of Monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And haughty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
With Cato leading thro' Numidian Wilds:
Disdainful of Campania's fertile Plains,
And all the green Delights of Italy,
When, for Them, she must bend the servile Knee,
And, fawning, take the Blessings once her own.

B 689 rocky] jutting 692 blue] round 695 watry] mournful
MS 686—705 *deleted by T, who cancels B671—798*

Her thoughtless Infant. From the Pyrate's Den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant Fang escap'd,
The Wretch half-wishes for his Bonds again:
While, Uproar all, the Wilderness resounds, *Cf.* A684
From Atlas Eastward to the frighted Nile.

Unhappy he! who from the first of Joys, D939
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this World of Death. *Day after Day,*
Sad on the jutting Eminence *he sits,*
And views the Main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest Verge,
Where the round Ether mixes with the Wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the Clouds.
At Evening, to the setting Sun he turns
A mournful Eye, and down his dying Heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted Roar is up,
And Hiss continual thro' the tedious Night.
Yet here, even here, into these black Abodes
Of Monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And *guilty* Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato *following* thro' Numidian Wilds:
Disdainful of Campania's *gentle* Plains,
And all the green Delights *Ausonia pours;*
When for them she must bend the servile Knee,
And fawning take the *splendid Robber's Boon.*

Nor stop the Terrors of these Regions here. D959
Commission'd Demons oft, Angels of Wrath,
Let loose the raging Elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundless Furnace of the Sky,
And the wide glittering Waste of burning Sand,
A suffocating Wind the Pilgrim smites
With instant Death. Patient of Thirst and Toil,
Son of the Desart! even the Camel feels,
Shot thro' his wither'd Heart, the fiery Blast.
Or from the black-red Ether, bursting broad,

Sallies the sudden Whirlwind. Strait the Sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering Eddies play:
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
Till with the general all-involving Storm
Swept up, the whole continuous Wilds arise;
And by their noonday Fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at Night in sad disastrous Sleep,
Beneath descending Hills, the Caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crouded Streets,
Th'impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long Delay.

But chief at Sea, whose every flexile Wave D980
Obeys the Blast, th'aërial Tumult swells.
In the dread Ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant Line that girts the Globe,
*The circling *Typhon, whirl'd from Point to Point,*
Exhausting all the Rage of all the Sky,
*And dire *Ecnephia reign. Amid the Heavens,*
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy †Speck
Compress'd, the mighty Tempest brooding dwells.
Of no Regard, save to the skilful Eye,
Fiery and foul, the small Prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the Promontory's Brow
Musters it's Force. A faint deceitful Calm,
A fluttering Gale, the Demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading Sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled Mass
Of roaring Winds, and Flame, and rushing Floods.
In wild Amazement fix'd the Sailor stands.
Art is too slow. By rapid Fate oppress'd,
The broad-wing'd Vessel drinks the whelming Tide,

* *Typhon and Ecnephia, Terms for particular Storms or Hurricanes known only between the Tropics.*

† *Called by Sailors the Ox-Eye, being in Appearance at first no bigger.*

D 991 The] His

Hid in the Bosom of the black Abyss.
*With such mad Seas the daring *Gama fought,*
For many a Day, and many a dreadful Night,
Incessant, labring round the stormy Cape;
By bold Ambition led, and bolder Thirst
Of Gold. For then from antient Gloom emerg'd
The rising World of Trade: the Genius, then,
Of Navigation, that, in hopeless Sloth,
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic Deep,
For idle Ages, starting, heard at last
The †Lusitanian Prince; who, Heav'n-inspir'd,
To Love of useful Glory rous'd Mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the World.

Increasing still the Terrors of these Storms, D1013
His Jaws horrific arm'd with threefold Fate,
Here dwells the direful Shark. Lur'd by the Scent
Of steaming Crouds, of rank Disease, and Death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny Flood,
Swift as the Gale can bear the Ship along;
And, from the Partners of that cruel Trade,
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her Sons,
Demands his share of Prey, demands themselves.
The stormy Fates descend; one Death involves
Tyrants and Slaves; when strait, their mangled Limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple Seas
With Gore, and riots in the vengeful Meal.

When o'er this World, by Equinoctial Rains D1026
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless Sun,
And draws the copious Steam: from swampy Fens,
Where Putrefaction into Life ferments,

* *Vasco de Gama, the first that sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good-Hope, to the East-Indies.*

† *Don Henry, third Son to John the first, King of Portugal. His strong Genius to the Discovery of new Countries was the Source of all the modern Improvements in Navigation.*

What need I mention those inclement Skies, B799
Where, frequent, o'er the sickening City, Plague,
The fiercest Son of Nemesis divine!

And breathes destructive Myriads; or from Woods,
Impenetrable Shades, Recesses foul,
In Vapours rank and blue Corruption wrapt,
Whose gloomy Horrors yet no desperate Foot
Has ever dared to pierce, then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire Power of pestilent Disease.
A thousand hideous Fiends her Course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless Woe,
And feeble Desolation, casting down
The towering Hopes and all the Pride of Man.
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
The British Fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable Scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant Weakness sunk the Warrior's Arm;
Saw the deep-racking Pang, the ghastly Form,
The Lip pale-quivering, and the beamless Eye
No more with Ardor bright: you heard the Groans
Of agonizing Ships, from Shore to Shore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen Waves,
The frequent Corse; while on each other fix'd,
In sad Presage, the blank Assistants seem'd,
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement Skies, D1052
Where, frequent o'er the sickening City, Plague,
The fiercest *Child* of Nemesis divine,
*Descends? *From Ethiopia's poison'd Woods,*
From stifled Cairo's Filth, and fetid Fields
With Locust-Armies putrefying heap'd,
This great Destroyer sprung. Her awful Rage
The Brutes escape. Man is her destin'd Prey,
Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty Domes,

* *These are the Causes supposed to be the first Origin of the Plague, in Doctor Mead's elegant Book on that Subject.*

Collects a close, incumbent Night of Death,
Uninterrupted by the living Winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome Breeze, and stain'd
With many a Mixture, by the Sun suffus'd,
Of angry Aspect. Princely Wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful Eye; and from the Hand
Of drooping Justice, ineffectual, falls
The Sword, and Ballance. Mute the Voice of Joy;
And hush'd the Clamour of the busy World.
Empty the Streets, with uncouth Verdure clad,
And rang'd, at open Noon, by Beasts of Prey,
And Birds of bloody Beak: while, all Night long,
In spotted Troops, the recent Ghosts complain,
Demanding but the covering Grave. Mean time,
Lock'd is the deaf Door to Distress, even Friends,
And Relatives, endear'd for many a Year,
Savag'd by Woe, forget the social Tye,
The blest Engagement of the yearning Heart;
And sick, in Solitude, successive, die,
Untended, and unmourn'd. And, to compleat
The Scene of Desolation, wide around,
Denying all Retreat, the grim Guards stand,
To give the flying Wretch a better Death.

B 717 Clamour] murmur 720—723 (while . . . Friends) *thus condensed:* beak. The sullen door
No visit knows, nor hears the wailing voice
Of fervent Want. Even soul-attracted Friends,
726 blest] close yearning] kindred 728 And] While
731 To] And

She draws a close incumbent *Cloud* of Death;
Uninterrupted by the living Winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome Breeze; and stain'd
With many a Mixture by the Sun, suffus'd,
Of angry Aspect. Princely Wisdom, then
Dejects his watchful Eye; and from the Hand
Of *feeble* Justice, ineffectual, drop
The Sword and Balance: mute the Voice of Joy,
And hush'd the *Clamour* of the busy World.
Empty the Streets, with uncouth Verdure clad;
Into the worst of Desarts sudden turn'd
The chearful Haunt of Men: unless escap'd
From the doom'd House, where matchless Horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous Fear, the smitten Wretch,
With Frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful Policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen Door,
Yet uninfected, on it's cautious Hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors Society.
Dependants, Friends, Relations, Love himself,
Savag'd by Woe, forget the *tender* Tie,
The *sweet* Engagement of the *feeling* Heart.
But vain their selfish Care: the circling Sky,
The wide enlivening Air is full of Fate;
And, struck by Turns, in solitary Pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate City black Despair
Extends her raven Wing; while, to compleat
The Scene of Desolation, *stretch'd* around,
The grim Guards stand, denying all Retreat,
And give the flying Wretch a better Death.

Much of the Force of foreign Summers still, B824
Of growling Hills, that shoot the pillar'd Flame,
Of Earthquake, and pale Famine, could I sing;
But equal Scenes of Horror call Me Home.

For now, slow-settling, o'er the lurid Grove, B828
Unusual Darkness broods; and, growing, gains
The whole Possession of the Air, surcharg'd
With wrathful Vapour, from the damp Abrupt,
Where sleep the mineral Generations, drawn.
Thence Nitre, Sulphur, Vitriol, on the Day
Stream, and fermenting in yon baleful Cloud,
Extensive o'er the World, a reddening Gloom!
In dreadful Promptitude to spring, await
The high Command. A boding Silence reigns
Thro' all the dun Expanse, save the dull Sound
That, from the Mountain, previous to the Storm,
Rowls o'er the trembling Earth, disturbs the Flood,
And stirs the Forrest-Leaf without a Breath.
Prone, to the lowest Vale, th'aerial Tribes
Descend: the Tempest-loving Raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious Dusk. In rueful Gaze
The Cattle stand, and on the scowling Heavens
Cast a deploring Eye, by Man forsook,

B 738 whole] broad Air,] sky, 742 Steam, 746 Dread thro' the

MS 737 growing] spreading *P* 738 The wide Dominion *P* 739 from the dark Abyss, *P* 743 That o'er the World extends a *P* 747 Which, *P*

Much *yet remains unsung: the Rage intense* D1092
Of brazen-vaulted Skies, of iron Fields,
Where Drought and Famine starve the blasted Year:
Fir'd by the Torch of Noon to tenfold Rage,
Th'infuriate Hill that shoots the pillar'd Flame;
And, rous'd within the subterranean World,
Th'expanding Earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring Cities from their solid Base,
And buries Mountains in the flaming Gulph.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse:
A nearer Scene of Horror calls *thee* home.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid Grove D1103
Unusual Darkness broods; and growing gains
The *full* Possession of the Sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful Vapour, from the *secret Beds,*
Where sleep the mineral Generations, drawn.
Thence Niter, Sulphur, *and the fiery Spume*
Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the Day,
With various-tinctur'd Trains of latent Flame,
Pollute the Sky, and in yon baleful Cloud,
A reddening Gloom, a Magazine of Fate,
Ferment; till, by the Touch etherial rous'd,
The Dash of Clouds, or irritating War
Of fighting Winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding Silence reigns,
Dread thro' the dun Expanse; save the dull Sound,
That from the Mountain, previous to the Storm,
Rolls o'er the *muttering* Earth, disturbs the Flood.
And *shakes* the Forest-Leaf without a Breath.
Prone, to the lowest Vale, th'aërial Tribes
Descend: the Tempest-loving Raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious Dusk. In rueful Gaze
The Cattle stand, and on the scouling Heavens
Cast a deploring Eye; by Man forsook,

MS 1112 *P*

Who to the crowded Cottage hies Him fast,
Or seeks the Shelter of the downward Cave.

'Tis dumb Amaze, and listening Terror all; B849
When, to the quicker Eye, the livid Glance
Appears, far South, emissive thro' the Cloud;
And, by the powerful Breath of God inflate,
The Thunder raises his tremendous Voice,
At first low-muttering; but, at each Approach,
The Lightnings flash a larger Curve, and more
The Noise astounds: till, over Head, a Sheet
Of various Flame discloses wide, then shuts
And opens wider, shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping Æther in a Blaze.
Follows the loosen'd, aggravated Roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, Peal on Peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heaven, and Earth.

Down comes a Deluge of sonorous Hail, B863
In the white, heavenly Magazines congeal'd;
Anf often fatal to th'unshelter'd Head
Of Man, or rougher Beast. The sluicy Rain,
In one unbroken Flood, descends; and yet
Th'unconquerable Lightning struggles thro'
Ragged, and fierce, or in red whirling Balls,
And strikes the Shepherd, as He, shuddering, sits,
Presaging Ruin, in the rocky Clift.
His inmost Marrow feels the gliding Flame;
He dies — and, like a Statue grim'd with Age,
His live, dejected Posture still remains;
His Russet sing'd, and rent his hanging Hat;

B 774, 775 beast. Wide-rent, the clouds || Pour a whole flood; and yet, its rage unquench'd, 776 inconquerable 879 in] mid

MS 758 When darting from the Cloud the livid Glance *P*

Who to the crouded Cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the Shelter of the downward Cave.

'Tis *listening Fear, and dumb Amazement* all: D1120
When to the *startled* Eye the *sudden* Glance
Appears far South, *eruptive* thro' the Cloud;
And *following slower, in Explosion vast,*
The Thunder raises his tremendous Voice.
At first, *heard solemn o'er the Verge of Heaven,*
The Tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls it's awful Burden on the Wind,
The Lightnings flash a larger Curve, and more
The Noise astounds: till over Head a Sheet
Of *livid* Flame discloses wide, then shuts
And opens wider, shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping Ether in a Blaze.
Follows the loosen'd, aggravated Roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, Peal on Peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heaven and Earth.

Down comes a Deluge of sonorous Hail, D1114
Or prone-descending Rain. Wide-rent, the Clouds,
Pour a whole Flood; and yet, it's *Flame* unquench'd,
Th'*un*conquerable Lightning struggles thro',
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling Balls,
And fires the Mountains with redoubled Rage.

Against his Crook his sooty Cheek reclin'd;
While, whining at his Feet, his half-stun'd Dog,
Importunately kind, and fearful. pats
On his insensate Master, for Relief.

Black, from the Stroak, above, the Mountain-Pine, B880
A leaning, shatter'd Trunk, stands scath'd to Heaven,
The Talk of future Ages! and, below,
A lifeless Groupe the blasted Cattle lie.
Here, the soft Flocks, with that same harmless Look,
They wore alive, and ruminating still,
In Fancy's Eye; and there, the frowning Bull,
And Ox half-rais'd. A little farther, burns
The guiltless Cottage; and the haughty Dome
Stoops to the Base. Th'uprooted Forrest flies
Aloft in Air, or, flaming out, displays
The savage Haunts, by Day unpierc'd before.
Scar'd is the Mountain's Brow; and, from the Cliff,
Tumbles the smitten Rock. The Desart shakes,
And gleams, and grumbles, through his deepest Dens.

Now swells the Triumph of the Virtuous Man; B— C— D—
And this outrageous, elemental Fray,
To Him, a dread Magnificence appears,
The Glory of that Power He calls his Friend,
Sole honourable Name! — But Woe to Him,
Who, of infuriate Malice, and confirm'd
In Vice long-practis'd, is a Foe to Man
His Brother, and at Variance with his God.
He thinks the Tempest weaves around his Head:
Loudens the Roar to Him, and in his Eye
The bluest Vengeance glares. Th'Oppressor, who,
Unpitying, heard the Wailings of Distress,

B 797, 798 base. In one immediate flash, || The forest falls; or *etc.* 799 unpierc'd by day before. 803–826 *omitted*

Black from the Stroke, above the *smouldring* Pine
Stands a sad shatter'd Trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless Groupe the blasted Cattle lie:
Here the soft Flocks, with that same harmless Look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In Fancy's Eye; and there the frowning Bull,
And Ox half-rais'd. *Struck on the castled Cliff,*
The venerable Tower and spiry Fane
Resign their aged Pride. The gloomy Woods
Start at the Flash, and from their deep Recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling Inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's Mountains rages loud
The repercussive Roar: with mighty Crush,
Into the flashing Deep, from the rude Rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the Sky,
Tumble the smitten Cliffs; and Snowden's Peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry Load.
Far-seen, the Heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows thro' her utmost Isles.

MS 1143 sad] wild *T*

Gall'd by his Scourge, now shrinks at other Sounds.
Hid are the Neroes of the Earth — in vain,
Like Children hid in Sport. Chief, in the Breast
Of solitary Atheist, Wildness reigns,
Licentious; vanish'd every quaint Conceit,
And impious Jest, with which He us'd to pelt
Superiour Reason; Anguish in his Look,
And Supplication lifts his Hand. He'd pray;
If his hard Heart would flow. At last He runs,
Precipitant, and entering just the Cave,
The Messenger of Justice, glancing, comes,
With swifter Sweep, behind, and trips his Heel.

And yet not always on the guilty Head B *see footn*
Falls the devoted Flash. Young Celadon,
And his Amelia, an unrival'd Twain.
With equal Vertue form'd, and equal Grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their Sex alone;
Hers the mild Lustre of th'unfolding Morn,
And his the Radiance of the risen Day.

They lov'd — but such their guileless Passion was, B903
As, in the Dawn of Time, alarm'd the Heart
Of Innocence, and undissembling Truth.
'Twas Friendship, heighten'd by the mutual Wish,
Th'enchanting Hope, and sympathetic Glow,
Struck from the charmful Eye. Devoting all
To Love, Each was to Each a dearer Self!

B 827 *The passage opens thus:*
Guilt dubious hears, with deeply-troubled thought; [895]
And yet *etc. as l. 827*
829 Amelia were a matchless twain; 832 th'unfolding] the blooming

MS 833 His the full Radiance *P* 836 Of nameless Innocence and charming Truth. *T* 838, 839 Stroke (Throb) || Of mutual Hearts high-tun'd. *T*

Guilt *hears appall'd,* with deeply troubled Thought; D1169
And yet not always on the guilty Head
Descends the fated Flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless *Pair,*
With equal Virtue form'd, and equal Grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their Sex alone:
Hers the mild Luster of the blooming Morn,
And his the Radiance of the risen Day.

They lov'd. But such their guileless Passion was, D1177
As in the Dawn of Time *inform'd* the Heart
Of Innocence, and undissembling Truth.
'Twas Friendship heighten'd by the mutual Wish,
Th'enchanting Hope, and sympathetic Glow,
Beam'd from the *mutual* Eye. Devoting all
To Love, each was to each a dearer Self;

Supremely happy in th'awaken'd Power
Of giving Joy! Alone, amid the Shades,
Still, in angelic Intercourse, They liv'd
The rural Day, and talk'd the flowing Heart,
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable Things!

Thus pass'd their Life, a clear, united Stream, B915
By Care unruffled; till in evil Hour,
The Tempest caught Them on the tender Walk,
Heedless how far. Her Breast, presageful, heav'd
Unwonted Sighs, and stealing oft a Look
Of the big Gloom, on Celadon her Eye
Fell tearful, wetting all her glowing Cheek.
In vain assuring Love, and Confidence
In Heaven repress'd her Fear; it grew, and shook
Her Frame near Dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th'unequal Conflict, and, as Angels look
On dying Saints, his Eyes Compassion shed,
Mingl'd with matchless Love. — "Fear not, He said,
"Fair Innocence! thou Stranger to Offence,
"And inward Storm! He, who enwraps yon Skies
"In Frowns of Darkness, ever smiles on Thee,
"With full Regard. O'er Thee the secret Shaft
"That wastes at Midnight, or th'undreaded Hour
"Of Noon, flies hurtless: and that very Voice,
"Which thunders Terror thro' the Sinner's Heart,
"With Tongues of Seraphs whispers Peace to thine.
"'Tis Safety to be near Thee sure, and thus
"To clasp Perfection!" — From his void Embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that Moment, in a Heap

B 843 angelic] harmonious 852 wetting her disorder'd cheek. 858 With love illumin'd high. "Fear *etc.* 860 He, who yon skies involves 865 the conscious heart, 869 (Mysterious heaven!)

MS 846 pass'd] flow'd *T* 849 Regardless whither. Touch'd by Fate she heav'd *T*

Supremely happy in th'awaken'd Power
Of giving Joy. Alone, amid the Shades,
Still in harmonious Intercourse they liv'd
The rural Day, and talk'd the flowing Heart,
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their Life, a clear united Stream, D1189
By Care unruffled; till, in evil Hour,
The Tempest caught them on the tender Walk,
Heedless how far, *and where it's Mazes stray'd,*
While, with each other blest, creative Love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Heavy with instant Fate her Bosom heav'd
Unwonted Sighs, and stealing oft a Look
Of the big Gloom on Celadon her Eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd Cheek.
In vain assuring Love, and Confidence
In Heaven repress'd her Fear; it grew, and shook
Her Frame near Dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th'unequal Conflict, and as Angels look
On dying Saints, his Eyes Compassion shed,
With Love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,
"*Sweet* Innocence! thou Stranger to Offence,
"And inward Storm! He, who yon Skies involves
"In Frowns of Darkness, ever smiles on thee,
"With *kind* Regard. O'er thee the secret Shaft
"That wastes at Midnight, or th'undreaded Hour
"Of Noon, flies *harmless:* and that very Voice,
"Which thunders Terror thro' the *guilty* Heart,
"With Tongues of Seraphs whispers Peace to thine.
"'Tis Safety to be near thee sure, and thus
"To clasp Perfection!" From his void Embrace,
(Mysterious Heaven!) that moment, *to the Ground,*

Of pallid Ashes, fell the beauteous Maid.
But who can paint the Lover, as He stood,
Struck by severe Amazement, hating Life,
Speechless, and fixt in all the Death of Woe!
So, faint Resemblance! On the Marble-Tomb
The well-dissembl'd Mourner, stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

Heard indistinct, the far-off Thunder peals, B–C–I
From suffering Earth, commission'd o'er the Main,
Where the black Tempest, pressing on the Pool,
Heaves the dead Billows to the bursting Clouds.
Dire is the Fate of Those, who reeling high,
From Wave to Wave, even at the very Source
Of Lightning, feel th'undissipated Flame;
Or, should They in a watry Vale escape,
If, on their Heads, the forceful Spout descends,
And drives the dizzy Vessel down the Deep,
Till in the oozy Bottom stuck, profound.

As from the Face of Heaven, each shatter'd Cloud, B946
Tumultuous, roves, th'unfathomable Blue,
That constant Joy to every finer Eye,
That Rapture! swells into the general Arch,
Which copes the Nations. On the lilly'd Bank,
Where a Brook quivers, often, careless, thrown,
Up the wide Scene I've gaz'd whole Hours away,
With growing Wonder, while the Sun declin'd,
As now, forth-breaking from the blotting Storm.

Nature shines out; and, thro' the lighten'd Air,
A higher Lustre, and a clearer Calm,

B 877–887 *omitted* 888–897 *thus condensed:*

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th'interminable blue,
Delightful swells into the general arch,
That copes the nations. Nature from the storm
Shines out afresh; and thro' the lighten'd air *etc.* [950]

A blacken'd Corse, was struck the beauteous Maid.
But who can paint the Lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe Amazement, hating Life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the Death of Woe!
So, faint Resemblance, on the Marble-Tomb,
The well-dissembled Mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the Face of Heaven the shatter'd Clouds D1223
Tumultuous rove, th'interminable *Sky*
Sublimer swells, and o'er the World expands
A purer Azure. Nature, from the Storm,
Shines out afresh; and thro' the lighten'd Air
A higher Luster and a clearer Calm,

Diffusive, tremble; and, as if in sign
Of Danger past, a glittering Face of Joy,
Set off, abundant, by the level Ray,
Invests the Earth, yet weeping from Distress.

'Tis Beauty all, and grateful Song around, B956
Join'd to the Low of Kine, and numerous Bleat
Of Flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd Vale.
And shall the Hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
Most-favour'd, who, with Voice articulate,
Should lead the Chorus of this lower World!
Shall He, so soon, forgetful of the past,
After the Tempest, puff his transient Vows,
And a new Dance of Vanity begin,
Scarce ere the Pant forsakes his feeble Heart!

Chear'd by the setting Beam, the sprightly Youth B967
Speeds to the well-known Pool, whose chrystal Depth
A sandy Bottom shows. A while he stands,
Gazing th'inverted Landskip, half afraid
To meditate the blue Profound below;
Till disenchanted by the ruffling Gale,
He plunges headlong down the closing Flood.
His ebon Tresses, and his rosy Cheek
Instant emerge; and, thro' the glassy Wave,
At each short Breathing, by his Lip repell'd,
With Arms, and Legs, according well, He makes,
As Humour leads, an easy-winding Path:
While, from his snowy Sides, a humid Light
Effuses on the pleas'd Spectators round.

B 899 and,] while, 900 Face] robe 902 Earth,] fields, weeping] dropping 909 *thus expanded:* forgetful of the hand || That hush'd the thunder, and expands the sky, || After the *etc.* 910 transient] idle 918 *omitted.* 919 He] Then closing] circling 921 glassy] flexile 925 snowy] polish'd humid] dewy

Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of Danger past, a glittering Robe of Joy,
Set off abundant by the *yellow* Ray,
Invests the Fields, yet dropping from Distress.

'Tis Beauty all, and grateful Song around, D1233
Join'd to the Low of Kine, and numerous Bleat
Of Flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd Vale.
And shall the Hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
Most-favour'd; who with Voice articulate
Should lead the Chorus of this lower World?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand
That hush'd the Thunder, and *serenes* the Sky,
Extinguish'd feel that Spark the Tempest wak'd,
That Sense of Powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble Heart has lost it's Fears?

Chear'd by the *milder* Beam, the sprightly Youth D1244
Speeds to the well-known Pool, whose crystal Depth
A sandy Bottom shews. A while he stands
Gazing th'inverted Landskip, half-afraid
To meditate the blue Profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling Flood.
His ebon Tresses, and his rosy Cheek
Instant emerge; and thro' *th'obedient* Wave,
At each short breathing by his Lip repell'd,
With Arms and Legs according well, he makes,
As Humour leads, an easy-winding Path;
While, from his polish'd Sides, a dewy Light
Effuses on the pleas'd Spectators round.

This is the purest Exercise of Health, B1038
The great Refresher of the Summer-Heats;
Nor, when, the Brook pellucid, Winter keens,
Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the Brink.
Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd
By the bold Swimmer, in the swift Illapse
Of Accident disastrous. Hence the Limbs
Knit into Force; and that same Roman Arm,
Which stretch'd, victorious, o'er the conquer'd Earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the Wave.
Even, from the Body's Purity, the Mind,
Strictly ally'd, receives a secret Aid.

B *Before l.* 927:

'Twas then beneath a secret-waving shade, [980]
Where winded into lovely solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, that Damon sat,
Thoughtful, and fix'd in philosophic muse:
Damon, who still amid the savage woods,
And lonely lawns, the force of beauty scorn'd, [985]
Firm, and to false philosophy devote.
The brook ran babbling by; and sighing weak,
The breeze among the bending willows play'd:
When Sacharissa to the cool retreat,
With Amoret, and Musidora stole. [990]
Warm in their cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, they came to bathe
Their fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
Tall, and majestic, Sacharissa rose,
Superior treading, as on Ida's top [995]
(So Grecian bards in wanton fable sung)
High-shone the sister and the wife of Jove.
Another Pallas Musidora seem'd,
Meek-ey'd, sedate, and gaining every look
A surer conquest of the sliding heart. [1000]

928 great] kind 934 that] the 935 Which stretch'd,] That rose 938 Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.

This is the purest Exercise of Health, D1257
The kind Refresher of the Summer-Heats;
Nor, when *cold Winter keens the brightening Flood,*
Would I weak-shivering linger on the Brink.
Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold Swimmer, in the swift Illapse
Of Accident disastrous. Hence the Limbs
Knit into Force; and the same Roman Arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd Earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the Wave.
Even, from the Body's Purity, the Mind
Receives a secret sympathetic Aid.

Close in the Covert of an Hazel Copse, D1269
Where winded into *pleasing* Solitudes
Runs out the rambling Dale, *young* Damon sat,
Pensive, and pierc'd with Love's delightful Pangs.
There to the Stream that down the distant Rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive Breeze that play'd
Among the bending Willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's Cruelty complain'd.
She felt his Flame; but deep within her Breast,
In bashful Coyness, or in maiden Pride,
The soft Return conceal'd; save when it stole
In side-long Glances from her downcast Eye,
Or from her swelling Soul in stifled Sighs.
Touch'd by the Scene, no Stranger to his Vows,
He fram'd a melting Lay, to try her Heart;
And, if an infant Passion struggled there,
To call that Passion forth. Thrice happy Swain!
A lucky Chance, that oft decides the Fate
Of mighty Monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool Retreat his Musidora sought:

B *(Sequel)*

While, like the Cyprian goddess, Amoret,
Delicious dress'd in rosy-dimpled smiles,
And all one softness, melted on the sense.
Nor Paris panted stronger, when aside
The rival-goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; the stoick now no more,
But man deep-felt, as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, th'inverted silk they drew;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin-zone;
And, thro' the parting robe, th'alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
Luxuriant rose. Yet more enamour'd still,
When from their naked limbs, of glowing white
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair expos'd they stood, shrunk from themselves;
With fancy blushing; at the doubtful breeze
Arrous'd, and starting, like the fearful fawn.
*So stands the statue that enchants the world,
Her full proportions such, and bashful so
Bends ineffectual from the roving eye.
Then to the flood they rush'd; the plunging fair
The parted flood with closing waves receiv'd;
And, every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing afresh, a mellow lustre shed:
A shines the lily thro' the crystal mild;
Or as the rose amid the morning-dew
Puts on a warmer glow. In various play,
While thus they wanton'd; now beneath the wave,
But ill conceal'd; and now with streaming locks
That half-embrac'd them in a humid veil,
Rising again; the latent Damon drew
Such draughts of love and beauty to the soul,
As put his harsh philosophy to flight,
The joyless search of long-deluded years;
And Musidora fixing in his heart,
Inform'd, and humaniz'd him into man.

* The Venus of Medicis.

Warm in *her* Cheek the sultry Season glow'd;
And, robe'd in loose Array, *she* came to bathe
Her fervent Limbs in the refreshing Stream.
What shall he do? In sweet Confusion lost,
And dubious Flutterings, he a while remain'd.
A pure ingenuous Elegance of Soul,
A delicate Refinement, known to Few,
Perplex'd his Breast, and urg'd him to retire.
But Love forbade. Ye Prudes in Virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer Nymph than ever blest
Arcadian Stream, with timid Eye around
The Banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous Limbs,
To taste the lucid Coolness of the Flood.
Ah then! not Paris on the shady Top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside *Cf.* B1004
The Rival-Goddesses the Veil divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all her Charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy Leg, *1 line omitted*
And slender Foot, th'inverted Silk *she* drew;
As the soft Touch dissolv'd the virgin Zone;
And, thro' the parting Robe, th'alternate Breast,
With Youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless Gaze
In full Luxuriance rose. But, desperate Youth,
How durst thou risque the Soul-distracting View;
As from her naked Limbs, of glowing White.
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest Hand,
In Folds loose-floating fell the fainter Lawn;
And fair-expos'd *she* stood, shrunk from *herself,*
With Fancy blushing, at the doubtful Breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful Fawn? *3 lines omitted*
Then to the Flood *she* rush'd; *the parted Flood*
It's lovely Guest with closing Waves receiv'd;
And every Beauty softening, every Grace

D 1296 shady] piny

Flushing *anew*, a mellow Luster shed:
As shines the Lily thro' the Crystal mild;
Or as the Rose, amid the Morning-Dew
Fresh from Aurora's Hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus *she* wanton'd, now beneath the Wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming Locks
That half-embrac'd *Her* in a humid Veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such *madning Draughts of* Beauty to the Soul,
As *for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd Thought*
With Luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,
By Love's respectful Modesty, he deem'd
The Theft profane, if aught profane to Love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the Shade,
With headlong Hurry fled: but first these Lines
Trac'd by his ready Pencil, on the Bank
With trembling Hand he threw. "Bathe on, my Fair,
"Yet unbeheld save by the sacred Eye
"Of faithful Love. I go to guard thy Haunt,
"To keep from thy Recess each vagrant Foot,
"And each licentious Eye." With wild Surprize,
As if to Marble struck, devoid of Sense,
A stupid Moment motionless she stood:
So stands the *Statue that enchants the World,
So bending tries to veil the matchless Boast,
The mingled Beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those Robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless Haste, th'alarming Paper snatch'd.
But, when her Damon's well-known Hand she saw,
Her Terrors vanish'd, and a softer Train
Of mixt Emotions, hard to be describ'd,
Her sudden Bosom seiz'd: Shame void of Guilt,
The charming Blush of Innocence, Esteem
And Admiration of her Lover's Flame,

* The Venus of Medici.

By Modesty exalted. Even a Sense
Of self-approving Beauty stole across
Her busy Thought. At length, a tender Calm
Hush'd by degrees the Tumult of her Soul;
And on the spreading Beech, that o'er the Stream
Incumbent hung, she with the silvan Pen
Of rural Lovers this Confession carv'd,
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping Joy.
"Dear Youth! sole Judge of what these Verses mean,
"By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
"Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
"Discreet: the Time may come you need not fly."

The Sun has lost his Rage: his downward Orb D1371
Shoots nothing now but animating Warmth,
And vital Luster; that, with various Ray,
Lights up the Clouds, those beauteous Robes of Heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic Shapes,
The Dream of waking Fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening Fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect Year, the pregnant Earth
And all her Tribes rejoice. Now the soft Hour
Of Walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant Hills, and there converse
With Nature; there to harmonize his Heart,
And in pathetic Song to breathe around
The Harmony to others. Social Friends,
Attun'd to happy Unison of Soul;
To whose exalting Eye a fairer World,
Of which the Vulgar never had a Glimpse,
Displays it's Charms; whose Minds are richly fraught
With Philosophic Stores, superior Light;
And in whose Breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue, the Sons of Interest deem Romance;
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling Day:
Now to the verdant Portico of Woods,

To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk;
By that kind School where no proud Master reigns,
The full free Converse of the friendly Heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the World,
Sacred to sweet Retirement, Lovers steal,
And pour their Souls in Transport, which the Sire
Of Love approving hears, and calls it good.
Which Way, Amanda, shall we bend our Course?
The Choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?
All is the same with Thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the Streams? or walk the smiling Mead?
Or court the Forest-Glades? or wander wild
Among the waving Harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all it's Pride,
*Thy Hill, delightful *Shene? Here let us sweep*
The boundless Landskip: now the raptur'd Eye,
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
Now to the †Sister-Hills that skirt her Plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his Princely Brow.
In lovely Contrast to this Glorious View,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted Eye unweary'd stray:
Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant Woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's Retreat;
And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering Walks,
Beneath whose Shades, in spotless Peace retir'd,
With Her the pleasing Partner of his Heart,
The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury wooes the willing Muse,
Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames;
Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt

* *The Old Name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon Shining, or Splendor.*

† *Highgate and Hamstead.*

In Twit'nam's Bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing God; to royal Hampton's Pile,
To Clermont's terrass'd Height, and Esher's Groves,
Where in the sweetest Solitude, embrac'd
By the soft Windings of the silent Mole,
From Courts and Senates Pelham finds Repose.
Inchanting Vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O Vale of Bliss! O softly-swelling Hills!
On which the Power of Cultivation lies,
And joys to see the Wonders of his Toil.

Heavens! what a *goodly* Prospect *spreads* around, A494 B530 D1438
Of Hills, and *Dales,* and Woods, and Lawns, and Spires,
And *glittering Towns,* and gilded Streams, till all
The stretching Landskip into Smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
Inspiring Vigor, Liberty abroad
Walks, *unconfin'd, even to thy farthest Cotts,*
And scatters Plenty with unsparing Hand.

Rich is thy Soil, and merciful thy *Clime;* A502 B538 D1446
Thy Streams unfailing in the Summer's Drought;
Unmatch'd thy Guardian-Oaks; thy Valleys float
With golden Waves: and on thy Mountains Flocks
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their Sides,
Bellow the blackening Herds in lusty Droves.
Beneath, thy Meadows *glow,* and rise unquell'd
Against the Mower's Scythe. On every hand,
Thy Villas shine. Thy Country teems with Wealth;
And Property assures it to the Swain,
Pleas'd and unweary'd, in his *guarded* Toil.

Full are thy Cities with the Sons of Art; A513 B549 D1457
And Trade and Joy, in every busy Street,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,

MS 1444 *P*

As at the Car he sweats, or dusty hews
The Palace-Stone, looks gay. Thy crouded Ports,
Where rising Masts an endless Prospect yield,
With Labour burn, and echo to the Shouts
Of hurry'd Sailor, as he hearty waves
His last Adieu, and loosening every Sheet,
Resigns the spreading Vessel to the Wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous Youth, A523 B559 D1467
By Hardship sinew'd, and by Danger fir'd,
Scattering the Nations where they go; and first
Or in the listed Plain, or wintry Seas.
Mild are thy Glories too, as o'er the Plans
Of thriving Peace thy thoughtful Sires preside;
In Genius, and substantial Learning, high;
For every Virtue, every Worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet like the mustering Thunder when provok'd,
The Dread of Tyrants, and the sole Resource
Of *those that* under grim Oppression groan.

Thy Sons of Glory many! *Alfred Thine,* B571 D1479
In whom the Splendor of heroic War,
And more heroic Peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd Name the Virtues saint,
And his own Muses love, the best of Kings.
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
Names dear to Fame; the First who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the Terror of thy Arms,
That awes her Genius still. In Statesmen Thou,
And Patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous tho' mistaken Zeal,
Withstood a brutal Tyrant's useful Rage,
Like Cato firm, *like* Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntless Soul erect, who smil'd on Death.

D 1462 wintry] stormy

Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee Mistress of the Deep,
And bore thy Name in Thunder round the World.
Then flam'd thy Spirit high: but who can speak
The numerous Worthies of the Maiden Reign?
In Raleigh mark their every Glory mix'd,
Raleigh, the Scourge of Spain! whose Breast with all
The Sage, the Patriot, and the Hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his Vigour, when a Coward-Reign
The Warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the Vengeance of a vanquish'd Foe.
Then, *active still and unrestrain'd his Mind*
Explor'd the vast Extent of Ages past,
And with his Prison-Hours enrich'd the World;
Yet found no Times, in all the long Research,
So glorious, or so base, as Those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass, B595
The Plume of War! With *early Laurels* crown'd,
The Lover's Myrtle, and the Poet's Bay.
A Hampden *too is thine, illustrious Land,* B591
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting Soul,
Who stem'd the Torrent of a downward Age
To Slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy Native Pomp of Freedom *bold.*
Bright, at his Call, thy Age of Men effulg'd,
Of Men on whom late Time a kindling Eye
Shall turn, and Tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest Flower, and let me strow
The Grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd Blood
With calmest Chearfulness for Thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad Annals of a giddy Reign:
Aiming at lawless Power, tho' meanly sunk
In loose inglorious *Luxury. With him*
*His Friend, the *British Cassius, fearless bled;*

* *Algernon Sidney.*

Of high determin'd Spirit, roughly brave,
By antient Learning to th'enlighten'd Love
Of antient Freedom warm'd. Fair thy Renown
In awful Sages and in noble Bards;
Soon as the Light of dawning Science spread
Her orient Ray, and wak'd the Muses' Song.
Thine is a Bacon, *hapless in his Choice,* *Cf.* B607
Unfit to stand the civil Storm of State,
And thro' the smooth Barbarity of Courts,
With firm but pliant Virtue, forward still
To urge his Course. Him for the studious Shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich Soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great Deliverer he! who from the Gloom
Of cloyster'd Monks, and Jargon-teaching Schools,
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
Held in the magic Chain of Words and Forms,
And Definitions void: he led Her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that, slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the Chain of Things,
With radiant Finger points to Heaven again.
The generous *Ashley thine, the Friend of Man; *Cf.* B611
Who scann'd his Nature with a Brother's Eye,
His Weakness prompt to shade, to raise his Aim,
To touch the finer Movements of the Mind,
And with the moral Beauty charm the Heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious Search
Amid the dark Recesses of his Works,
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal World his own?
Let *Newton, pure Intelligence, whom* God
To Mortals lent, to trace his boundless Works

* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

MS 1552—63 *P, with the following variations:*

From Laws sublimely simple, speak thy Fame
In all Philosophy. For *lofty Sense,*
Creative Fancy, and Inspection keen
Thro' the deep Windings of the human Heart,
Is not wild Shakespear *thine and Nature's Boast?*
Is not each great each amiable Muse
Of *Classic* Ages in thy Milton met?
A Genius universal as his Theme,
Astonishing as Chaos, as the Bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, *as Heaven sublime.*
Nor shall my Verse that elder Bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing Son;
Who, like a copious River, pour'd his Song
O'er all the Mazes of enchanted Ground:
Nor Thee, his antient Master, laughing Sage,
Chaucer, whose native Manners-painting Verse,
Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic Cloud
Of Time and Language o'er thy Genius thrown.

May my Song soften, as thy Daughters I, A571 B631 D15
Britannia, hail! for Beauty is their own,
The feeling Heart, Simplicity of Life,
And Elegance, and Taste: the faultless Form,
Shap'd by the Hand of Harmony; the Cheek,
Where the live Crimson, thro' the native White
Soft-shooting, o'er the Face diffuses Bloom,
And every nameless Grace; the parted Lip,
Like the red Rose-Bud moist with Morning-Dew,
Breathing Delight; and, under flowing Jet,
Or sunny Ringlets, or of circling Brown,
The Neck slight-shaded, and the swelling Breast;
The Look resistless, piercing to the Soul,

MS 1560 Classic] Elder *(as in B)* 1561 universal] vast, and boundless 1563 blowing] blisfull. 1564 forget that elder Bard *T* 1565 pleasing] (gaudy) *T* 1568 Him *T* Thee *P* 1569 Verse,] (Song) *T* 1571 Life *T* Time *P* thy] his *T*

Low walks the Sun, and broadens by Degrees, B1050
Just o'er the Verge of Day. The rising Clouds,
That shift, perpetual, in his vivid Train,
Their dewy Mirrors, numberless, oppos'd,
Unfold the hidden Riches of his Ray,

B 942 dewy] watry

And by the Soul inform'd, when drest in Love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious Eye.

Island of Bliss! amid the subject Seas, A585 B646 D1595
That thunder round thy rocky Coasts, set up,
At once the Wonder, Terror, and Delight,
Of distant Nations; whose remotest Shore
Can soon be shaken by thy Naval Arm,
Not to be shook thy self, but all Assaults
Baffling, like thy hoar Cliffs the loud Sea-Wave.

O Thou! by whose almighty Nod the Scale A592 B653 D1602
Of Empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the Land,
In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle Deeds, and shedding Tears thro' Smiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in Heart and Look; clear Chastity
With Blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep Regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
With copious Life inform'd, and all awake:
While, in the radiant Front, superiour shines
That first paternal Virtue, public Zeal,
Who *throws* o'er all an equal wide Survey,
And, ever musing on the common Weal,
Still labours glorious with some *great* Design.

Low walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees, D1620
Just o'er the Verge of Day. The *shifting* Clouds
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous Train,
In all their Pomp attend his setting Throne.
Air, Earth and Ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary Chariot sought the Bowers
Of Amphitritè, and her tending Nymphs,

And chase a Change of Colours round the Sky.
'Tis all one Blush from East to West! and now,
Behind the dusky Earth, He dips his Orb,
Now half immers'd, and now a golden Curve
Gives one faint Glimmer, and then disappears.

Passes the Day illusive, and perplext, B *see footnot*
As fleets the Vision o'er the formful Brain,
This Moment hurrying all th'impassion'd Soul,
The next in Nothing lost; 'tis so to Him,
The Dreamer of this Earth, a chearless Blank!
A Sight of Horror! to th'ungodly Wretch,
The Hard, the Lewd, the Cruel, and the False,
Who, all Day long, have made the Widow weep,
And snatch'd the Morsel from her Orphan's Mouth,
To give their Dogs: but to th'harmonious Mind,
Who makes the hopeless Heart to sing for Joy,
Diffusing kind Beneficence around
Boastless, as now descends the silent Dew,
To Him, the long Review of order'd Life
Is inward Rapture, only to be felt!

Confess'd, from yonder slow-extinguish'd Clouds, B1076
The Sky begreying, sober Evening takes

B 949 For ever running an enchanted round, [1060]
Passes the day, deceitful, tedious, void;
954 the cruel wretch; 955 *omitted* 956 Who, rowling in inhuman pleasure deep, || The whole day long has made the widow pine; 958 his dogs. But to the tuneful 965 All ether sadening, sober *etc.*

MS *For* 956–958 *(see B) T writes:*
Who rather than restrict his selfish Joys,
His gross inhuman Luxuries, will leave
The lonely Widow desolate to pine,
And give his Dog the Morsel that (had made) would make
Her Orphans glad. But to *etc.*

(So Grecian Fable sung) he dips his Orb;
Now half-immers'd: and now a golden Curve
Gives one *bright Glance, then total* disappears.

For ever running an enchanted Round, D1630
Passes the Day, deceitful, *vain, and* void;
As fleets the Vision o'er the formful Brain,
This Moment hurrying *wild* th'impassion'd Soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The Dreamer of this Earth, *an idle* Blank:
A Sight of Horror to the cruel Wretch,
Who all Day long in sordid Pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless Load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel Train, what might have chear'd
A drooping Family of modest Worth.
But to the generous still-improving Mind,
That gives the hopeless Heart to sing for Joy,
Diffusing kind Beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent Dew;
To him the long Review of order'd Life
Is inward Rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd Clouds, D1647
All Ether *softening,* sober Evening takes

Her wonted Station in the middle Air,
A thousand Shadows at her Beck. First This
She sends on Earth; then That of deeper Die
Steals soft behind; and then a Deeper still,
In well-adjusted Circles, gathers round,
To close the Face of Things. Th'expected Breeze
Begins to wave the Wood, and stir the Stream,
Sweeping with shadowy Gust the Fields of Corn,
While the Quail clamours for his running Mate.

Wild-wafting o'er the Lawn, the thistly Down B—
Plays in the fickle Air, now seems to fall,
And now, high-soaring over Head, an Arch,
Amusive, forms, then slanting down eludes
The Grasp of idle Swain. But should the West
A little swell the Breeze, the woolly Shower,
Blown, in a white Confusion, thro' the Dusk,
Falls o'er the Face unfelt, and, settling slow,
Mantles the Twilight Plain. And yet even here,
As thro' all Nature, in her lowest Forms,
A fine Contrivance lies, to wing the Seed,
By this light Plumage, into distant Vales.

His folded Flock secure, the Shepherd Home B1087
Hies, merry-hearted, and by turns relieves
The ruddy Milk-Maid of her brimming Pail,
The Beauty, whom perhaps his witless Heart,
Unknowing what the Joy-mixt Anguish means,
Loves fond, by that sincerest Language, shown,
Of cordial Glances, and obliging Deeds.
Onward They pass, o'er many a panting Height,
And Valley sunk, and unfrequented, where,
At Fall of Eve, the Fairy People throng,
In various Game, and Revelry to pass

B 970 In circle following circle, gathers round, 971 Th'expected]
A fresher 975—986 *omitted* 992 that] the

Her wonted Station in the middle Air;
A thousand Shadows at her Beck. First This
She sends on Earth; then That of deeper Dye
Steals soft behind; and then a Deeper still,
In Circle following Circle, gathers round,
To close the Face of Things. A fresher *Gale*
Begins to wave the Wood, and stir the Stream,
Sweeping with shadowy Gust the Fields of Corn;
While the Quail clamours for his running Mate.
Wide o'er the thistly Lawn, as swells the Breeze,
A whitening Shower of vegetable Down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial Care
Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest Sons, and clothe the coming Year,
From Field to Field the feather'd Seeds she wings.

His folded Flock secure, the Shepherd home D1664
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy Milk-Maid of her brimming Pail;
The Beauty whom perhaps his witless Heart,
Unknowing what the Joy-mixt Anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best Language shown
Of cordial Glances, and obliging Deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting Height,
And Valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At Fall of Eve the Fairy People throng,
In various Game, and Revelry to pass

A Summer-Night, as village Stories tell.
But far about They wander from the Grave
Of Him, whom his ungentle Fortune forc'd,
Against Himself, to lift the hated Hand
Of Violence; by Man cast out from Life,
And, after Death, to which They drove his Hope,
Into the broad Way side. The ruin'd Tower
Is also shun'd, whose unblest Chambers hold,
Nightly, sole Habitant, the yelling Ghost.

Struck from the Roots of slimy Rushes, blue, B–C–
The Wild-Fire scatters round, or, gather'd, trails
A Length of Flame, deceitful, o'er the Moss,
Whither, entangled in the Maze of Night,
While the damp Desart breathes his Fogs around,
The Traveller, decoy'd, is quite absorpt,
Rider and Horse, into the miry Gulph,
Leaving his Wife, and Family involv'd
In sorrowful Conjecture. Other Times,
Sent by the quick-ey'd Angel of the Night,
Innoxious, on th'unstartling Horses Mane,
The Meteor sits, and shows the narrow Path,
That, winding, leads thro' Pits of Death, or else
Directs Him how to take the dangerous Ford.

Among the crooked Lanes, on every Hedge, B1107
The Glow-worm lights his Lamp, and thro' the Dark,
Twinkles a moving Gem. On Evening's Heel,
Night follows fast; not in her Winter-Robe,
Of massy, stygian Woof, but loose array'd,
In Mantle dun. A few erroneous Rays,
Glanc'd from th'imperfect Surfaces of Things,
Fling half an Image on the straining Eye.

B 998 A] The 1000 forc'd] urg'd 1002 men 1005 unblest] hoary 1006 So night-struck fancy dreams, the *etc.* 1007 —1020 *taken out of "Summer" and transferred to "Autumn" (A 1047 –1060).* 1026 A faint erroneous ray, 1028 Flings

The Summer-Night, as Village-Stories tell.
But far about they wander from the Grave
Of him, whom his ungentle Fortune urg'd
Against *his own sad Breast to lift the* Hand
Of *impious Violence. The lonely* Tower
In also shun'd; whose *mournful* Chambers hold,
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling Ghost.

Among the crooked Lanes, on every Hedge, D1682
The Glow-Worm lights his *Gem;* and, thro' the Dark,
A moving Radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The World to Night; not in her Winter-Robe
Of massy Stygian Woof, but loose array'd
In Mantle dun. A faint erroneous Ray,
Glanc'd from th'imperfect Surfaces of Things,
Flings half an Image on the straining Eye;

While wavering Woods, and Villages, and Streams,
And Rocks, and Mountain-Tops, that long retain'd
Th'ascending Gleam, are all one swimming Scene,
Doubtful if seen; whence posting Vision turns
To Heaven, where Venus, in the starry Front,
Shines eminent, and from her genial Rise,
When Day-Light sickens, till it springs afresh,
Sheds Influence on Earth, to Love, and Life,
And every Form of Vegetation kind.
As thus, th'Effulgence tremulous, I drink,
With fix'd Peruse, the lambent Lightnings shoot
A-cross the Sky, or, horizontal, dart
O'er half the Nations, in a Minute's Space,
Conglob'd, or long. Astonishment succeeds,
And Silence, ere the various Talk begins.

That Instant, flashing, noiseless, from the North, B– C– D–
A thousand Meteors stream, ensweeping first
The lower Skies, then, all at once, converge
High to the Crown of Heaven, and, all at once,
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All Æther coursing in a Maze of Light.

From Eye to Eye, contagious, thro' the Crowd, B– C– D–
The Panic runs, and into wonderous Shapes
Th'Appearance throws: Armies in meet Array,
Throng with aerial Spears, and Steeds of Fire;
Till, the long Lines of full-extended War

B 1032 posting] sudden 1039 fix'd] glad *ll.* 1044–1075 *taken out of "Summer" and transferred to "Autumn" (A 1004–1033). Here, the following five lines are inserted in their place:*

The vulgar stare; amazement is their joy, [1130] C– D–
And mystic faith, a fond sequacious herd!
But scrutinous Philosophy looks deep,
With piercing eye, into the latent cause;
Nor can she swallow what she does not see.

While wavering Woods, and Villages, and Streams,
And Rocks, and Mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th'ascending Gleam, are all one swimming Scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to Heaven
Thence weary Vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent Hours of Love, with purest Ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial Rise,
When Day-Light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest Lamp of Night.
As thus th'Effulgence tremulous I drink,
With *cherish'd Gaze,* the lambent Lightnings shoot
Across the Sky: or horizontal dart,
In wondrous Shapes: by fearful murmuring Crouds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant Orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the Sky,
The Life-infusing Suns of other Worlds;
Lo! from the dread Immensity of Space
Returning, with accelerated Course;
The rushing Comet to the Sun descends;
And as he sinks below the shading Earth,
With awful Train projected o'er the Heavens,
The guilty Nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious Horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious Herd, to mystic Faith
And blind Amazement prone, th'enlighten'd Few,
Whose Godlike Minds Philosophy exalts,
The glorious Stranger hail. They feel a Joy
Divinely great; they in their Powers exult,
That wondrous Force of Thought, which mounting spurns
This dusky Spot, and measures all the Sky;
While, from his far Excursion thro' the Wilds
Of barren Ether, faithful to his Time,
They see the blazing Wonder rise anew,
In seeming Terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the Will of all-sustaining Love:
From his huge vapoury Train perhaps to shake

In bleeding Fight commixt, the sanguine Flood
Rowls a broad Slaughter o'er the Plains of Heaven.

As the mad People scan the fancy'd Scene, B– C– D–
On all Sides swells the superstitious Din,
Incontinent, and busy Frenzy talks
Of Blood, and Battle; Cities over-turn'd,
And, late at Night, in swallowing Earthquake sunk,
Or painted hideous with ascending Flame;
Of Blights, that blacken the white-bosom'd Spring,
And Tempest, shaking Autumn into Chaff,
Till Famine, empty-handed, starves the Year;
Of Pestilence, and every great Distress,
Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck
Th'unalterable Hour: even Nature's Self
Is deem'd to totter on the Brink of Time.

Not so the Man of Philosophic Eye, B– C– D–
And Inspect sage, the waving Brightness, He,
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The Causes, and Materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this Appearance beautiful, and new.

With Thee, serene Philosophy! with Thee! B1135
And thy high Praises, let me crown my Song!
Effusive Source of Evidence, and Truth!
A Lustre shedding o'er th'ennobl'd Mind,
Stronger than Summer-Noon, and pure as that,
Which gently vibrates on the Eye of Saint,
New to the Dawning of cœlestial Day.
Hence, thro' her nourish'd Powers, enlarg'd by Thee,
She, soaring, spurns, with elevated Pride,
The tangling Mass of Cares, and low Desires,
That bind the fluttering Crowd, and, Angel-wing'd,
The Heights of Science, and of Vertue gains,

B 1081 Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,

Reviving Moisture on the numerous Orbs,
Thro' which his long Ellipsis winds; perhaps
To lend new Fuel to declining Suns,
To light up Worlds, and feed th'eternal Fire.

With Thee, serene Philosophy! with Thee, D1730
And thy *bright Garland,* let me crown my Song!
Effusive Source of Evidence, and Truth!
A Luster shedding o'er th'ennobled Mind,
Stronger than Summer-Noon; and pure as That,
Whose mild Vibrations sooth the parted Soul,
New to the Dawning of celestial Day.
Hence thro' her nourish'd Powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She *springs aloft,* with elevated Pride,
Above the tangling Mass of low Desires,
That bind the fluttering Croud; and, Angel-wing'd,
The Heights of Science and of Virtue gains,

Where all is calm, and bright! with Nature round
Or in the starry Regions, or th'Abyss,
To Reason's, and to Fancy's Eye display'd;
The First up-tracing, from the vast Inane,
The Chain of Causes, and Effects to Him,
Who, absolutely, in Himself, alone,
Possesses Being; while the Last receives
The whole Magnificence of Heaven, and Earth,
And every Beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier Sense,
A World swift-painted, on th'attentive Mind!

Tutor'd by Thee, hence Poetry exalts B1158
Her Voice to Ages, and informs the Page
With Music, Image, Sentiment and Thought,
Never to die! the Treasure of Mankind,
Their highest Honour, and their truest Joy!

Without Thee, what were unassisted Man! B1163
A Savage roaming thro' the Woods and Wilds,
In Quest of Prey, and with th'unfashion'd Furr
Rough-clad, devoid of every honest Art,
And Elegance of Life. Nor Home, nor Joy
Domestick, mix'd of Tenderness and Care,
Nor moral Excellence, nor social Bliss,
Nor Law were his; nor Property, nor Swain
To turn the Furrow, nor mechanic Hand,
Harden'd to Toil, nor Servant prompt, nor Trade,
Mother severe of infinite Delights!
Nothing save Rapine, Indolence, and Guile,
And Woes on Woes, to render human Life
Than Non-Existence worse. But taught by Thee

B 1088 bright!] clear; 1093 absolutely,] all-sustaining, 1113 Servant prompt,] sailor bold; 1117 *thus expanded:* woes, a still-revolving train! || Whose horrid circle had made human life

Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round
Or in the starry Regions, or th'Abyss,
To Reason's, and to Fancy's Eye display'd:
The First up-tracing, from the *dreary Void,*
The Chain of Causes and Effects to Him,
The World-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses Being; while the Last receives
The whole Magnificence of Heaven and Earth,
And every Beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier Sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid Mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts D1753
Her Voice to Ages; and informs the Page
With Music, Image, Sentiment, and Thought,
Never to die! the Treasure of Mankind,
Their highest Honour, and their truest Joy!

Without thee what were *unenlighten'd* Man? D1758
A Savage roaming thro' the Woods and Wilds,
In quest of Prey: and with th'unfashion'd Furr
Rough-clad; devoid of every *finer* Art,
And Elegance of Life. Nor *Happiness*
Domestic, mix'd of Tenderness and Care,
Nor moral Excellence, *or* social Bliss,
Nor *guardian Law were his; nor various Skill*
To turn the Furrow, *or to guide the Tool*
Mechanic; nor the Heaven-conducted Prow
Of Navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning Line or dares the wintry Pole,
Mother severe of infinite Delights!
Nothing, save Rapine, Indolence, and Guile,
And Woes on Woes, a still-revolving Train!
Whose horrid Circle had made human Life
Than Non-existence worse: but, taught by Thee

Ours are the Arts of Policy, and Peace,
To live like Brothers, and, conjunctive, all
Embellish Life. While thus laborious Crowds
Ply the tough Oar, Philosophy directs,
Star-led, the Helm; or like the liberal Breath
Of urgent Heaven, invisible, the Sails
Swells out, and bears th'inferior World along.

Nor, to this evanescent Speck of Earth B1185
Poorly confin'd, those radiant Tracts on high
Are her exalted Range; intent, to gaze
Creation thro', and, from that round Complex
Of never-ceasing Wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the Word, —
And Nature circled. With inflected View,
Thence, on th'Ideal Kingdom, swift, she turns
Her Eye; and instant, at her virtual Glance,
Th'obedient Phantoms vanish, and appear,
Compound, divide, and into Order shift,
Each to his Rank, from plain Perception up
To Notion quite abstract; where first begins
The World of Spirits, Action all, and Life
Immediate, and unmix'd — but here the Cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for Us we know, that this dark State,
In wayward Passions lost, and vain Pursuits,
This Infancy of Being! cannot prove
The final Issue of the Works of God,
By Love, and Wisdom, inexpressive, form'd,
And ever rising with the rising Mind.

B 1118 Arts] plans 1126 those] the 1128 round] full 1129 never-ending 1131 And nature mov'd compleat. With inward view, 1134 and] or

Ours are the Plans of Policy, and Peace;
To live like Brothers, and conjunctive all
Embelish Life. While thus laborious Crouds
Ply the tough Oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling Helm; or like the liberal Breath
Of *potent* Heaven, invisible, the *Sail*
Swells out, and bears th'inferior World along.

Nor to this evanescent Speck of Earth D1782
Poorly confin'd, the radiant Tracts on high
Are her exalted Range; intent to gaze
Creation thro'; and, from that full Complex
Of never-ending Wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the Word,
And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward View,
Thence on th'ideal Kingdom swift she turns
Her Eye; and instant, at her *powerful* Glance,
Th'obedient Phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into Order shift,
Each to his Rank, from plain Perception up
To the fair Forms of Fancy's fleeting Train,
And Notion quite abstract; where first begins
The World of Spirits, Action all, and Life
Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the Cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us we know that this dark State.
In wayward Passions lost, and vain Pursuits,
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final Issue of the Works of God,
By *boundless Love and perfect Wisdom* form'd,
And ever rising with the rising Mind.

D 1791 we] to

AUTUMN.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable

Arthur Onslow, Esq;

Speaker of the House of Commons.

The Argument.

The subject propos'd. Address to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reaping. A tale.[1]) A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, enquiring into the rise of fountains, and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shine[2]) day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolv'd in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyrick on a philosophical country life.

Variations of the editions of 1744 and 1746: [1]) . . . ready for Harvest. Reflexions in praise of Industry rais'd by that View. Reaping. A Tale relative to it. A Harvest-Storm. *etc.* [2]) Sun-shiny.

AUTUMN.

The text given in full (A) is that of first ed. (1730). B = ed. 1744. C = ed. 1746. The MS. notes, written before the publication of B, were made on A. BP means that P suggests the reading adopted in text B.

CROWN'D with the sickle, and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the doric reed once more,
Well-pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth; and Summer-Suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onslow! the muse, ambitious of thy name, B9 C9
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from the public voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot-virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy conduct glow;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A rowl of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for publick virtue, she,
Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,

B 14 conduct] Bosom

Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days, B23 C23
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light irradiate, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below,
Unbounded harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain;
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds th'illumin'd field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gayly checker'd, wide-extended view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Convolv'd, and tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings Industry! rough Power! B43 C43
Whom Labour still attends, and Sweat, and Pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life:
Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods,
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various powers of deep efficiency

B 27 irradiate,] enliven'd 31 Unbounded] Extensive 40 wide-extended] Heart-expanding 42 Unbounded tossing 50 With various Seeds of Art deep in the Mind

MS 40 *BP* (*first* heart-delighting) 42 (O'er waving golden Seas of Ripend Corn) *P*

Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th'unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year.
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar: a shivering wretch!
Aghast, and comfortless, when the red north,
With winter charg'd, let the mixt tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost.
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in crouds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along;
A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;
Gave the tall antient forest to his ax;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabrick rose;

B 60 red] bleak
MS 60 *BP*

Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glass around, inspir'd, to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit:
Nor stopp'd at barren, bare necessity;
But still advancing bolder, led him on,
By hardy patience, and experience slow,
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
And breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory in his view,
And bad him be the Lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd, B96 C96
And form'd a Public; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented Whole;
For this devis'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated Arts,
And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life B109 C109
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rose;

B 92 *omitted* 102 For This they plann'd 114 *thus amplified:* the City rear'd ‖ In beauteous Pride her Tower-encircled Head;

MS 92 *deleted by P (T Tovey)* 112 wrought] rose *P* 114 *BP*

And stretching street on street by thousands led,
From twining woody haunts, and the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.
'Twas nought but labour, the whole dusky groupe
Of clustering houses, and of mingling men,
Restless design, and execution strong.
In every street the sounding hammer ply'd
His massy task; while the corrosive file,
In flying touches, form'd the fine machine.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk B118 C118
The busy Merchant; the big ware-house built;
Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and on thee, thou Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Than whom no river heaves a fuller tide,
Seiz'd for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd: whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the British thunder, black, and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd B135 C134
His ample roof; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores. The canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view

B 115 led,] drew 116 and] or 118—123 *omitted* 127 and thy Stream, O Thames, 130 Seiz'd] Chose 142 His] It's
C 129 *omitted*
MS 115—123 *cancelled by P. T restores.* 127 *BP* (*but* streams) 130 *BP*

Embodied rose. The statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

All is the gift of Industry; whate'er B142 C141
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter chear'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th'excluded tempest idly rave along.
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring.
Without him Summer were an arid waste;
Nor to th'autumnal months could thus transmit
These full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recal my wandering song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky, B152 C151
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves;
While, bandied round and round, the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest
Fly hearty, to deceive the tedious time,
And chearly steal the sultry hours away.

B 156 These] Those 165 While thro' their chearful Band the rural Talk 167 Fly harmless, 168 And steal unfelt the *etc.*

MS 156 *BP* 165—168 *P writes:*

While through (the) their chearfull Band the Rural Talk
With hearty Mirth deceive the tedious Task
And rural Jests smooth all the Sense of Pain
(follows something illegible)
And steal unfelt the sultry Hours away

T retains the first and the fourth lines. For the two middle verses he restores text A with harmless *for* hearty, *and* Gambol *for* scandal. *In the first line he corrects P's* through *into* thro', *and cancels the second* l *in* chearfull: *in the second verse he puts an* s *to* deceive.

Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft this way and that
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husband-men! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the God of harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends; B178 C1
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, lost far up
Amid the windings of a woody vale;
Safe from the cruel, blasting arts of man;
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,

B 170 glancing oft on every Side 189, 190 far retir'd || Among the Windings *For* 191:

By Solitude and deep surrounding Shades, [185]
But more by bashful Modesty, conceal'd,
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel Scorn
Which Virtue, sunk to Poverty, would meet
From giddy Fashion and low-minded Pride:
Almost on Nature's *etc.*

MS 190 Among *P* 191 *BP, save the last of the five new lines which he gives thus:* From the base Pride of the malignant World

Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground deject, and darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the stories that her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune flatter'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse among the woods; if city-dames
Will deign their faith. And thus she went compell'd
By strong necessity, with as serene,
And pleas'd a look as patience can put on,
To glean Palæmon's fields. The pride of swains
Palæmon was, the generous, and the rich,

B 199 dejected, darting all 201 stories that] mournful Tale 202 flatter'd] promis'd 206 simple Robe, their best Attire, || Beyond the Pomp of Dress; for Loveliness 210—213 *thus expanded*:

Recluse amid the close-embowering Woods.
As in the hollow Breast of Appenine [210]
Beneath the Shelter of encircling Hills,
A Myrtle rises, far from human Eye,
And breathes its balmy Fragrance o'er the Wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia: till, at length, compell'd [215]
By strong Necessity's supreme Command,
With smiling Patience in her Looks, she went
To glean Palemon's Fields.

MS 201—213 *BP, with* [209] deep-embowering *and* [212] Eyes. *P also deletes l.* 208, *but T restores it.*

Who led the rural life in all its joy,
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from antient, incorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
And free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze.
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chast desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

What pity! that so delicate a form, B238 C237
By beauty kindled, and harmonious shap'd,
Where sense sincere, and goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown? She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
I've heard that, in some waste obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,

B 218 uncorrupted 220 But free 235, 236 kindled, where enlivening Sense, || And more than vulgar Goodness 244 'Tis said that waste] lone

MS 235, 236 *BP* (*first* exalted *for* enlivening) 239 line;] Blood *P* 244 ('Tis rumour'd that in some obscure retreat) *T*

Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live;
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish, would this the daughter were!

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found B254 C253
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
The bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingling passion that surpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he run her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palæmon, passionate, and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

And art thou then Acasto's dear remains? B266 C265
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? oh yes! the very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend,
Alive, his every feature, every look,
More elegantly touch'd. Fairer than spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root,
That nourish'd up my fortune, say, ah where,
In what unsmiling desart, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
Into such beauty spread? and blown so white?
Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years.
O let me now, into a richer soil,
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,

B 252 The] Of 253 mingled Passions 256 run] view'd 267 Fairer] Sweeter 270 unsmiling] sequester'd 272 white?] fair;
MS 256 (he, ardent, ey'd Her) *T* 270 *BP*

Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
His bounty taught to gain, and right enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
With harvest shining all these fields are thine;
And, if my wishes may presume so far,
Their master too, who then indeed were blest,
To make the daughter of Acasto so.

Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye B295 C294
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening-hours:

B 284 Which from his bounteous Friendship I enjoy. *For* 287—90:

The Fields, the Master, all, my Fair, are thine; [291]
If to the various Blessings which thy House
Has lavish'd on me, thou wilt add that Bliss,
That dearest Bliss, the Power of blessing Thee!

C [293] Has on me lavish'd,

MS 284 *BP* 287—90 *BP, with* showr'd upon *for* lavish'd on, *and first* sweetest *for* dearest

Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in mutual bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year, B3I2 C3I1
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
But as th'aereal tempest fuller swells;
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain boils wide; nor can evade,
Tho' plyant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The glomerating tempest grows, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Ly sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams

B 305 mutual] tender 324 boils] floats 330 The mingling Tempest waves it's Gloom, and still

MS 305 tender Peace *P* 324 Wide shakes the billowy Plain *P.* Wide floats the billowy Plain *T*

Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose weighty rush,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd,
In one wild moment ruin'd, the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman,
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That sinks you soft in elegance, and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And O be mindful of that sparing board,
Which covers your's with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, B361 C3
The gun thick-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the muse to sing the rural game.
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, watchful, and every way
Thro' the rough stubble turn'd the secret eye.

B 336 weighty rush,] rushing Tide, 358 fast-thundering,
365 Plumes, and watchful every way 366 turn
MS 336 *BP*

Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their useless wings, intangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them else disperst,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful muse, B380 C379
Nor will she stain her spotless theme with such;
Then most delighted, when she smiling sees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive, and happy. Tis not joy to her,
This falsely chearful, barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had roam'd the dark;
As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate rage
Of the worst monster that e'er howl'd the waste,
For sport alone, takes up the cruel tract,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.

B 368 useless] idle 374 wide-dispers'd, 377 stain with such her spotless Song; 378 smiling] social 385 roam'd] rang'd 389 rage] Wrath 390 howl'd] roam'd 391 alone pursues the cruel Chace,

MS 367 (they vainly beat *P*) *T restores former text* *After* 368 *P would insert*: Sad Captives never more to taste the Joys || Of Liberty without redemption lost *(cancelled, probably by P)*, Unhappy Captives whom from instant Death || No Ransom shall redeem, no Pity save *(cancelled by T)*. 374 far dispers'd *T* 390, 391 *BP. T deletes P's emendations.*

Upbraid us not, ye wolves! ye tygers fell!
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To laugh at anguish, and rejoice in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid Hare! B402 C401
Shook from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furz,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
The thistly lawn; the thick, intangled broom;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain-brook.
Vain is her best precaution; tho' she sits
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th'horizon in;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In scatter'd, sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn,
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

B 393 Ye ravening Tribes, upbraid our wanton Rage, 396
laugh] joy rejoice] delight 399 Shook] Scar'd 402
thick-entangled

C 393 Upbraid, ye ravening Tribes, our wanton Rage,

MS 393 Upbraid Mankind *P. T cancels this correction and substitutes the reading of text B.*

The Stag too, singled from the herd, where long B427 C426
He reign'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first in speed,
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, fear-arrous'd,
Gives all his swift, aereal soul to flight.
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening, murderous cry behind.
Deception short! tho' fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood.
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the tract
Hot-steaming, up behind him comes again
Th'inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild-opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He went to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With quick consent, avoid th'infectious maze.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant soul, inspire no more
The fainting course; but wrenching, breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
And puts his last, weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,

B 424 reign'd] rang'd 434 Track 437 Expels 441 went] wont 445 With selfish Care avoid a Brother's Woe. 447, 448 buoyant Spirit, now no more || Inspire the Course; but fainting breathless Toil,

C 426 fear-arrous'd,] rous'd by Fear, 435 come 437 Expel

MS 445 *(see B)* a] their *T* 447, 448 *BP, with* active *for* buoyant

Blood-happy, hang at his fair, jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous, checquer'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the silvan youth, B459 C458
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chace; behold, despising flight,
The rous'd-up lyon, resolute, and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, for murder is his trade:
And growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins near destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then B471 C470
Your sportive fury, pityless, to pour
Loose on the sly destroyer of the flock.
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,

B 463 fix, and let the Ruffian die: 464 And,] Or, 465 near] fell 469 the nightly Robber of the Fold:

MS 463 *BP, with* Murderer *for* Ruffian 464 *BP* 465 *BP* 467—469:

. . . not. Pour, ye Britons, then
Your sportive Fury on the Wily Fox
(The sly Destroyer of your harmless Flock)
The nightly Robber of the sleeping Flock. *P.*

T substitutes prowling *for* Wily. *The whole passage is deleted, probably by P.* 476 Bear] (Duck) *T*

From rock to rock, in circling echo tost;
Then snatch the mountains by their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game.
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
At once tore, mercyless! Thrice happy he!
At hour of dusk, while the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils;
And their repeated wonders shake de dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide; B503 C502
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoaking sirloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side; on which, with fell intent,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
While hence they borrow vigour : or amain
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,

B 480 snatch . . . by] scale . . . to 489, 490 Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond || His daring Peers! when the retreating Horn *After l.* 496 *one line is inserted*: Toils, || With Feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 501 in which, with desperate Knife,

MS 480 (climb . . . to *P*) scale . . . to *T* 489 (Relentless, torn at once *P*) Torn unrelenting: Happy, Glorious, he! *T*

Relating how it ran, and how it fell.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale, reviving as the breath
Of Maia, to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown october, drawn,
Mature, and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not asham'd
To vie it with the vineyard's best produce.
Perhaps a while, amusive, thoughtful Whisk
Walks gentle round, beneath a cloud of smoak,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid B531 C530
Aside, frequent, and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd askew; but earnest, brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.

B 507 Relating all the Glories of the Chace. 511 reviving] delicious, 518—521 not afraid
Even with the Vineyard's best Produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty Moments, Whisk a while
Walks his dull Round, beneath *etc.*
531 askew;] apart;

C 520 Whist 521 dull] grave

MS 507 *(see B)* Glories] (Wonders) *T* 512 Maia] Flora *P* Of Love-inspiring May to the sick Maid *T* 531 *(BP)* askance *T*

Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferate at once by twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
To church, or mistress, politicks, or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplext.
Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart.
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd Cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse goes round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the musick of the day again.
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, falls murmuring towards morn;
So their mirth gradual sinks. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Ly quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.
Then, sliding sweet, they drop. O'erturn'd above
Lies the wet, broken scene; and stretch'd below,
Each way, the drunken slaughter; where astride
The lubber Power himself triumphant sits,
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them, silent all, in sleep till morn.

B 535 Vociferous at once from 543 go 547, 548 long with fainter Murmur falls: || So gradual sinks their Mirth. 553 sweet,] soft, O'erturn'd] Confus'd *After* 553 *two lines are inserted:*

above,
Glasses and Bottles, Pipes and Gazetteers,
As if the Table itself was drunk,

554 Lie a stretch'd] wide, 555 Is heap'd the social Slaughter: 556 Power in filthy Triumph sits, 558 And steeps them drench'd in potent Sleep till Morn.

C 541 every kindred] each congenial

MS 535 *BP* 547 towards] at *P* 548 *BP* 550 maudlin] (flaggy *T*) maudlin *P*

But if the rougher sex by this red sport B57r C5
Are hurry'd wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosoms of the British Fair.
Far be the spirit of the chace from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill,
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed,
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
Made up of blushes, tenderness, and fears,
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
And from the smallest violence to shrink,
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging man.
O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
Thro' love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
And fashion'd all to harmony, alone,
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from the radiant lip;
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,

B *After* 558 *five lines are added:*

Perhaps some Doctor, of tremendous Paunch,
Awful and deep, a black Abyss of Drink,
Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd Flock
Retiring, full of Rumination sad,
Laments the Weakness of these latter Times.

559 red] fierce 561 Bosom 568 *omitted* 583 from Love-breathing Lips;

C 560 Are] Is

MS 559 *BP* 568 *P cancels the line, T restores it.*

Disclosing motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To play the pencil, turn th'instructive page;
To give new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every kinder, care-elusive art,
To raise the glory, animate the joys,
And sweeten all the toils of human life;
This be the female dignity, and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank; B611 C610
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets, and the tangling shrub,
Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise; the cluster'd nut for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade:
Or, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree;
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
Melinda form'd with every grace compleat,
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

B 588 play] guide th'instructive] the tuneful 589 give] lend
595 gentle Care-eluding 596 glory,] Virtues, joys,] Bliss,
After 596 *one line is inserted:*
Even charm the Pains to something more than Joy, [608]
604 clustring Nuts 606 Or,] And,

MS 588 guide *P* 595 care-elusive] (Soul-endearing, Soul-enjoying)
Love-securing *T* [608] Pains] Cares *T* 598 praise] Fame *T*

Hence from the busy, joy-resounding fields, B626
In chearful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and vital taste
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze, and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower,
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
In species different, but in kind the same,
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd,
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing composition mixt.
So fares it with those wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
Phillips, facetious bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
With British freedom sing the British song;
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to chear
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

In this glad season, while his last, best beams B654
The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;

B 616 and taste, reviv'd, 627 *thus expanded*: Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller Night, || The fragrant Stores, the wide-projected Heaps 634 Pomona's Bard, 641 his sweetest Beams

C 623 *omitted*

MS 616 *BP* (*first* refresh'd) 620 melts] (drops) *P?* 627 Such, nightly shook, the wide-projected Heaps *T* 634 Plain Phillips, careless Bard *T*

Oh lose me in the green, majestic walks
Of, Dodington! thy seat, serene, and plain;
Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
In boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with wood;
Here rich with harvest; and there white with flocks.
Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
New beauties rise with each revolving day;
New columns swell; and still the fresh spring finds
New plans to quicken, and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all! the muses' seat;
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk
They twine the bay for thee. Here oft alone,
Fir'd by the thirst of thy applause, I court
Th'inspiring breeze; and meditate the book
Of Nature, ever-open; aiming thence,
Heart-taught like thine, to learn the moral song.
And, as I steal along, the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My theme still urges in my vagrant thought;
Presents the downy peach; the purple plumb,
With a fine blueish mist of animals
Clouded; the ruddy nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;

B 643 majestic] delightful 653 plans] Plants *For* 656, 657:
For virtuous Young and Thee they twine the Bay.
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless Thirst
Of thy Applause, I solitary court
660 Warm from the Heart, to learn *etc.* 661 along the
663 My pleasing Theme continual prompts my Thought;
664 purple] shining

MS 643 once delightful Walks *T* 644 plain] fair *T* 660 thine] Thee *T* 663 My urgent Theme recalls my vagrant Thought *T*

Hangs out her clusters, swelling to the south;
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight B685 C683
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard heaves refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff encreas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the gravid boughs. The clusters clear,
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th'autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
The Claret smooth, deep as the lip we press,
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the bright Champaign.

Now by the cool, declining year condens'd, B709 C707
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.

B 669 swelling] glowing 674 heaves] swells 678 gravid] weighty 691 deep] red 694 bright] gay

MS 669 *BP* 670 scarcely] (kindly) *T* 674 *BP* *After* 694 *P suggests*: Here bring in the Verses on Stowe. *(But T inserts them after 977.)*

No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides;
And deep betwixt contending kingdoms lays
The rocky, long division; while aloft,
His piny top is, lessening, lost in air:
No more his thousand prospects fill the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense,
Sink dark, and total. Nor alone immerst;
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain.
Vanish the woods. The dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to rowl the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon opprest, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft with many a broaden'd orb
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life,
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantick. Till at last
Wreath'd close around, in deeper circles still
Successive floating, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and mingling thick,
A formless, gray confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
Light, uncollected, thro' the Chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His endless train forth from the dubious gloom.

B 701 deep] high lays] rears 702—704 *thus contracted:* The rocky, long Division, fills the View 707 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far, 718 close] dun 719 floating,] closing, 725 His lovely Train from out

MS 702—4 *BP (first* Eye *for* View). *Before writing this, P had struck out from* while *to* immerst (702—7) *and filled up the gap with the words* views the Realms, *which he then cancelled and replaced by:* views beneath || Their ample Circuit from his piny Top || Or stands the awfull Object of their Gaze *(cancelled)* 705 great] grand *P* 707 *BP (first* wide *and* broad *for* far)

These roving mists, that constant now begin B738 C7
To smoak along the hilly country, these,
With mighty rains, the skill'd in nature say,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those grand reserves
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing stores the rivers draw.
But is this equal to the vast effect?
Is thus the Volga fill'd? the rapid Rhine?
The broad Euphrates? all th'unnumber'd floods,
That large refresh the fair-divided earth;
And, in the rage of summer, never cease
To send a thundering torrent to the main?

What tho' the sun draws from the steaming deep B– C–
More than the rivers pour? How much again,
O'er the vext surge, in bitter-driving showers,
Frequent returns, let the wet sailor say:
And on the thirsty down, far from the burst
Of springs, how much, to their reviving fields,
And feeding flocks, let lonely shepherds sing.
But sure 'tis no weak, variable cause,
That keeps at once ten thousand thousand floods,
Wide-wandering o'er the world, so fresh, and clear,
For ever flowing. and for ever full.
And thus some sages, deep-exploring, teach:

B 728 With weighty Rains, and melted Alpine Snows, 729 grand reserves] ample Stores 730 Rock; 732 stores] Wealth 733—749 *omitted, and* 750—752 *thus condensed*: Some Sages say, that, where the numerous Wave || For ever lashes *etc.*

C 728 weightier 730 Rocks;

MS 728 *(see B)* (and Alpine loads of Snow) *T* 738 a . . . torrent] their (chrystal) ample Tribute *P* 746 'Tis, sure, no weak nor variable Cause *P* *For* 750—52 *T writes:*

Some Sages doubt: they (scarce can This believe)
scarcely This can deem
A Cause sufficient for the vast Effect; *(Verte)*

That, where the hoarse, innumerable wave,
Eternal, lashes the resounding shore;
Suck'd thro' the sandy Stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy Stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They leave each saline particle behind,
And clear, and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Tho' here and there in lowly plains it springs,
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. The vital stream
Hence, in its subterranean passage, gains,
From the wash'd mineral, that restoring power,
And salutary virtue, which anew
Strings every nerve, calls up the kindling soul
Into the healthful cheek, and joyous eye:
And whence, the royal maid, Amelia blooms
With new-flush'd graces; yet reserv'd to bless,
Beyond a crown, some happy prince; and shine,
In all her mother's matchless virtues drest,
The Carolina of another land.

B 753 Suck'd] Drill'd 756 They joyful leave their jaggy Salts behind, 759 Tho' oft amid th'irriguous Vale it springs; *ll.* 764—774 (The vital . . . land.) *omitted. The following lines are inserted in their place*:

But hence this vain
Amusive Dream! why should the Waters love *(Verte)*

C 759 amidst

MS *(Sequel)* And thus, amusive, search another source
Amid the secret chambers of the Globe.
They teach, that, whence th'innumerable Wave,
Eternal, lashes *etc.*

756 *(see B)* jaggy] drossy *T* 758 mounting] rising *T*
768 calls up] and calls *T*

While Autumn scatters his departing gleams, B838 C836
Warn'd of approaching winter, gather'd, play
The swallow-people; and tost wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats. Rejoycing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;

B *(Sequel)*

To take so far a Journey to the Hills, [760]
When the sweet Valleys offer to their Toil
Inviting Quiet, and a nearer Bed?
Or if, by blind Ambition led astray,
They must aspire; why should they sudden stop
Among the broken Mountain's rushy Dells, [765]
And, ere they gain it's highest Peak, desert
Th'attractive Sand that charm'd their Course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating Salts
The Spoil of Ages, would impervious choak
Their secret Channels; or, by slow Degrees, [770]
High as the Hills protrude the swelling Vales:
Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous Globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid Bed,
And brought Deucalion's watry Times again.

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal Springs, [775] C773
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal Eye, yet with their lavish Stores
Refresh the Globe, and all it's joyous Tribes?
O thou pervading Genius, given to Man,
To trace the Secrets of the dark Abyss, [780]
O lay the Mountains bare! and wide display
Their hidden Structure to th'astonish'd View!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny Load,
The huge Incumbrance of horrific Woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imaüs stretch'd [785]
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen Bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my searching Eye,
And high *Olympus pouring many a Stream!
O from the sounding Summits of the North,
The Dofrine Hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd [790]

* The Mountain called by that Name in the lesser Asia.

775 While] When

In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where the cavern sweats, as sages dream.
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter chearful, till the vernant months

B *(Sequel)*

To farthest Lapland and the frozen Main;
From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by Those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean Rocks, which the wild Russ
Believes the *stony Girdle of the World;
And all the dreadful Mountains, wrapt in Storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely Floods;
O sweep th'eternal Snows! Hung o'er the Deep,
That ever works beneath his sounding Base,
Bid Atlas, propping Heaven, as Poets feign,
His subterranean Wonders spread! unveil
The miny Caverns, blazing on the Day,
Of Abyssinia's Cloud-compelling Cliffs,
And of the bending †Mountains of the Moon!
O'ertopping all these Giant-Sons of Earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line
Stretch'd to the stormy Seas that thunder round
The southern Pole, their hideous Deeps unfold!
Amazing Scene! Behold! the Glooms disclose.
I see the Rivers in their infant Beds!
Deep deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
I see the leaning Strata, artful rang'd;
The gaping Fissures to receive the Rains,
The melting Snows, and ever-dripping Fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I see the Sands,
The pebbly Gravel next, the Layers then
Of mingled Moulds, of more retentive Earths,
The gutter'd Rocks and mazy-running Clefts;
That, while the stealing Moisture they transmit,
Retard it's Motion, and forbid it's Waste.

* The Moscovites call the Riphean Mountains Weliki Camenypoys, that is, the great stony Girdle; because they suppose them to encompass the whole Earth.
† A Range of Mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.

782 And where, unpierc'd by Frost, the Cavern sweats. 785
vernal

Invite them welcome back: for thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force B851 C
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep
By diligence amazing, and the strong,
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their plumy voyage thro' the liquid sky.
And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full,
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
Th'aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the northern ocean, in vast whirls, B864 C
Boils round the naked, melancholy isles

B *(Sequel)*

Beneath th'incessant weeping of these Drains,
I see the rocky Siphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty Reservoirs, of harden'd Chalk,
Or stiff compacted Clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated Stores, [825]
The crystal Treasures of the liquid World,
Thro' the stirr'd Sands a bubbling Passage burst;
And welling out, around the middle Steep,
Or from the Bottoms of the bosom'd Hills,
In pure Effusion flow. United, thus, [830]
Th'exhaling Sun, the Vapour-burden'd Air,
The gelid Mountains, that to Rain condens'd
These Vapours in continual Current draw,
And send them, o'er the fair-divided Earth,
In bounteous Rivers to the Deep again, [835]
A social Commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted Harmony of Things.

794 plumy] arduous

MS 794 *BP*

Of farthest Thule, and th'Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And white resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain, harmless native his small flock, B873 C871
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the muse, *ll.* 817–844 *expanded from Su. A558–70 (Alterations not indicated here).*
High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the gelid main,
Invested with a keen, diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool, translucent, brimming flood
Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed, pure parent-stream,
To where the north-inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca, or Betubium's highest peak.

B 809 white] rude 820 gelid] waving 828 *sq.*
. . . Tweed (pure Parent-Stream,
Whose pastoral Banks first wak'd my Doric Reed, [892]
With, silvan Jed, thy tributary Brook)
To where *etc.*
830 Orca's or
C [892] wak'd] heard
MS 830 Orca's and *T*

Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A generous race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave,
Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
To hold a hapless, undiminish'd state;
Too much in vain! Hence of ignoble bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plan'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the boreal Morn.

Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power B912 C9
That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul!
To chear dejected industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain?
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar,
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering, finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,

B 834 generous] manly *After* 836: *two lines are inserted:*
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
Great Patriot-Heroe! ill-requited Chief!)
837 hapless,] generous 838 ignoble] unequal
MS 837 hapless] free and *T* 856 passive] careless *P*

Unchalleng'd, round the sea-incircled globe;
And thus united Britain Britain make
Intire, th'imperial Mistress of the deep.

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle, B931 C929
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots, and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond, imploring country turns her eye:
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her politest turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field,
While thick around the deadly tempest flew.
And when the trumpet, kindling war no more,
Pours not the flaming squadrons o'er the field:
But, fruitful of fair deeds, and mutual faith,
Kind peace unites the jarring world again;
Let a deep olive thro' thy laurels twine.
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate:
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,

B 861 Unchalleng'd,] Uninjur'd, 863, 864 And thus, in Soul united as in Name, || Bid Britain reign the Mistress of the Deep. 870 politest] engaging 873 Field. 874—79 *replaced by the following single line*: Nor less the Palm of Peace inwreathes thy Brow:

MS 861 *BP* 864 *Note by T:* *(The late Duke of Argyle) The Duke of Argyle and Greenwhich, who died 879 (Mix'd with thy Laurels the deep Olive twines) *T*

Plan'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
And seldom has she felt the friend like thee.

But see the fading, many-colour'd woods, B952 C950
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan, declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the Season in its latest view.

Mean-time, light-shadowing all, a sober calm B959 C957
Fleeces unbounded æther; whose least wave *For ll. 897–903 (world.) see Wi. B 29–33. (Variations not indicated here.)*
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And thro' their uvid pores his temper'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom Wisdom, and whom Nature charm, *ll. 903 (Then)–915 transferred here from Wi. B33–45. (Alterations printed in italics.)*
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To sooth the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise, B972 C970
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And thro' the *sadden'd* grove; where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to chear the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint
Far, *in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.*
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull, despondent flock!

B 889 a Friend 902 And thro' their lucid Veil his soften'd Force

With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey!
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground.

The pale, descending year, yet pleasing still, B990 C988
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf *For ll. 928—970 see Wi. B45—73 (Var. not. ind. here).*
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft starting such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy ruin streams;
Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
Of bolder fruit falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, ochards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power B1006 C1004
Of philosophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Peirc'd deep with many a secret pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes;
In all the bosom triumphs, all the nerves;
Inflames imagination; thro' the sense

B 931 startling 934 ruin] Deluge 941 Fruits 949 secret] virtuous 951 *omitted* 952 sense] Breast
MS 922 save chattering] but joyless *P*

Infuses every tenderness: and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the Vulgar's dream,
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment.
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and chief
Of humankind; the large, ambitious wish,
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth,
Lost in obscurity; th'indignant scorn
Of mighty pride; the fearless, great resolve;
The wonder that the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
Th'arrousing pant for virtue, and for fame;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear:
With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh bear me then to *vast,* embowering shades! B1032 C1030 *ll. 971–77 transf. here from Wi. B74–79*
To twilight groves, and visionary vales!
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms!
Where angel-forms *athwart the solemn dusk,*
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep-sounding, seize th'enthusiastic ear.

B 956 vulgar 962 Human Race; 964 the noble Scorn, 965 Tyrant Pride; 966 which 968 Th'awaken'd Throb for Virtue, *After* 977 *the following lines on Stowe are inserted:*

Or is this Gloom too much? Then lead, ye Powers, C1037
That o'er the Garden and the rural Seat [1040]
Preside, which shining thro' the chearful Land
In countless Numbers blest Britannia sees;
O lead me to the wide-extended Walks,

MS 964, 965 the (virtuous) poignant Scorn, || The (strong?) sweet Disdain, mix'd with sublime Humility, || Of (worldly) tyrant Pride; *T*

B *(Sequel)*

The fair Majestic Paradise of Stowe!
Not Persian Cyrus, or Iönia's Shore,
E'er saw such silvan Scenes; such various Art
By Genius fir'd, such ardent Genius tam'd
By cool judicious Art; that, in the strife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pit, thy Country's early Boast,
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd Slopes,
Or in that *Temple where, in future Times,
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd Name;
And, with thy Converse blest, catch the last Smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow Woods.
While there with Thee th'inchanted Round I walk,
The regulated Wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in Thought the Groves of Attic Land;
Will from thy standard Taste refine her own,
Correct her Pencil to the purest Truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd Shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human Mind.
O if hereafter she, with juster Hand,
Shall draw the Tragic Scene, instruct Her thou,
To mark the vary'd Movements of the Heart,
What every decent Character requires,
And every Passion speaks: O thro' her Strain
Breathe thy pathetic Eloquence! that moulds
Th'attentive Senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest Zeal th'indignant Lightning throws,
And shakes Corruption on her venal Throne.
While thus we talk, and thro' Elysian Vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a Sigh escapes:
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant Files
Of order'd Trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of Squadrons flaming o'er the Field,
And long-embattled Hosts! When the proud Foe
The faithless vain Disturber of Mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the World to War;
When keen, once more, within their Bounds to press
Those polish'd Robbers, those ambitious Slaves,
The British Youth would hail thy wise Command,
Thy temper'd Ardor and thy veteran Skill.

* The Temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.

And now the western sun withdraws the day; B1084 C1082
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky, *ll.* 978–98 *transf. here from Wi. B80–96*
In her chill progress, *to the ground condens'd*
Th'ascending vapour throws. Where waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. *Mean-while the moon,*
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
(Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And oceans roll, as optic tube descries)
A lesser earth, gives all his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now *thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,*
Now *up* the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats; *and streaming mild*
O'er the sky'd mountain to the *shadowy* vale,
While rocks, and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when, half blotted from the sky, her light, B1105 C1103
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn,
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven;
Or quite extinct, her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly, beamless white:
Oft in this season, silent from the north *ll.* 1004–33 *transf. here from Su. A1044–75.*
A *blaze of meteors shoots,* ensweeping first
The lower skies, then all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once

B 978 The Western Sun withdraws the shorten'd Day; 981
The Vapours throws. Where creeping Waters ooze, 988, 989
brackets omitted: descries, 990 lesser] smaller his] its

MS 981 Throws the (damp) close *(?)* Vapour. Where still Waters ooze *T (cancelled)*

Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All æther coursing in a maze of light.

From *look* to *look*, contagious thro' the crowd, B1117 C1115
The Pannic runs, and into wonderous shapes
Th'appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng with aerial spears, and steeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rowls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As *thus they scan the visionary* scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities over-turn'd,
And, late at night, in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or painted hideous with ascending flame;
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm; *2 lines omitted*
Of pestilence, and every great distress;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
Th'unalterable hour: even Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful, and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall, B1140 C1138
A solid shade, immense. Sunk in the gloom
Magnificent, and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;

B 1014 Throng'd 1023 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending Flame; 1035 A Shade immense. Sunk in the quenching Gloom,

MS 1020 Fancy *T* 1023 Or (hideous wrapt in all) blazing dreadfull (in) with consuming Flame *P* 1035 Sunk] Wrapt *T*

Distinction lost; and gay variety
One universal blot: such the fair power
Of Light, to kindle, and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark.
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the *root* of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss;
Whither *decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,*
Now sunk and now renew'd, he's quite absorpt,
Rider and horse, into the miry gulph:
While still, from day to day, his pining wife,
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the *better Genius* of the night,
Innoxious, *gleaming on the* horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shews the narrow path,
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

ll. 1047–60 *transf. here from Su. A1007–20.*

The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines B1167 C1165
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam,
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit, B1174 C1172
Lies the still heaving hive; at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,

B 1051 sunk] lost he sinks absorpt, 1052 into] amid

And whelm'd o'er sulphur: while, undreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark, oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumbles from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this ye roam'd the spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this ye toil'd
Ceaseless the burning summer-heats away?
For this in autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow? and in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
Hard by, the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous, and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre, or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd,

B 1071 whelm'd] fix'd not dreaming 1080 you 1081 you
1093 Hard by,] See where
MS 1071 not dreaming *P (T? Tovey)* 1083 waste] Heath *T*
1087 When] Still *P* 1093 *BP*

Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue, sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day, B1210 C
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! th'æthereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant Winter bid to do his worst.
While loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Care shook away. The toil-invigorate youth,
Not needing the melodious impulse much,
Leaps, wildly graceful, in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the struggle twists.
Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoyce; nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

B 1116 And instant Winter's utmost Rage defy'd. 1119, 1120 Shook to the Wind their Cares. The Toil-strung Youth ‖ By the quick Sense of Music taught alone, 1126 and the Wrestler twines.

MS 1102 Sheer] Ev'n *P* 1116 *BP* 1126 *BP*

Oh knew he but his happiness, of men B1237 C1235
The happiest he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural Life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate
Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd,
Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not.
What tho' from utmost land, and sea, purvey'd,
For him each rarer, tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death. What tho' his wine
Flows not from brighter gems; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night;
Or, thoughtless, sleeps at best in idle state.
What tho' depriv'd of these fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all.
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope;
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs, and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough,
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the Wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap;
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;

B 1145 wine] Bowl 1146 Flames not with costly Juice;
1148 Or melts the thoughtless Hours in idle State? 1149 What
tho' he knows not those

Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay:
Nor aught beside of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too lives simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsully'd beauty; sound, unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and Poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood, in quest of gain, B1280 C1
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood; the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some far-distant from their native soil,
Urg'd, or by want, or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let This thro' cities work his ardent way,
By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and That ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let These
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and Those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
And slippery pomp delight, in dark cabals;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.

B 1167 besides 1169 lives] dwells 1183 ardent] eager
1192 Delusive Pomp, and dark Cabals, delight;
MS 1183 eager *P (T Tovey)*

While He, from all the stormy passions free,
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from day to day,
And month to month, thro' the revolving Year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her fine emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He quite enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as from frigid Tempe wont to fall,
Or Hæmus cool, reads what the muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes; and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoyces in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throws; and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep-musing, then the best exerts his song.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the bury'd earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,

B 1202, 1203 from Month to Month, || And Day to Day, 1205 fine] sweet 1210 quite] full 1213 from] o'er fall,] wave, 1222 the] he

MS 1205 fine] (kind) *T*

Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on th'astonish'd eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land, and sea, imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of love, and kindred too he feels,
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Extatic shine; the little, strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness, and true philosophy
Still are, and have been of the smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primæval ages, incorrupt,
When God himself, and Angels dwelt with men!

Oh Nature! all-sufficient! over all! B1354 C1351
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the void immense,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep
Light my blind way: the mineral Strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;

B 1228 astonish'd] exalted 1235 of Kindred too and Love 1243 Are of the social still, and smiling Kind. 1246 uncorrupt, 1247 When Angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!

C 1252 void] blue

O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbids
That best ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from Thee!

B 1264 forbid

WINTER.

A

POEM.

By JAMES THOMSON, A. M.

——————————— Rapidus Sol
Nondum Hyemem contingit Equis. Jam præterit æstas.
VIRG.

——————— Glacialis Hyems canos hirsuta Capillos.
OVID.

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MDCCXXVI.

[Price One Shilling.]

To the Right Honourable

Sir Spencer Compton.[1])

Sir,

The Author of the following Poem begs Leave to inscribe this his first Performance to your Name, and Patronage. Unknown Himself, and only introduced by the Muse, He yet ventures to approach You, with a modest Chearfulness: For, whoever attempts to excel in any Generous Art, tho' he comes alone, and unregarded by the World, may hope for your Notice, and Esteem. Happy! if I can, in any Degree, merit this Good Fortune: as every Ornament, and Grace, of Polite Learning is yours, your single Approbation will be my Fame.

I Dare not indulge my Heart, by dwelling on your Public Character; on that exalted Honour, and Integrity which distinguish You, in that August Assembly, where You preside; that unshaken Loyalty to Your Sovereign, that disinterested Concern for his People, which shine out, united, in all your Behaviour, and finish the Patriot. I am conscious of my Want of Strength, and Skill for so delicate an Undertaking: And yet, as the Shepherd, in his Cottage, may feel and acknowledge the Influence of the Sun with as

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[1]) *This epistolary dedication (the authorship of which was claimed by Thomson's friend Malloch, alias Mallet) is found only in the editions prior to the quarto of 1730. In the quarto, and in some of the later editions, the title-page of "Winter" bears this dedication:* Winter. Inscribed to the Right Honourable the Lord Wilmington.

lively a Gratitude, as the Great Man, in his Palace, even I may be allowed to publish my Sense of those Blessings, which, from so many powerful Vertues, are derived to the Nation they adorn.

I conclude with saying, that your fine Discernment and Humanity, in your Private Capacity, are so conspicuous, that, if this Address is not received with some Indulgence, it will be a severe Conviction, that what I have written has not the least Share of Merit.

I am,
With the Profoundest Respect,
Sir,
Your most devoted,
and most faithful,
Humble Servant,

James Thomson.

The Preface.[1])

I am neither ignorant, nor concern'd, how much One may suffer in the Opinion of several Persons of great Gravity, and Character, by the Study, and Pursuit, of Poetry.

Altho' there may seem to be some Appearance of Reason for the present Contempt of it, as managed by the most part of our modern Writers, yet that any Man should, seriously, declare against that Divine Art is, really, amazing. It is declaring against the most charming Power of Imagination, the most exalting Force of Thought, the most affecting Touch of Sentiment; in a Word, against the very Soul of all Learning, and Politeness. It is affronting the universal Taste of Mankind, and declaring against what has charmed the listening World from Moses down to Milton. In fine, it is, even, declaring against the sublimest Passages of the inspired Writings themselves, and what seems to be the peculiar Language of Heaven.

The Truth of the Case is this: These weak-sighted Gentlemen cannot bear the strong Light of Poetry, and the finer, and more amusing, Scene of Things it displays; but must Those, therefore, whom Heaven has blessed with the discerning Eye shut it, to keep them Company.

It is pleasant enough, however, to observe, frequently, in these Enemies of Poetry, an aukward Imitation of it. They sometimes, have their little Brightnesses, when the opening Glooms will permit. Nay, I have seen their Heaviness, on some Occasions, deign to turn friskish, and witty, in which they make just such another Figure as Æsop's Ass, when he began to fawn. To compleat the Absurdity, They would, even, in their Efforts against Poetry, fain be poetical;

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[1]) *This "Preface" and the three appended poems are found only in the editions which give the second text of "Winter" (1726, June).*

like those Gentlemen that reason with a great deal of Zeal, and Severity, against Reason.

That there are frequent, and notorious, Abuses of Poetry is as true as that the best Things are most liable to that Misfortune; but is there no End of that clamorous Argument against the Use of Things from the Abuse of them? And yet, I hope, that no Man, who has the least Sense of Shame in Him, will fall into it after the present, sulphureous, Attacker of the Stage.

To insist no further on this Head, let Poetry, once more, be restored to her antient Truth, and Purity; let Her be inspired from Heaven, and, in Return, her Incense ascend thither; Let Her exchange Her low, venal, trifling, Subjects for such as are fair, useful, and magnificent; and, let Her execute these so as, at once, to please, instruct, surprize, and astonish: and then, of Necessity, the most inveterate Ignorance, and Prejudice, shall be struck Dumb; and Poets, yet, become the Delight and Wonder, of Mankind.

But this happy Period is not to be expected, till some long-wished, illustrious Man, of equal Power, and Beneficence, rise on the wintry World of Letters: One of a genuine, and unbounded, Greatness, and Generosity, of Mind; who, far, above all the Pomp, and Pride, of Fortune, scorns the little addressful, Flatterer; peirces thro' the disguised, designing, Villain; discountenances all the reigning Fopperies of a tasteless Age: and who, stretching his Views into late Futurity, has the true Interest of Virtue, Learning, and Mankind, intirely, at Heart — A Character so nobly desirable! that to an honest Heart, it is, almost, incredible so few should have the Ambition to deserve it.

Nothing can have a better Influence towards the Revival of Poetry than the chusing of great, and serious, Subjects; such as, at once, amuse the Fancy, enlighten the Head, and warm the Heart. These give a Weight, and Dignity, to the Poem: Nor is the Pleasure, I should say Rapture, both the Writer, and the Reader, feels, unwarranted

by Reason, or followed by repentant Disgust. To be able to write on a dry, barren, Theme, is looked upon, by some, as the Sign of a happy, fruitful, Genius — fruitful indeed! — like one of the pendant Gardens in Cheapside, water'd, every Morning, by the Hand of the Alderman, Himself. And what are we commonly entertain'd with, on these Occasions, save forced, unaffecting, Fancies; little, glittering Prettinesses; mixed Turns of Wit, and Expression; which are as widely different from Native Poetry, as Buffoonery is from the Perfection of human Thinking? A Genius fired with the Charms of Truth, and Nature, is tuned to a sublimer Pitch, and scorns to associate with such Subjects.

I cannot more emphatically recommend this Poetical Ambition than by the four following Lines from Mr. Hill's Poem, called, the Judgment Day, which is so singular an Instance of it.

> For Me, suffice it to have taught my Muse,
> The tuneful Triflings of her Tribe to shun;
> And rais'd her Warmth such Heavenly Themes to chuse,
> As, in past Ages, the best Garlands won.

I know no Subject more elevating, more amusing; more ready to awake the poetical Enthusiasm, the philosophical Reflection, and the moral Sentiment, than the Works of Nature. Where can we meet such Variety, such Beauty, such Magnificence? All that enlarges, and transports, the Soul? What more inspiring than a calm, wide, Survey of Them? In every Dress Nature is greatly charming! whether she puts on the Crimson Robes of the Morning! the strong Effulgence of Noon! the sober Suit of the Evening! or the deep Sables of Blackness, and Tempest! How gay looks the Spring! how glorious the Summer! how pleasing the Autumn! and how venerable the Winter! — But there is no thinking of these Things without breaking out into Poetry; which is, by the bye, a plain, and undeniable, Argument of their superior Excellence.

For this Reason the best, both Antient, and Modern,

Poets have been passionately fond of Retirement, and Solitude. The wild romantic Country was their Delight. And they seem never to have been more happy, than when lost in unfrequented Fields, far from the little, busy, World, they were at Leisure, to meditate, and sing the Works of Nature.

The Book of Job, that noble, and antient, Poem, which, even, strikes so forcibly thro' a mangling Translation, is crowned with a Description of the grand Works of Nature; and that, too, from the Mouth of their Almighty Author.

It was this Devotion to the Works of Nature that, in his Georgicks, inspired the rural Virgil to write so inimitably; and who can forbear joining with him in this Declaration of his, which has been the Rapture of Ages.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum Sacra fero ingenti perculsus Amore,
Accipiant; Cœlique Vias et Sidera monstrent,
Defectus solis varios, Lunæque labores:
Unde tremor Terris: qua vi Maria alta tumescant
Obicibus ruptis, rursusque in seipsa residant:
Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles
Hyberni: vel quæ tardis Mora Noctibus obstat.
Sin, has ne possim Naturæ accedere Partes,
Frigidus obstiterit circum Præcordia sanguis;
Rura mihi et rigui placeant in valibus amnis
Flumina amem silvasque inglorius. ———

Which may be Englished thus.

Me may the Muses, my supreme Delight!
Whose Priest I am, smit with immense Desire,
Snatch to their Care; the Starry Tracts disclose,
The Sun's Distress, the Labours of the Moon:
Whence the Earth quakes: and by what Force the Deeps
Heave at the Rocks, then on Themselves reflow:
Why Winter-Suns to plunge in Ocean speed:
And what retards the lazy Summer-Night.
But, least I should these mystic-Truths attain,
If the cold Current freezes round my Heart,
The Country Me, the brooky Vales may please
Mid Woods, and Streams, unknown. ———

I cannot put an End to this Preface, without taking the Freedom to offer my most sincere, and grateful, Acknowledgments to all those Gentlemen who have given my first Performance so favourable a Reception.

It is with the best Pleasure, and a rising Ambition, that I reflect on the Honour Mr. Hill has done me, in recommending my Poem to the World, after a manner so peculiar to Himself; than whom, none approves, and obliges, with a nobler, and more unreserving, Promptitude of Soul. His Favours are the very smiles of Humanity; graceful, and easy; flowing from, and to, the Heart. This agreeable Train of Thought awakens naturally in my Mind all the other Parts of his great, and amiable, Character, which I know not well how to quit, and yet dare not here pursue.

Every Reader, who has a Heart to be moved, must feel the most gentle Power of Poetry, in the Lines, with which Mira has graced my Poem.

It perhaps, might be reckoned Vanity, in me, to say how richly I value the Approbation of a Gentleman of Mr. Malloch's fine, and exact Taste, so justly dear, and valuable, to all those that have the Happiness of knowing Him; and who, to say no more of Him, will abundantly make good, to the World, the early Promise, his admired Piece of William and Margaret has given.

I only wish my Description of the various Appearance of Nature in Winter, and, as I purpose, in the other Seasons, may have the good Fortune, to give the Reader some of that true Pleasure, which They, in their agreeable Succession, are, always, sure to inspire into my Heart.

To Mr. Thomson,

Doubtful to what Patron he should address his Poem, call'd, Winter.

Some Peers, perhaps, have Skill to judge, 'tis true:
Yet no mean Prospect bounds the Muse's View.
Firm in your native Strength, thus nobly shewn,
Slight such delusive Props, and stand alone.
Fruitless Dependance oft has found too late,
That Greatness rarely dwells among the Great.
Patrons are Nature's Nobles, not the State's,
And Wit's, a Title no Broad Seal creates:
Even Kings, from whose high Source all Honours flow,
Are poor in Power, when they wou'd Souls bestow.

Heedless of Fortune, then look down on State,
Balanc'd, within, by Reason's conscious Weight:
Divinely proud of independant Will,
Prince of your Passions, live their Sovereign still.
He who stoops, safe beneath a Patron's Shade,
Shines like the Moon, but by another's Aid:
Free Truth shou'd, open, and unbyas'd steer,
Strong, as Heaven's Heat, and as its Brightness clear.

O, swell not then, the Bosoms of the Vain,
With false Conceit that you Protection gain:
Poets, like you, their own Protectors stand,
Plac'd above Aid from Pride's inferior Hand.
Time, that devours the Lord's unlasting Name,
Shall lend Her soundless Depth, to float your Fame.

On Verse like yours no Smiles, from Power, expect,
Born with a Worth that doom'd you to Neglect:
Yet, wou'd your Wit, be nois'd, reflect no more;
Let the smooth Veil of Flattery silk you o'er:
Aptly attach'd, the Court's soft Climate try,
Learn your Pen's Duty from your Patron's Eye.
Ductile of Soul, each pliant Purpose wind,
And tracing Interest close, leave Doubt behind;
Then shall your Name strike loud, the Publick Ear;
For through Good-fortune, Virtue's self shines clear.

But, in defiance of our Taste, to charm!
And Fancy's Force with Judgment's Caution arm!
Disturb, with busy Thought, so lull'd an Age!
And plant strong Meanings o'er the peaceful Page!
Impregnate Sound, with Sense! teach Nature Art!
And warm even Winter, till it thaws the Heart!
How cou'd you thus, your Country's Rules transgress,
Yet think of Patrons, and presume Success?

A. HILL.

To Mr. Thomson,

On his Blooming Winter.

Oh gaudy Summer, veil thy blushing Head,
Dull is thy Sun, and all thy Beauties dead:
From thy short Nights, and noisy, mirthful, Day,
My kindling Thoughts, disdainful, turn away.

Majestic Winter with his Floods appears,
And o'er the World his awful Terrors rears;
From North to South, his Train dispreading, slow,
Blue Frost, bleak Rain, and fleecy-footed Snow.

In Thee, sad Winter, I a Kindred find,
Far more related to poor human Kind;
To Thee my gently-drooping Head I bend,
Thy Sigh my Sister, and thy Tear my Friend:
On Thee I muse, and in thy hastening Sun,
See Life expiring e'er 'tis well begun.

Thy sickening Ray, and venerable Gloom,
Show Life's last Scene, the solitary Tomb;
But thou art safe, so shaded by the Bays,
Immortal in the noblest Poet's Praise;
From Time and Death, He will thy Beauties save;
Oh may such Numbers weep o'er Mira's Grave!
Secure, and glorious, would her Ashes lie,
Till Nature fade — and all the Seasons die.

MIRA.

To Mr. Thomson,

On his publishing the Second Edition of his Poem, call'd, Winter.

Charm'd, and instructed, by thy powerful Song,
I have, unjust, with-held my Thanks too long:
This Debt of Gratitude, at length, receive,
Warmly sincere, 'tis all thy Friend can give.

Thy Worth new lights the Poet's darken'd Name,
And shows it, blazing, in the brightest Fame.
Thro' all thy various Winter, full are found
Magnificence of Thought, and Pomp of Sound,
Clear Depth of Sense, Expression's hightening Grace,
And Goodness, eminent in Power, and Place!
For this, the Wise, the Knowing Few, commend
With zealous Joy — for Thou art Vertue's Friend:
Even Age, and Truth severe, in reading Thee,
That Heaven inspires the Muse, convinc'd, agree.

Thus I dare sing of Merit, faintly known,
Friendless — supported by its self alone:
For Those, whose aided Will could lift thee high,
In Fortune, see not with Discernment's Eye.
Nor Place, nor Power, bestows the Sight refin'd;
And Wealth enlarges not the narrow Mind.

How couldst thou think of such, and write so well?
Or hope Reward, by daring to excell?
Unskilful of the Age! untaught to gain,
Those Favours, which the fawning Base obtain!
A thousand, shameful, Arts, to thee unknown,
Falshood, and Flattery, must be first thy own.
If thy lov'd Country lingers in thy Breast,
Thou must drive out th'unprofitable Guest:
Extinguish each bright Aim, that kindles there,
And center in thy self thy every Care.

But hence that Vileness — pleas'd to charm Mankind,
Cast each low Thought of Interest far behind:
Neglected into noble Scorn — away
From that worn Path, where vulgar Poets stray:

Inglorious Herd! profuse of venal Lays!
And by the Pride despis'd, they stoop to praise!
Thou, careless of the Statesman's Smile, or Frown,
Tread that strait Way, that leads to fair Renown.
By Vertue guided, and by Glory fix'd,
And, by reluctant Envy, slow admir'd,
Dare to do well; and in thy boundless Mind,
Embrace the general Welfare of thy Kind:
Enrich them with the Treasures of thy Thought,
What Heaven approves, and what the Muse has taught.
Where thy Power fails, unable to go on,
Ambitious, greatly will the Good undone.
So shall thy Name, thro' Ages, brightening shine,
And distant Praise, from Worth unborn, be thine:
So shalt thou, happy! merit Heaven's Regard,
And find a glorious, tho' a late Reward.

D. MALLOCH.

The Argument.[1])

The subject proposed. Address to Lord Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural order[2]) of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a man perishing among them. A short digression into Russia. The wolves in Italy.[3]) A winter-evening described, as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. Its effects[4]) within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with philosophical[5]) reflections on a future state.

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[1]) *Appears for the first time in the quarto. In the editions of 1744 and 1746 the following variations occur:* [2]) Course [3]) perishing among them; whence Reflections on the Want and Miseries of Human Life. The Wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A Winter-Evening *etc.* [4]) Frost. A View of Winter within [5]) moral.

WINTER.

A

POEM.

Text A (1726, March) with the variations of text B (1726, June).

SEE! Winter comes, to rule the varied Year, B1 C1 E1
Sullen, and sad; with all his rising Train,
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms: Be these my Theme,
These, that exalt the Soul to solemn Thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome kindred Glooms!
Wish'd, wint'ry, Horrors, hail! — With frequent Foot,
Pleas'd, have I, in my cheerful Morn of Life,
When, nurs'd by careless Solitude, I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing Joy,
Pleas'd, have I wander'd thro' your rough Domains;
Trod the pure, virgin, Snows, my self as pure:
Heard the Winds roar, and the big Torrent burst:
Or seen the deep, fermenting, Tempest brew'd,
In the red, evening, Sky. — Thus pass'd the Time,
Till, thro' the opening Chambers of the South,
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

Thee too, Inspirer of the toiling Swain! B17 C– E– *ll.* 17–111 *om from C. Fo* 29–96 *see A897–998.*
Fair Autumn, yellow rob'd! I'll sing of thee,
Of thy last, temper'd, Days, and sunny Calms;

B 19 temper'd,] equal, sunny] clouded

When all the golden Hours are on the Wing,
Attending thy Retreat, and round thy Wain,
Slow-rolling, onward to the Southern Sky.

Behold! the well-pois'd Hornet, hovering, hangs, B23 C— E—
With quivering Pinions, in the genial Blaze;
Flys off, in airy Circles: then returns,
And hums, and dances to the beating Ray.
Nor shall the Man, that, musing, walks alone,
And, heedless, strays within his radiant Lists,
Go unchastis'd away .... Sometimes, a Fleece
Of Clouds, wide-scattering, with a lucid Veil,
Soft, shadow o'er th'unruffled Face of Heaven;
And, thro' their dewy Sluices, shed the Sun,
With temper'd Influence down. Then is the Time,
For those, whom Wisdom, and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate Croud,
And soar above this little Scene of Things:
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their Feet:
To lay their Passions in a gentle Calm,
And woo lone Quiet, in her silent Walks.

Now, solitary, and in pensive Guise, B40 C— E—
Oft, let me wander o'er the russet Mead,
Or thro' the pining Grove; where scarce is heard
One dying Strain, to chear the Woodman's Toil:
Sad Philomel, perchance, pours forth her Plaint,
Far, thro' the withering Copse. Mean while, the Leaves,
That, late, the Forest clad with lively Green,
Nipt by the drizzly Night, and Sallow-hu'd,
Fall, wavering, thro' the Air: or shower amain,
Urg'd by the Breeze, that sobs amid the Boughs.
Then listening Hares forsake the rusling Woods,
And, starting at the frequent Noise, escape

B 23 Behold!] Mark, how 31 Soft,] Light, 38 To sooth the throbbing Passions into Peace, 44 Haply, some widdow'd Songster pours his Plaint,

To the rough Stubble, and the rushy Fen.
Then Woodcocks, o'er the fluctuating Main,
That glimmers to the Glimpses of the Moon,
Stretch their long Voyage to the woodland Glade:
Where, wheeling with uncertain Flight, they mock
The nimble Fowler's Aim. — Now Nature droops;
Languish the living Herbs, with pale Decay:
And all the various Family of Flowers
Their sunny Robes resign. The falling Fruits,
Thro' the still Night, forsake the Parent-Bough,
That, in the first, grey, Glances of the Dawn,
Looks wild, and wonders at the wintry Waste.

The Year, yet pleasing, but declining fast, B64 C– E–
Soft, o'er the secret Soul, in gentle Gales,
A Philosophic Melancholly breathes,
And bears the swelling Thought aloft to Heaven.
Then forming Fancy rouses to conceive,
What never mingled with the Vulgar's Dream:
Then wake the tender Pang, the pitying Tear,
The Sigh for suffering Worth, the Wish prefer'd
For Humankind, the Joy to see them bless'd,
And all the Social Off-spring of the Heart!

Oh! bear me then to high, embowering, Shades; B74 C– E–
To twilight Groves, and visionary Vales;
To weeping Grottos, and to hoary Caves;
Where Angel-Forms are seen, and Voices heard,
Sigh'd in low Whispers, that abstract the Soul,
From outward Sense, far into Worlds remote.

Now, when the Western Sun withdraws the Day, B80 C– E–
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the Sky,
In her chill Progress, checks the straggling Beams,
And robs them of their gather'd, vapoury, Prey,
Where Marshes stagnate, and where Rivers wind,

B 76 and prophetick Glooms; 83 And their moist Captives frees; where Waters ooze,

Cluster the rolling Fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled Lawn: then slow descend,
Once more to mingle with their Watry Friends.

The vivid Stars shine out, in radiant Files; B88 C— E—
And boundless Ether glows, till the fair Moon
Shows her broad Visage, in the crimson'd East;
Now, stooping, seems to kiss the passing Cloud:
Now, o'er the pure Cerulean, rides sublime.
Wide the pale Deluge floats, with silver Waves,
O'er the sky'd Mountain, to the low-laid Vale;
From the white Rocks, with dim Reflexion, gleams,
And faintly glitters thro' the waving Shades.

All Night, abundant Dews, unnoted, fall, B97 C— E—
And, at Return of Morning, silver o'er
The Face of Mother-Earth; from every Branch
Depending, tremble the translucent Gems,
And, quivering, seem to fall away, yet cling,
And sparkle in the Sun, whose rising Eye,
With Fogs bedim'd, portends a beauteous Day.

Now, giddy Youth, whom headlong Passions fire, B104 C— E—
Rouse the wild Game, and stain the guiltless Grove,
With Violence, and Death; yet call it Sport,
To scatter Ruin thro' the Realms of Love,
And Peace, that thinks no Ill: But These, the Muse,
Whose Charity, unlimited, extends
As wide as Nature works, disdains to sing,
Returning to her nobler Theme in view —

For see! where Winter comes, himself, confest, B112 C73 E72
Striding the gloomy Blast. First Rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling Skies, with Tempest foul;
Beat on the Mountain's Brow, and shake the Woods,

B 88 radiant] brightening 98 That, lighted by the Morning's Ray, impearl 101 quivering,] twinkling, 104 giddy] roving 112 Winter! who rides along the darken'd Air,

That, sounding, wave below. The dreary Plain
Lies overwhelm'd, and lost. The bellying Clouds
Combine, and deepening into Night, shut up
The Day's fair Face. The Wanderers of Heaven,
Each to his Home, retire; save those that love
To take their Pastime in the troubled Air,
And, skimming, flutter round the dimply Flood.
The Cattle, from th'untasted Fields, return,
And ask, with meaning Low, their wonted Stalls;
Or ruminate in the contiguous Shade:
Thither, the houshold, feathery, People croud,
The crested Cock, with all his female Train,
Pensive and wet. Mean while, the Cottage-Swain
Hangs o'er th'enlivening Blaze, and, taleful, there,
Recounts his simple Frolic: Much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the Storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble Roof.

At last, the muddy Deluge pours along, B133 C95
Resistless, roaring; dreadful down it comes
From the chapt Mountain, and the mossy Wild,
Tumbling thro' Rocks abrupt, and sounding far:
Then o'er the sanded Valley, floating, spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd,
Betwixt two meeting Hills, it bursts a Way,
Where Rocks, and Woods o'er hang the turbid Stream.
There gathering triple Force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great Parent! whose directing Hand B143 C107
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful Year,
How mighty! how majestick are thy Works!
With what a pleasing Dread they swell the Soul,
That sees, astonish'd! and, astonish'd sings!
You too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow,

B 116 The dreary] Th'unsightly 122 And,] Or, 139 away,

With boisterous Sweep, I raise my Voice to you.
Where are your Stores, ye viewless Beings! say?
Where your aerial Magazines reserv'd,
Against the Day of Tempest perilous?
In what untravel'd Country of the Air,
Hush'd in deep Silence, sleep you, when 'tis calm?

Late, in the louring Sky, red, fiery, Streaks B155 C119 E118
Begin to flush about; the reeling Clouds
Stagger with dizzy Aim, as doubting yet
Which Master to obey: while rising, slow,
Sad, in the Leaden-colour'd East, the Moon
Wears a bleak Circle round her sully'd Orb.
Then issues forth the Storm, with loud Control,
And the thin Fabrick of the pillar'd Air
O'erturns, at once. Prone, on th'uncertain Main,
Descends th' Etherial Force, and plows its Waves,
With dreadful Rift: from the mid-Deep, appears,
Surge after Surge, the rising, wat'ry, War.
Whitening, the angry Billows rowl immense,
And roar their Terrors, through the shuddering Soul
Of feeble Man, amidst their Fury caught,
And, dash'd upon his Fate: Then, o'er the Cliff,
Where dwells the Sea-Mew, unconfin'd, they fly,
And, hurrying, swallow up the steril Shore.

The Mountain growls; and all its sturdy Sons B174 C158 E175
Stoop to the Bottom of the Rocks they shade:
Lone, on its Midnight-Side, and all aghast,
The dark, way-faring, Stranger, breathless, toils,

B 159 Sad,] Blank, 160 bleak] wan 161 loud] mad 163 th'uncertain] the passive 165—168 *thus expanded:*
In frightful Furrows: From the brawling deep,
Heav'd to the Clouds, the watry Tumult comes.
Rumbling, the Wind-swoln Billows, rowl, immense, [167]
And, on th'evanish'd Vessel, bursting fierce,
Their Terrors thunder, thro' the prostrate Soul

And climbs against the Blast —
Low, waves the rooted Forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its leafy Honours yet remains.
Thus, struggling thro' the dissipated Grove,
The whirling Tempest raves along the Plain;
And, on the Cottage thacht, or lordly Dome,
Keen-fastening, shakes 'em to the solid Base.
Sleep, frighted, flies; the hollow Chimney howls,
The Windows rattle, and the Hinges creak.

Then, too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd Air, B187 C173 E171
Long Groans are heard, shrill Sounds, and distant Sighs,
That, murmur'd by the Demon of the Night,
Warn the devoted Wretch of Woe, and Death!
Wild Uproar lords it wide: the Clouds commixt,
With Stars, swift-gliding, sweep along the Sky.
All Nature reels. — But hark! The Almighty speaks:
Instant, the chidden Storm begins to pant,
And dies, at once, into a noiseless Calm.

As yet, 'tis Midnight's Reign; the weary Clouds, B198 C184 E201
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid Gloom:
Now, while the drousy World lies lost in Sleep,
Let me associate with the low-brow'd Night,
And Contemplation, her sedate Compeer;
Let me shake off th'intrusive Cares of Day,
And lay the medling Senses all aside.

And now, ye lying Vanities of Life! B205 C191 E209
You ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train!
Where are you now? and what is your Amount?

B 190 Wild] Huge 192—194 *thus amplified:*
All Nature reels — Till Nature's King, who oft,
Amid tempestuous Darkness dwells, alone,
And, on the Wings of the careering Wind, [195]
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a Calm;
And, strait, Earth, Sea, and Air, are hush'd, at once.

Vexation, Disappointment, and Remorse.
Sad, sickening, Thought! and yet, deluded Man,
A Scene of wild, disjointed, Visions past,
And broken Slumbers, rises, still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd Hopes, to run your giddy Round.

Father of Light, and Life! thou Good Supreme! B213 C199 E217
O! teach me what is Good! teach me thy self!
Save me from Folly, Vanity and Vice,
From every low Pursuit! and feed my Soul,
With Knowledge, conscious Peace, and Vertue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading Bliss!

Lo! from the livid East, or piercing North, B219 C205 E223
Thick Clouds ascend, in whose capacious Womb,
A vapoury Deluge lies, to Snow congeal'd:
Heavy, they roll their fleecy World along;
And the Sky saddens with th'impending Storm.
Thro' the hush'd Air, the whitening Shower descends,
At first, thin-wavering; till, at last, the Flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the Day,
With a continual Flow. See! sudden, hoar'd,
The Woods beneath the stainless Burden bow,
Blackning, along the mazy Stream it melts;
Earth's universal Face, deep-hid, and chill,
Is all one, dazzling, Waste. The Labourer-Ox
Stands cover'd o'er with Snow, and then demands
The Fruit of all his Toil. The Fowls of Heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel Season, croud around
The winnowing Store, and claim the little Boon,

B 207 wild,] crude, 216 Lo!] Dun, 224–227:
. . . Flow. Blackening, they melt,
Along the mazy Stream. The leafless Woods
Bow their hoar Heads. And e'er the languid Sun,
Faint, from the West, emit his evening Ray, [230]
Earth's universal Face, *etc. as l.* 227.

That Providence allows. The foodless Wilds
Pour forth their brown Inhabitants; the Hare,
Tho' timorous of Heart, and hard beset
By Death, in various Forms, dark Snares, and Dogs,
And more unpitying Men, the Garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating Kind
Eye the bleak Heavens, and next, the glistening Earth,
With Looks of dumb Despair; then sad, dispers'd,
Dig, for the wither'd Herb, thro' Heaps of Snow.

Now, Shepherds, to your helpless Charge be kind; B256 C239 E265
Baffle the raging Year, and fill their Penns
With Food, at will: lodge them below the Blast,
And watch them strict; for from the bellowing East,
In this dire Season, oft the Whirlwind's Wing
Sweeps up the Burthen of whole wintry Plains,
In one fierce Blast, and o'er th'unhappy Flocks,
Lodged in the Hollow of two neighbouring Hills,
The billowy Tempest whelms; till, upwards urg'd,
The Valley to a shining Mountain swells,
That curls its Wreaths amid the freezing Sky.

B 233 . . . allows. The Red-Breast, sole,
Wisely regardful of th'embroiling Sky,
In joyless Fields, and thorny Thickets, leaves
His shivering Fellows, and to trusted Man [240]
His annual Visit pays: New to the Dome,
Against the Window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm Hearth, and, hopping o'er the Floor,
Eyes all the smiling Family, askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is: [245]
Till, more familiar grown, the Table-Crumbs
Attract his slender Feet. The foodless Wilds
etc. as after l. 233.

244 Blast,] Storm, 249 Lodged] Hid *After l.* 252 *the following 39 lines are inserted:*

In Russia's wide, immeasurable, Moors, C365 E295
Where Winter keeps his unrejoicing Court,
And in his airy Hall, the loud Misrule
Of driving Tempest is for ever heard: [270]

Now, all amid the Rigours of the Year, B306 C407 E424
In the wild Depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless Winds blow keen, be my Retreat
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, Scene;

B *(Sequel)*

Seen, by the wilder'd Traveller, who roams, C370 E827
Guideless, the Yew-clad, stony, Wastes, the Bear,
Rough Tenant of these Shades! shaggy with Ice,
And dangling Snow, stalks thro' the Woods, forlorn.
Slow-pac'd, and sowrer, as the Storms increase, [275]
He makes his Bed beneath th'inclement Wreath,
And scorning the Complainings of Distress,
Hardens his Heart against assailing Want.

Or from the cloudy Alps, and Appenine, C381 E389
Capt with grey Mists, and everlasting Snows, [280]
Where Nature in stupendous Ruin lyes;
And from the leaning Rock, on either Side,
Gush out those Streams that classic Song renowns:
Cruel as Death! and hungry as the Grave!
Burning for Blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim! [285]
Assembling Wolves, in torrent Troops, descend,
And spread wide-wasting Desolation round.
Nought may their Course withstand. They bear along,
Keen, as the North-Wind sweeps the glossy Snow.
All is their Prize. They fasten on the Steed, [290]
Press him to Earth, and pierce his mighty Heart.
Nor can the Bull his awful Front defend,
Or shake the murdering Savages away.
Rapacious, at the Mother's Throat they fly,
And tear the screaming Infant from her Breast. [295]
The God-like Face of Man avails him Nought.
Even Beauty, Force Divine! at whose bright Glance,
The generous Lyon stands in soften'd Gaze,
Here bleeds a hapless, undistinguish'd, Prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe Attack, [300]
The Country be shut up; lur'd by the Scent,
On Church-Yards drear (Inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed Prowlers fall, and dig
The shrowded Body from the Tomb, o'er which,
Mix'd with foul Shades, and frighted Ghosts, they howl. [305]

255 keen,] Ice,

Where ruddy Fire, and beaming Tapers join
To chase the chearless Gloom: there let me sit,
And hold high Converse with the mighty Dead,
Sages of ancient Time, as Gods rever'd,
As Gods beneficent, who blest Mankind,
With Arts, and Arms, and humaniz'd a World.
Rous'd at th'inspiring Thought — I throw aside
The long-liv'd Volume, and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred Shades, that, slowly-rising, pass
Before my wondering Eyes — First, Socrates,
Truth's early Champion, Martyr for his God:
Solon, the next, who built his Commonweal,
On Equity's firm Base: Lycurgus, then,
Severely good, and him of rugged Rome,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious Sons.
Cimon, sweet-soul'd, and Aristides just.
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in Extreme;
With that attemper'd *Heroe, mild, and firm,
Who wept the Brother, while the Tyrant bled.
Scipio, the humane Warriour, gently brave,
Fair Learning's Friend; who early sought the Shade,
To dwell, with Innocence, and Truth, retir'd.
And, equal to the best, the Theban, He
Who, single, rais'd his Country into Fame.
Thousands behind, the Boast of Greece and Rome,
Whom Vertue owns, the Tribute of a Verse
Demand, but who can count the Stars of Heaven?
Who sing their Influence on this lower World?
But see who yonder comes! nor comes alone,
With sober State, and of majestic Mien,
The Sister Muses in his Train — 'Tis He!
Maro! the best of Poets, and of Men!
Great Homer too appears, of daring Wing!
Parent of Song! and equal, by his Side,

* Timoleon

B *L.* 273 *is placed after l.* 275 288 Maro! the Glory of the Poet's Art!

The British Muse, join'd Hand in Hand, they walk,
Darkling, nor miss their Way to Fame's Ascent.

Society divine! Immortal Minds! B346 C455 E541
Still visit thus my Nights, for you reserv'd,
And mount my soaring Soul to Deeds like yours.
Silence! thou lonely Power! the Door be thine:
See, on the hallow'd Hour, that none intrude,
Save Lycidas, the Friend, with Sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted Faith,
Unstudy'd Wit, and Humour ever gay.

Clear Frost succeeds, and thro' the blew Serene, B354 C550 E691
For Sight too fine, th'Ætherial Nitre flies,
To bake the Glebe, and bind the slip'ry Flood.
This of the wintry Season is the Prime;
Pure are the Days, and lustrous are the Nights,
Brighten'd with starry Worlds, till then unseen.
Mean while, the Orient, darkly red, breathes forth
An Icy Gale, that, in its mid Career,
Arrests the bickering Stream. The nightly Sky,
And all her glowing Constellations pour
Their rigid Influence down: It freezes on
Till Morn, late-rising, o'er the drooping World,
Lifts her pale Eye, unjoyous: then appears
The various Labour of the silent Night,
The pendant Isicle, the Frost-Work fair,
Where thousand Figures rise, the crusted Snow,
Tho' white, made whiter, by the fining North.

On blithsome Frolics bent, the youthful Swains, B372
While every Work of Man is laid at Rest,
Rush o'er the watry Plains, and, shuddering, view
The fearful Deeps below: or with the Gun,
And faithful Spaniel, range the ravag'd Fields,

B 306 Brighten'd] Radiant 316 thousand] fancy'd *After l.* 317 *one line is added:* North, || And Gem-besprinkled in the Mid-Day Beam.

And, adding to the Ruins of the Year,
Distress the Feathery, or the Footed Game.

But hark! the nightly Winds, with hollow Voice, B379 C701 F98
Blow, blustering, from the South — the Frost subdu'd,
Gradual, resolves into a weeping Thaw.
Spotted, the Mountains shine: loose Sleet descends,
And floods the Country round: the Rivers swell,
Impatient for the Day . . . Those sullen Seas,
That wash th'ungenial Pole, will rest no more,
Beneath the Shackles of the mighty North;
But, rousing all their Waves, resistless heave —
And hark! — the length'ning Roar, continuous, runs
Athwart the rifted Main; at once, it bursts,
And piles a thousand Mountains to the Clouds!
Ill fares the Bark, the Wretches' last Resort,
That, lost amid the floating Fragments, moors
Beneath the Shelter of an Icy Isle;
While Night o'erwhelms the Sea, and Horror looks
More horrible. Can human Hearts endure
Th'assembled Mischiefs, that besiege them round:
Unlistening Hunger, fainting Weariness,
The Roar of Winds, and Waves, the Crush of Ice,
Now, ceasing, now, renew'd, with louder Rage,
And bellowing round the Main: Nations remote,
Shook from their Midnight-Slumbers, deem they hear
Portentous Thunder, in the troubled Sky.
More to embroil the Deep, Leviathan,
And his unweildy Train, in horrid Sport,

B 325 Muttering, the Winds, at Eve, with hoarser Voice, 327 weeping] trickling 330 . . . Day. Broke from the Hills,
O'er Rocks and Woods, in broad, brown, Cataracts
A thousand, Snow-fed, Torrents shoot, at once;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding Plain
Is left one slimy Waste. Those sullen Seas,
etc. as after l. 330.

348 troubled] gelid

Tempest the loosen'd Brine; while, thro' the Gloom,
Far, from the dire, unhospitable Shore,
The Lyon's Rage, the Wolf's sad Howl is heard,
And all the fell Society of Night.
Yet, Providence, that ever-waking Eye
Looks down, with Pity, on the fruitless Toil
Of Mortals, lost to Hope, and lights them safe,
Thro' all this dreary Labyrinth of Fate.

'Tis done! — Dread Winter has subdu'd the Year, B417 C737 E1024
And reigns, tremendous, o'er the desart Plains!
How dead the Vegetable Kingdom lies!
How dumb the Tuneful! Horror wide extends
His solitary Empire. — Now, fond Man!
Behold thy pictur'd Life: Pass some few Years,
Thy flow'ring Spring, Thy short-liv'd Summer's Strength,
Thy sober Autumn, fading into Age,
And pale, concluding, Winter shuts thy Scene,
And shrouds Thee in the Grave — where now, are fled
Those Dreams of Greatness? those unsolid Hopes
Of Happiness? those Longings after Fame?
Those restless Cares? those busy, bustling Days?
Those Nights of secret Guilt? those veering Thoughts,
Flutt'ring 'twixt Good, and Ill, that shar'd thy Life?
All, now, are vanish'd! Vertue, sole, survives,
Immortal, Mankind's never-failing Friend,
His Guide to Happiness on high — and see!
'Tis come, the Glorious Morn! the second Birth
Of Heaven, and Earth! — awakening Nature hears
Th' Almighty Trumpet's Voice, and starts to Life,
Renew'd, unfading. Now, th' Eternal Scheme,
That Dark Perplexity, that Mystic Maze,
Which Sight cou'd never trace, nor Heart conceive,
To Reason's Eye, refin'd, clears up apace.

B 353, 354 At once, is heard, th'united, hungry, Howl, || Of all the fell *etc.*

Angels, and Men, astonish'd, pause — and dread
To travel thro' the Depths of Providence,
Untry'd, unbounded. Ye vain Learned! see,
And, prostrate in the Dust, adore that Power,
And Goodness, oft arraign'd. See now the Cause,
Why conscious Worth, oppress'd, in secret long
Mourn'd, unregarded: Why the Good Man's Share
In Life, was Gall, and Bitterness of Soul:
Why the lone Widow and her Orphans, pin'd,
In starving Solitude; while Luxury,
In Palaces, lay prompting her low Thought,
To form unreal Wants: why Heaven-born Faith,
And Charity, prime Grace! wore the red Marks
Of Persecution's Scourge: Why licens'd Pain,
That cruel Spoiler, that embosom'd Foe,
Imbitter'd all our Bliss. Ye Good Distrest!
Ye Noble Few! that, here, unbending, stand
Beneath Life's Pressures . . . yet a little while,
And all your Woes are past. Time swiftly fleets,
And wish'd Eternity, approaching, brings
Life undecaying, Love without Allay,
Pure flowing Joy, and Happiness sincere.

WINTER.

Text (C) = ed. 1730, 4to. The variations from B are indicated by means of italics. D = ed. 1730, 8vo. The MS. notes were made on the latter text.

SEE Winter comes, to rule the varied year, B1 D1
Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme.
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Cogenial horrors, hail! With frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough *domain;*
Trod the pure virgin-snows, my self as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep, fermenting tempest brew'd
In the red evening-sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till thro' the *lucid* chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay, B– D17
The muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving Year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to rise;

MS 14 red] pale *T*

WINTER.

Text (E) = ed. 1744. (Variations from D in italics.) F = ed. 1746. The numbering of the lines in E and F is the same.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the vary'd Year,
Sullen, and sad, with all his rising Train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my Theme,
These, that exalt the Soul to solemn Thought,
And heavenly Musing. Welcome, kindred Glooms!
Cogenial Horrors, hail! with frequent Foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful Morn of Life,
When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing Joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough Domain;
Trod the pure Virgin-Snows, myself as pure;
Heard the Winds roar, and the big Torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting Tempest brew'd,
In the *grim* Evening-Sky. Thus pass'd the Time,
Till thro' the lucid Chambers of the South
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

To Thee, the Patron of her first Essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her Song.
Since has she rounded the revolving Year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on Eagle-Pinions borne,
Attempted thro' the Summer-Blaze to rise;

F 17 her] this

Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds;
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description, and with manly thought.
For thee the Graces smooth; thy softer thoughts
The Muses tune; nor art thou skill'd alone
In awful schemes, the management of states,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodness; sound integrity;
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul,
Amid a sliding age; and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit, regularly free;
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; and, the publick hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the muse
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

When Scorpio gives to Capricorn the sway, B— D43
And fierce Aquarius fouls th' inverted year;
Retiring to the verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads o'er æther the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams; and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air; as at dull distance seen,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon descending, to the long dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy the dubious day forsake.

Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy Gale;
And now among the Wintry Clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling Storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her Note with all the rushing Winds;
To suit her sounding Cadence to the Floods;
As is her Theme, her Numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging Ear
With bold Description, and with manly Thought.
Nor art thou skill'd in awful Schemes alone,
And how to make a mighty People thrive:
But equal Goodness, sound Integrity,
A firm unshaken uncorrupted Soul
Amid a sliding Age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for thy Country's Weal,
A steady Spirit regularly free;
These, each exalting each, the Statesman light
Into the Patriot; *These,* the publick Hope
And Eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what Envy dares not Flattery call.

Now when the chearless Empire of the Sky
To Capricorn the Centaur-Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius *stains* th'inverted Year;
Hung o'er the farthest Verge of Heaven, the Sun
Scarce spreads o'er Ether the dejected Day.
Faint are his Gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling Rays, in horizontal Lines,
Thro' the thick Air; as *cloath'd in cloudy Storm,*
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the Southern Sky;
And, soon descending, to the long dark Night,
Wide-shading All, the prostrate World resigns.
Nor is the Night unwish'd; while vital Heat,
Light, Life, and Joy, the dubious Day forsake.

MS 30 *P* 38 *P*

Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd, and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Thro' nature shedding influence malign,
And rouzes all the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with horrid views. The cattle droop
The conscious head; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Red from the plow, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose, disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook,
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the Father of the tempest forth, B112 D7:
Striding the gloomy blast. First rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling skies, with *vapour vile;*
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That *grumbling* wave below. Th'unsightly plain
Lies *a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds*
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply *pool.*
The cattle from th'untasted fields return,

MS 58–63 *T cancels* Thus Winter . . . horrid views, *but then writes* Stet. 65 Red] Brown *T* 74 (Striding the Blast. First joyless &c.) *T* 81 (The Day's fair Circle. Struck, the Fowls &c.) *T*

Mean-time, in sable Cincture, Shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated Clouds,
And all the vapoury Turbulence of Heaven
Involve the Face of Things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy Gloom oppressive o'er the World,
Thro' Nature shedding Influence malign,
And rouses *up* the Seeds of dark Disease.
The Soul of Man dies in him, loathing Life,
And black with *more than melancholy Views.*
The Cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd Land,
Fresh from the Plow, the dun discolour'd Flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome Root.
Along the Woods, along the moorish Fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming Storm;
And up among the loose disjointed Cliffs,
And fractur'd Mountains wild, the brawling Brook
And Cave, presageful, send a hollow Moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's Ear.

Then comes the Father of the Tempest forth,
Wrapt in black Glooms. First joyless Rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling Skies with Vapour *foul;*
Dash on Mountain's Brow, and shake the Woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th'unsightly Plain
Lies a brown Deluge; as the low-bent Clouds
Pour Flood on Flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into Night shut up
The Day's fair Face. The Wanderers of Heaven,
Each to his Home, retire; save Those that love
To take their Pastime in the troubled Air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply Pool.
The Cattle from th'untasted Fields return,

And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the houshold, feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and wet. Mean-while the cottage-swain
Hangs o'er th'enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolick: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd, B133 D95
And the mix'd ruins of its banks o'erspread,
At last the *rouz'd-up river* pours along,
Resistless, roaring; dreadful down it comes
From the chapt mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far:
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd,
Betwixt two meeting hills it bursts *a way,*
Where rocks, and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great parent! whose *continual* hand B143 D107
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye *subtile* beings! say,
Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,
Against the day of tempest perilous?
In what *far-distant region of the sky,*
Hush'd in *dead* silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

MS 99 chapt] cleft *T? (in pencil)*

And ask, with meaning Lowe, their wonted Stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous Shade.
Thither the houshold feathery People croud,
The crested Cock, with all his female Train,
Pensive, and *dripping;* while the Cottage-*Hind*
Hangs o'er th'enlivening Blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple Frolick: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the Storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble Roof.

Wide o'er the Brim, with many a Torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd *Ruin* of it's Banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd-up River pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the *rude* Mountain, and the mossy Wild,
Tumbling thro' Rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded Valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd,
Between two meeting Hills it bursts a Way,
Where Rocks and Woods o'erhang the turbid Stream;
There gathering triple Force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature! great Parent! whose *unceasing* Hand
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful Year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy Works!
With what a pleasing Dread they swell the Soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
Ye too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous Sweep, I raise my Voice to you.
Where are your Stores, ye *powerful* Beings! say,
Where your aërial Magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding Terrors of the Storm.
In what far-distant Region of the Sky,
Hush'd in dead Silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

F 117 dead] deep
MS 89 dripping *P*

Late in the lowring sky, red, fiery streaks B155 D119
Begin to flush about; the reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy *poise,* as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her sully'd orb.
The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray;
Snatch'd in short eddies plays the fluttering straw;

Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and, skreaming wild,
The circling sea-fowl rise; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.

MS 125 obtuse] blunted *T? (in pencil)* obtuse emit] faint-gleaming shed *T? (in pencil)* shivering] quivering *P?*

When from the palid Sky the Sun descends,
With many a Spot, that o'er his glaring Orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery Streaks
Begin to flush *around.* The reeling Clouds
Stagger with dizzy Poise, as doubting yet
Which Master to obey: while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd East, the Moon
Wears a wan Circle round her *blunted Horns.*
Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating Air,
The Stars obtuse emit a shivering Ray;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the Gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening Blaze.
Snatch'd in short Eddies, plays the *wither'd Leaf;*
And on the Flood the dancing Feather floats.
With broaden'd Nostrils to the Sky upturn'd,
The conscious Heifer snuffs the stormy Gale.
Even as the Matron, at her nightly Task,
With pensive Labour draws the flaxen Thread,
The wasted Taper and the crackling Flame
Foretel the Blast. But chief the plumy Race,
The Tenants of the Sky, it's Changes speak.
Retiring from the Downs, where all Day long
They pick'd their scanty Fare, a blackening Train
Of clamorous Rooks thick-urge their weary Flight,
And seek the closing Shelter of the Grove.
Assiduous, in his Bower, the wailing Owl
Plies his sad Song. The Cormorant on high
Wheels from the Deep, and screams along the Land.
Loud shrieks the soaring Hern; and *with wild Wing*
The circling Sea-Fowl *cleave the flaky Clouds.*
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken Tide
And blind Commotion heaves; while from the Shore,
Eat into Caverns by the restless Wave,
And Forest-rustling Mountain, comes a Voice,
That solemn-sounding bids the World prepare.

Then issues forth the storm, with mad controul,
And the thin fabrick of the pillar'd air
O'erturns at once. Prone, on the passive main,
Descends th'ethereal force, and *with strong gust*
Turns from the bottom the discolour'd deep.
Thro' the loud night, that bids the waves arise,
Lasht into foam, the fierce, conflicting brine
Seems, as it sparkles, all around to burn.
Mean-time whole oceans, heaving to the clouds,
And in broad billows rolling gather'd seas,
Surge over surge, burst in a general roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds athwart the howling waste
Of mighty waters. Now the hilly wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The full-blown Baltick thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of all-exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
Or sand insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
Nor raging here alone unrein'd at sea,
To land the tempest bears; and o'er the cliff,
Where *screams* the sea-mew, *foaming unconfin'd,*
Fierce swallows up the long-resounding shore.

The mountain growls; and all its sturdy sons R174
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on its midnight side, and all aghast,

MS 134 (Hurls into Ruins. On the &c.) *T* 140—142:
Mean-time o'er all the rough, tempestuous Flood
The Billows swell'd, amazing (*P? suggests* tremendous), to the Clouds,
Surge over &c. *T*
152 sand insidious] Shoal, dire-lurking, *T* insidious *P* 158 groans and all his *P* Bellows the Mountain; and his *T*

Then issues forth the Storm with *sudden Burst*,
And *hurls the whole precipitated* Air,
Down, in a Torrent. On the passive Main
Descends th'etherial Force, and with strong Gust
Turns from *it's* Bottom the discolour'd Deep.
Thro' the *black* Night that *sits immense around*,
Lash'd into Foam, the fierce conflicting Brine
Seems *o'er a thousand raging Waves* to burn;
Meantime *the Mountain-Billows*, to the Clouds
In dreadful Tumult swell'd, Surge above Surge,
Burst into Chaos with tremendous Roar,
And anchor'd Navies from their Stations drive,
Wild as the Winds *across* the howling Waste
Of mighty Waters: now *th'inflated* Wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret Chambers of the Deep,
The *wintry* Baltick thundering o'er their *Heads.*
Emerging thence again, before the Breath
Of *full*-exerted Heaven they wing their Course,
And dart on distant Coasts; if some sharp Rock,
Or *Shoal* insidious break not their Career,
And in loose Fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at Land the loosen'd Tempest reigns.
The Mountain *thunders; and* it's sturdy Sons
Stoop to the Bottom of the Rocks they shade.
Lone *to the* midnight *Steep*, and all aghast,

F 178 to] on
MS 158 *P* 169 wintry *P?* 171 *P?*

The dark, way-faring stranger breathless toils,
And, *often falling,* climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its *tarnish'd* honours yet *remain;*
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatcht, or lordly *roof,*
Keen-fastening, shakes *them* to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; *and round the rocking dome,*
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
That, *utter'd* by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe, and death.

Huge Uproar lords it wide. The clouds commixt B191 D177
With stars swift-gliding sweep along the sky.
All nature reels. Till nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then straight *air, sea, and earth* are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis *midnight waste.* The weary clouds, B198 D184
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the *serious* Night,
And Contemplation her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th'intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

And now, ye lying Vanities of life! B205 D191
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?

MS 183 (Earth Sea and Air) Air Earth and Sea *T*

The dark way-faring Stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the Blast.
Low waves the rooted Forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of it's tarnish'd Honours yet remain;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing Wind's
Assiduous Fury, it's gigantic Limbs.
Thus struggling thro' the dissipated Grove
The whirling Tempest raves along the Plain;
And on the Cottage thatch'd, or lordly Roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid Base.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking Dome,
For Entrance eager, howls the savage Blast.
Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd Air,
Long Groans are heard, shrill Sounds, and distant Sighs,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the Night,
Warn the devoted Wretch of Woe and Death.

Huge Uproar lords it wide. The Clouds commix'd
With Stars swift-gliding sweep along the Sky.
All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous Darkness dwells alone,
And on the Wings of the careering Wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a Calm;
Then straight Air Sea and Earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis Midnight *deep*. The weary Clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid Gloom.
Now, while the drowsy World lies lost in Sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night,
And Contemplation her sedate Compeer;
Let me shake off th'intrusive Cares of Day,
And lay the meddling Senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying Vanities of Life!
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating Train!
Where are you now? and what is your Amount?

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! And yet deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes to run *the* giddy round.

Father of light, and life! thou Good supreme! B213 I
O teach me what is good! teach me thy self!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener Tempests come: and fuming dun B219 D
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with *the gather'd* storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. *Sudden the fields*
Put on their winter-robe, of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts,
Along the mazy stream. The leafless woods
Bow their hoar heads. And, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west *emits* his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill,
Is *one wild,* dazzling waste. The labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon

MS 214 With Flow continual. Swift, the cherish'd Fields *T* 223, 224 (With meaning Lowe the Fruit of all his Toil || Well-earn'd) *T* (His well-earn'd Stall. Meantime the Fowls of Heaven) *T*

Vexation, Disappointment, and Remorse.
Sad, sickening Thought! and yet deluded Man,
A Scene of crude disjointed Visions past,
And broken Slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd Hopes, to run the giddy Round.

Father of Light and Life! thou Good supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from Folly, Vanity, and Vice,
From every low Pursuit! and feed my Soul
With Knowledge, conscious Peace, and Virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading Bliss!

The keener Tempests come: and fuming dun
From all the livid East, or piercing North,
Thick Clouds ascend; in whose capacious Womb
A vapoury Deluge lies, to Snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy World along;
And the Sky saddens with the gather'd Storm.
Thro' the hush'd Air the whitening Shower descends,
At first thin-wavering; till at last the Flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the Day,
With a continual Flow. *The cherish'd* Fields
Put on their Winter-Robe, of purest White.
'Tis Brightness all; save where the new Snow melts,
Along the mazy *Current. Low, the* Woods
Bow their hoar *Head;* and, ere the languid Sun
Faint from the West emits his Evening-Ray,
Earth's universal Face, deep-hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling Waste, *that buries wide*
The Works of Man. Drooping, the Labourer-Ox
Stands cover'd o'er with Snow, and then demands
The Fruit of all his Toil. The Fowls of Heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel Season, croud around
The winnowing Store, and claim the little Boon

MS 239 that (covers all) buries deep *T* 240 Men *T*

That Providence allows. The Red-breast sole,
Wisely regardful of th'embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering fellows, and to trusted man
His annual visit pays. The foodless wilds 6 lines omit
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak *heaven,* and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then sad, dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind, B256 D245
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,

D 230 *Between* pays *and* The foodless *the 6 lines which were omited from C are reinsertd:*

New to the dome [230]
Against the window beats, then brisk alights
On the warm hearth, and hopping o'er the floor
Eyes all the smiling Family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs [235]
Attract his slender feet.

The addition of these verses constitutes the only difference between D and C.

MS 241 With plenteous Food. *P*

Which Providence *assigns them. One alone,*
The Red-Breast, sacred to the houshold Gods,
Wisely regardful of th'embroiling Sky,
In joyless Fields, and thorny Thickets, leaves
His shivering *Mates, and pays* to trusted Man
His annual Visit. *Half-afraid, he first*
Against the Window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm Hearth; *then,* hopping o'er the Floor,
Eyes all the smiling Family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the Table-Crumbs
Attract his slender Feet. The foodless Wilds
Pour forth their brown Inhabitants. The Hare,
Tho' timorous of Heart, and hard beset
By Death in various Forms, dark Snares, and Dogs,
And more unpitying Men, the Garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating Kind
Eye the bleak Heaven, and next the glistening Earth,
With Looks of dumb Despair; then, sad-dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd Herb thro' Heaps of Snow.

Now, Shepherds, to your helpless Charge be kind,
Baffle the raging Year, and fill their Pens
With Food at Will; lodge them below the Storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing East,

In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
In one *wide waft,* and o'er *the hapless* flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till upwards urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce, B—
All winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the white abrupt; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray:
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain effort. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, that fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the tract, and blest abode of man:
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen eye,

In this dire Season, oft the Whirlwind's Wing
Sweeps up the Burthen of whole wintry Plains
In one wide Waft, and o'er the hapless Flocks,
Hid in the Hollow of two neighbouring Hills,
The billowy Tempest whelms; till, *upward* urg'd,
The Valley to a shining Mountain swells,
Tipt with a Wreath, high-curling in the Sky.

As thus the Snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd Air;
In his own loose-revolving Fields, the Swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other Hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless Brow; and other Scenes,
Of horrid Prospect, shag the trackless Plain:
Nor finds the River, nor the Forest, hid
Beneath the *formless Wild;* but wanders on
From Hill to Dale, still more and more astray:
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted Heaps,
Stung with the Thoughts of Home; the Thoughts of Home
Rush on his Nerves, and call their Vigour forth
In many a vain *Attempt.* How sinks his Soul!
What black Despair, what Horror fills his Heart!
When for the dusky Spot, *which* Fancy feign'd
His tufted Cottage rising thro' the Snow,
He meets the Roughness of the middle Waste,
Far from the *Track,* and blest Abode of Man:
While round him Night resistless closes fast,
And every Tempest, howling o'er his Head,
Renders the savage Wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy Shapes into his Mind,
Of cover'd Pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire Descent! beyond the Power of Frost,
Of faithless Bogs; of Precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with Snow; and, what is Land unknown,
What Water, of the still unfrozen *Spring,*

MS 302 *P*

In the loose marsh, or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixt with the tender anguish nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th'officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling rack, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve,
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his stronger vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Unstretch'd, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud, B— D3
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,

In the loose Marsh or solitary Lake,
Where the fresh Fountain from the Bottom boils.
These check his fearful Steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the Shelter of the shapeless Drift,
Thinking o'er all the Bitterness of Death,
Mix'd with the tender Anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung Bosom of the dying Man,
His Wife, his Children, and his Friends unseen.
In vain for him th'officious Wife prepares
The Fire fair-blazing, and the Vestment warm:
In vain his little Children, peeping out
Into the mingling *Storm,* demand their Sire,
With Tears of artless Innocence. Alas!
Nor Wife, nor Children, more shall he behold,
Nor Friends, nor sacred Home. On every Nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up Sense;
And, o'er his *inmost* Vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the Snows, a stiffen'd Corse,
Stretchd' out, and bleaching in the northern Blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious Proud,
Whom Pleasure, Power, and Affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless Hours in giddy Mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, Riot waste;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very Moment, Death
And all the sad Variety of Pain!
How many sink in the devouring Flood,
Or more devouring Flame. How many bleed,
By shameful Variance betwixt Man and Man.
How many pine in Want, and Dungeon Glooms;
Shut from the common Air, and common Use
Of their own Limbs. How many drink the Cup
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter Bread
Of Misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry Winds,

MS 314 *P? (T* or *P Tovey)* 321 *P (T or P Tovey)*

How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of chearless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rackt with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
Like wailing pensive ghosts awaiting theirs,
And point the parting pang. Thought but fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of anguish, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And his wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous few, B– D:
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive sought
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans;
Where Sickness pines; where Thirst and Hunger burn,
And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street, and public meeting glows
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd:
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;

MS 334 And | But *T (in pencil)*

How many shrink into the sordid Hut
Of chearless Poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer Tortures of the Mind,
Unbounded Passion, Madness, Guilt, Remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the Height of Life,
They furnish Matter for the Tragic Muse.
Even in the Vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest Passions, droop
In deep retir'd Distress. How many stand
Around the Death-Bed of their dearest Friends,
And point the parting *Anguish*. *Thought* fond Man *1 line omitted*
Of these, and all the thousand nameless Ills,
That one incessant Struggle render Life,
One Scene of Toil, of *Suffering*, and of Fate,
Vice in his high Career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious Heart of Charity would warm,
And *her* wide Wish Benevolence dilate;
The social Tear would rise, the social Sigh;
And into clear Perfection, gradual Bliss,
Refining still, the social Passions work.

And here can I forget the generous **Band*,
Who, touch'd with human Woe, redressive *search'd*
Into the Horrors of the gloomy Jail?
Unpity'd, and unheard, where Misery moans;
Where Sickness pines; where Thirst and Hunger burn,
And poor Misfortune feels the Lash of Vice.
While in the Land of Liberty, the Land
Whose every Street and public Meeting *glow*
With open Freedom, little Tyrants rag'd:
Snatch'd the lean Morsel from the starving Mouth;

* *The Jail-Committee, in the Year 1729.*

Tore from cold, wintry limbs the tatter'd robe;
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
And crush'd out lives, by various nameless ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
Hail patriot-band! who, scorning secret scorn,
When Justice, and when Mercy led the way,
Drag'd the detected monsters into light,
Wrench'd from their hand Oppression's iron rod,
And bad the cruel feel the pains they gave.
Yet stop not here, let all the land rejoice,
And make the blessing unconfin'd, as great.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law (what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade)
Oh glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right.

Yet more outragious is the season still, B267 D371
A deeper horror, in Siberian wilds;
Where Winter keeps his unrejoicing court, *Cf.* E895
And in his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard.
There thro' the ragged woods absorpt in snow, *Cf.* E827
Sole tenant of these shades, the shaggy bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and sowrer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath *the drifted snow;*
And, scorning the complainings of distress,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.
While tempted vigorous o'er the marble waste, *ll.* 377–80 *omitted from E*
On sleds reclin'd, the furry Russian sits;

Tore from cold wintry Limbs the tatter'd *Weed;*
Even robb'd them of the last of Comforts, Sleep;
The free-born Briton to the Dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the Lust of Cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious Stripes:
And crush'd out Lives, by *secret barbarous* Ways,
That for their Country would have toil'd, or bled.
O great Design! if executed well,
With patient Care, and Wisdom-temper'd Zeal.
Ye Sons of Mercy! yet resume the Search;
Drag forth the legal Monsters into Light,
Wrench from their *Hands* Oppression's iron Rod,
And *bid* the Cruel feel the Pains they *give.*
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank Age, *2 lines omitted*
Much in the Patriot's weeding Hand requir'd.
The Toils of Law, (what dark insidious Men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the Truth,
And lengthen simple Justice into Trade)
How glorious were the Day! that saw These broke,
And every Man within the Reach of Right.

And, by his rain-deer drawn, behind him throws
A shining kingdom in a winter's day.

Or from the cloudy Alps, and Appenine, B279 I
Capt with grey mists, and everlasting snows;
Where nature in stupendous ruin lies,
And from the leaning rock, on either side,
Gush out those streams that classic song renowns:
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Assembling wolves in torrent troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The god-like face of man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lyon stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless, undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrowded body from the tomb; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

MS 381 Or] (Now) *P* 382 Capt with] Wrapt in *T*

By wintry Famine rous'd, from all the Tract
Of horrid Mountains which the shining Alps,
And wavy Appenines, and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant Lands;
Cruel as Death, and hungry as the Grave!
Burning for Blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Assembling Wolves in *raging* Troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the Country, bear along,
Keen as the North-Wind sweeps the glossy Snow.
All is their Prize. They fasten on the Steed,
Press him to Earth, and pierce his mighty Heart.
Nor can the Bull his awful Front defend,
Or shake the murdering Savages away.
Rapacious, at the Mother's Throat they fly,
And tear the screaming Infant from her Breast.
The godlike Face of Man avails him nought.
Even Beauty, Force divine! at whose bright Glance
The generous Lion stands in soften'd Gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd Prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe Attack,
The Country be shut up, lur'd by the Scent,
On Church-Yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed Prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded Body from the *Grave;* o'er which,
Mix'd with foul Shades, and frighted Ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly Regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful Vales the happy Grisons dwell;
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded Cliffs,
Mountains of Snow their gathering Terrors roll.
From Steep to Steep, loud-thundering, down they come,
A wintry Waste in dire Commotion all;
And Herds, and Flocks, and Travellers, and Swains,

Now, all amid the rigours of the year, B306
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by a boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To chase the chearless gloom. There let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead;
Sages of antient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th'inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
Before my wondering eyes. — First Socrates,
Whose simple question to the folded heart
Stole unperceiv'd, and from the maze of thought
Evolv'd the secret truth — a god-like man!
Solon the next, who built his common-weal
On equity's *wide* base. Lycurgus then,
Severely good; and him of rugged Rome,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons.
Cimon sweet-soul'd, and Aristides just;
With that *attemper'd Hero, mild, and firm,
Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.
Scipio, the humane warrior, gently brave;
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade,
With friendship, and philosophy, retir'd.

* Timoleon.

And sometimes whole Brigades of marching Troops,
Or Hamlets sleeping in the Dead of Night,
Are deep beneath the smothering Ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the Rigours of the Year,
In the wild Depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless Winds blow Ice, be my Retreat,
Between the groaning Forest and the Shore,
Beat by a boundless Multitude of Waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, Scene;
Where ruddy Fire and beaming Tapers join,
To *chear the Gloom. There studious* let me sit,
And hold high Converse with the mighty Dead;
Sages of antient Time, as Gods rever'd,
As Gods beneficent, who blest Mankind
With Arts, and Arms, and humaniz'd a World.
Rous'd at th'inspiring Thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd Volume; and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred Shades, that slowly-rising pass
Before my wondering Eyes. First Socrates,
Who firmly good in a corrupted State,
Against the Rage of Tyrants single stood,
Invincible! calm Reason's holy Law,
That Voice of God within th'attentive Mind,
Obeying, fearless, or in Life, or Death:
Great Moral Teacher! Wisest of Mankind!
Solon the next, who built his Common-Weal
On Equity's wide Base; *by tender Laws*
A lively People curbing, yet undamp'd
Preserving still that quick peculiar Fire,

F 428 a] the

MS 439 *sq. P gives the "mighty dead" in the foll. order: Socrates, Solon, Lycurgus, Numa, Fabricius, Scipio, Cato, Brutus, Cimon, Timoleon, Pelopidas, and Epaminondas.* 440—45 *P, with the foll. variants:* calm] pure holy] sacred th'attentive] the spotless 447—49 *P, with the foll. variants:* tender] gentle undamp'd] unquenchd quick peculiar] native, generous

And, equal to the best, the †Theban *twain*,
Who, single rais'd *their* country into fame.
Thousands behind, the boast of Greece and Rome,
Whom Virtue owns, the tribute of a verse
Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?

† *Pelopidas, and Epaminondas.*

Whence in the laurel'd Field of finer Arts,
And of bold Freedom, they unequal'd shone,
The Pride of smiling Greece, and Human-kind.
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the Force *Cf.* C427
Of strictest Discipline, severely wise,
All human Passions. Following Him, I see,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell
*The firm *Devoted Chief, who prov'd by Deeds*
The hardest Lesson which the other taught.
Then Aristides lifts his honest Front;
Spotless of Heart, to whom th'unflattering Voice
Of Freedom gave the noblest Name of Just;
In pure majestic Poverty rever'd;
Who, even his Glory to his Country's Weal
Submitting, swell'd a haughty †Rival's Fame.
Rear'd by his Care, of softer Ray, appears
Cimon sweet-soul'd; *whose Genius, rising strong,* *Cf.* C430
Shook off the Load of young Debauch; abroad
The Scourge of Persian Pride, at home the Friend
Of every Worth and every splendid Art;
Modest, and simple, in the Pomp of Wealth.
Then the last Worthies of declining Greece,
Late-call'd to Glory, in unequal Times,
Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian Boast,
Timoleon, temper'd happy, mild, and firm, *Cf.* C431
Who wept the Brother while the Tyrant bled.
And, equal to the Best, the **Theban *Pair,* *Cf.* C438
Whose Virtues, in heroic Concord join'd,
Their Country rais'd to Freedom, Empire, Fame.
He too, with whom Athenian Honour sunk,
And left a Mass of sordid Lees behind,

* *Leonidas.* † *Themistocles.* ** Pelopidas, and Epaminondas.

MS 453—55 (Passions) *P, but first* Grand *for* wise. 476—78 *P, who had first written*: Theban; He || who single rais'd his Country into Fame.

Phocion the Good; in public Life severe,
To Virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious Roof,
Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smooth'd his Brow,
Not Friendship softer was, nor Love more kind.
And He, the last of old Lycurgus' Sons,
The generous Victim to that vain Attempt,
To save a rotten State, Agis, who saw
Even Sparta's self to servile Avarice sunk.
The two Achaian Heroes close the Train.
Aratus, who a while relum'd the Soul
Of fondly-lingering Liberty in Greece;
And He her Darling as her latest Hope,
The gallant Philopemon; who to Arms
Turn'd the luxurious Pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his Farm, a simple Swain;
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the Field.
Of rougher Front, a mighty People come!
A Race of Heroes! in those virtuous Times
Which knew no Stain, save that with partial Flame
Their dearest Country they too fondly lov'd.
Her better Founder first, the Light of Rome,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious Sons. *Cf.* C429
Servius the King, who laid the solid Base
On which o'er Earth the vast Republic spread.
Then the great Consuls venerable rise.
*The *Public Father who the Private quell'd,*
As on the dread Tribunal sternly sad.
He, whom his thankless Country could not lose,
Camillus, only vengeful to her Foes.
Fabricius, Scorner of all-conquering Gold;
And Cincinnatus, awful from the Plow.
Thy †willing Victim, Carthage, bursting loose

* *Marcus Junius Brutus.* † *Regulus.*

MS 502 *After* Passions *(see l. 455) P writes:* Next the Light of Rome *etc.* 511 *P*

But see who yonder comes! *in sober state,* B338 D450
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
'Tis Phœbus self, or else the Mantuan swain!
Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of song! and equal by his side,
The British muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, *full up the middle steep to fame.*
Nor absent are those tuneful shades, I ween,
Taught by the Graces, whose inchanting touch
Shakes every passion from the various string;
Nor those, who solemnize the moral scene.

First of your kind! Society divine! B346 D461
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
And mount my soaring soul to deeds like yours.

From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
From a whole City's Tears, by rigid Faith
Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire Command.
Scipio, the *gentle Chief, humanely* brave, *Cf.* C434
Who soon the Race of spotless Glory ran,
And, warm in Youth, to the Poetic Shade
With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd.
Tully, whose powerful Eloquence a while
Restrain'd the rapid Fate of rushing Rome.
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in Extreme. *Cf.* C433
And Thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of Heart,
Whose steady Arm, by awful Virtue urg'd,
Lifted the Roman Steel against thy Friend.
Thousands, besides, the Tribute of a Verse *Cf.* C440
Demand; but who can count the Stars of Heaven?
Who sing their Influence on this lower World?

Behold, who yonder comes! in sober State,
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal Sun:
'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
Great Homer too appears, of daring Wing,
Parent of Song! and equal by his Side,
The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle Steep to Fame.
Nor absent are those *Shades, whose skilful Hand*
Pathetic drew th'impassion'd Heart, and charm'd
Transported Athens with the moral Scene:
Nor Those who, *tuneful, wak'd th'enchanting Lyre.*

First of your Kind! Society divine!
Still visit thus my Nights, for you reserv'd,
And mount my soaring Soul to *Thoughts* like yours.

F 537 Hand] Touch

MS 517 *P* 524—26 *P, with* Thou too *for* And Thou, *and* the Friend *for* thy Friend. 538 drew] traced *T* 540 Lyre] (String) *T*

Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
Save Lycidas the friend, with sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the muses' hill will Pope descend,
To raise the sacred hour, to make it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart:
For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass B– D4
The winter-glooms, with friends of various turn,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search, if this unbounded frame
Of nature rose from unproductive night,

MS 470 blithe] gay *T*

Silence, thou lonely Power! the Door be thine:
See on the hallow'd Hour that none intrude,
Save *a few chosen Friends, that sometimes deign*
To bless my humble Roof, with Sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted Faith,
Unstudy'd Wit, and Humour ever gay.
Or from the Muses' Hill will Pope descend,
To raise the sacred Hour, to *bid* it smile,
And with the social Spirit warm the Heart:
For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his Life the more endearing Song.

Where art Thou, Hammond? Thou the darling Pride,
The Friend and Lover of the tuneful Throng!
Ah why, dear Youth, in all the blooming Prime
Of vernal Genius, where disclosing fast
Each active Worth each manly Virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our Hope so soon?
What now avails that noble Thirst of Fame,
Which stung thy fervent Breast? That treasur'd Store
Of Knowledge, early gain'd? That eager Zeal
To serve thy Country, glowing in the Band
Of youthful Patriots, who sustain her Name?
What now, alas! that Life-diffusing Charm
Of sprightly Wit? That Rapture for the Muse,
That Heart of Friendship, and that Soul of Joy,
Which bade with softest Light thy Virtues smile?
Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond Pursuits,
And teach our humbled Hopes that Life is vain!

Thus in some deep Retirement would I pass
The Winter-Glooms, with Friends of *pliant Soul,*
Or blithe, or solemn, as the Theme inspir'd:
With them would search, if *Nature's boundless* Frame
Was call'd, late-rising from the Void of Night,

F 546 that] who
MS 547 Roof] (Cell) *T* 575, 576 *P*

Or sprung eternal from th'eternal Cause,
Its springs, its laws, its progress and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would gradual open on our opening minds;
And each diffusive harmony unite,
In full perfection, to th'astonish'd eye.
Thence would we plunge into the moral world;
Which, tho' more seemingly perplex'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In universal good. Historic truth
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
Point us how empire grew, revolv'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest heaven, which lights the glorious flame
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
Then, even superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope,
Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.

MS 479 plunge] (search) *P* (dive) *T* Then would we try to (scan) grasp the moral World *T* 480 (Which tho' it spreads) *T*

Or sprung eternal from th'eternal *Mind,*
It's Springs, it's Laws, it's Progress, and it's End.
Hence larger Prospects of the beauteous Whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening Minds;
And each diffusive Harmony unite,
In full Perfection, to th'astonish'd Eye.
Then would we *try to scan* the moral World,
Which, tho' *to us it seems embroil'd,* moves on
In higher Order; fitted, and impell'd,
By Wisdom's finest Hand, and issuing all
In *general Good. The sage Historic Muse*
Should next conduct us thro' the Deeps of Time:
Shew us how Empire grew, *declin'd,* and fell,
In scatter'd States; what makes the Nations smile,
Improves their Soil, and gives them double Suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest Skies,
In Nature's richest Lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our Hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That Portion of Divinity, that Ray
Of purest Heaven, which lights the *public Soul*
Of Patriots, and of Heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble Fortune, to repress
These ardent Risings of the kindling Soul;
Then, even superior to Ambition, we
Would learn the private Virtues; how to glide
Thro' Shades and Plains, along the smoothest Stream
Of rural Life: or snatch'd away by Hope,
Thro' the dim Spaces of Futurity,
With earnest Eye anticipate those Scenes
Of Happiness, and Wonder; where the Mind,
In endless Growth and infinite Ascent
Rises from State to State, and World to World.

F 578 Springs,] Life,

And when with these the serious soul is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
Unnumber'd pictures, fleeting o'er the brain,
Yet rapid still renew'd, and pour'd immense
Into the mind, unbounded without space:
The great, the new, the beautiful; or mix'd,
Burlesque, and odd, the risible and gay;
Whence vivid Wit, and Humour, droll of face,
Call laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Mean-time the village rouzes up the fire; B— D521
While well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round:
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

MS *After l.* 514 *P remarks:* Here the Verses on Hammond, & Ld Chesterfield &c. *These words are cancelled, probably by the writer himself. The lines referred to are not in the MS. copy.*
515 the fair, impartial Laugh. *(See C 549.)*
But from the Town, the rude untuneful Range
Of prowling Men, return, my rural Muse
To where the Village rouzes up the Fire;
While well-attested &c. *T (cancelled)*

After 527:
Clear Frost succeeds; &c ————————
———————— rowls the mighty Flood. *T*
(See C550 and E690.)

But when with These the serious *Thought* is foil'd,
We, shifting for Relief, would play the Shapes
Of frolic Fancy; and incessant form
Those rapid Pictures, that assembled Train
Of fleet Ideas, never join'd before,
Whence *lively* Wit *excites to gay Surprize;*
Or Folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every Nerve.

Mean-time the Village rouzes up the Fire;
While well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the Goblin-Story round;
Till superstitious Horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding Hall, they wake
The rural Gambol. Rustic Mirth goes round:
The simple Joke that takes the Shepherd's Heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud Laugh, sincere;
The Kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong Maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending Sleep;
The Leap, the Slap, the Haul; and, shook to Notes
Of native Music, the respondent Dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-Night.

The city swarms intense. The publick haunt, B– D534
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false inchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune headlong sink.
Rises the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens; rain'd from radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, thick as insects in the summer-shine,
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks; B– D549
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Assenting terror shakes; the silent tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the comic Muse
Holds to the world the picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.

MS *After* 549 *P writes:* Here the Verses upon Hammond, & L. Chesterfield. *These words are cancelled, probably by T. In E the lines on Chesterfield are, indeed, inserted here, but the lines on Hammond follow those on Pope (E555–71).*

The City swarms intense. The public Haunt,
Full of each Theme, and warm with mixt Discourse,
Hums indistinct. The Sons of Riot flow
Down the loose Stream of false inchanted Joy,
To swift Destruction. On the rankled Soul
The gaming Fury falls; and in one Gulph
Of total Ruin, Honour, Virtue, Peace,
Friends, Families, and Fortune, headlong sink.
Up-springs the Dance along the lighted Dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering Court effuses every Pomp;
The Circle deepens: *beam'd* from *gaudy Robes,*
Tapers, and sparkling Gems, and radiant Eyes,
A soft Effulgence o'er the Palace waves:
While, *a gay Insect* in *his* Summer-shine,
The Fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy Wings.

Dread o'er the Scene, the Ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her Soul in Love.
Deep-thrilling Terror shakes; the *comely* Tear
Steals o'er the Cheek: or else the Comic Muse
Holds to the World *a* Picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial Laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her Strain, and paints the Scenes
Of beauteous Life; whate'er can deck Mankind,
*Or charm the Heart, in generous *Bevil shew'd.*

O Thou, whose Wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
Whose Patriot-Virtues, and consummate Skill
To touch the finer Springs that move the World,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating Fire,
Give Thee, with pleasing Dignity, to shine

* *A Character in the Conscious Lovers, written by Sir Richard Steele.*

F 649 Terror alarms the Breast;

Clear frost succeeds; and thro' the blue serene, B354 D556
For sight too fine, th'ethereal nitre flies:

MS 550 *P asks:* Quere, Does not there want a better connection here (*cancelled by T, who takes the hint*).

At once the Guardian, Ornament, and Joy,
Of polish'd Life; permit the Rural Muse,
O Chesterfield, to grace with Thee her Song!
Ere to the Shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond Ambition, in thy Train,
(For every Muse has in thy Train a Place)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd Mind:
To mark that Spirit, which, with British Scorn,
Rejects th'Allurements of corrupted Power;
That elegant Politeness, which excels
Even in the Judgement of presumptuous France,
The boasted Manners of her shining Court;
That Wit, the vivid Energy of Sense,
The Truth of Nature, which, with Attic Point,
And kind well-temper'd Satire, smoothly keen,
Steals through the Soul, and without Pain corrects.
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter Flame,
O let me hail Thee on some glorious Day,
When to the listening Senate, ardent, croud
Britannia's Sons to hear her pleaded Cause.
Then drest by Thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft Robe of mild Persuasion wears:
Thou to assenting Reason giv'st again
Her own enlighten'd Thoughts; call'd from the Heart,
Th'obedient Passions on thy Voice attend;
And even reluctant Party feels a while
Thy gracious Power: as thro' the vary'd Maze
Of Eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious Flood.

To thy lov'd Haunt return, my happy Muse:
For now, behold, the joyous Winter-Days,
Frosty, succeed; and thro' the blue Serene,
For Sight too fine, th'etherial Niter flies;

Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In desolation seen. The vacant glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
Amazing, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen stores B–1
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading Power,
Whom even th'illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
Thro' water, earth and ether? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the still rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
An icy gale, *oft shifting, o'er the pool* *Cf.* A
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. *The loosen'd ice,*
Let down the flood, and half-dissolv'd by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,

MS 569 Amazing] Delightful *T*

Killing infectious Damps, and the spent Air
Storing afresh with elemental Life.
Close crouds the shining Atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthen'd Bodies in it's cold Embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our Blood;
Refines our Spirits, thro' the new-strung Nerves,
In swifter Sallies darting to the Brain;
Where sits the Soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the Skies, and as the Season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating Force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless Eye
In *Ruin seen*. *The Frost-concocted* Glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable Soul,
And gathers Vigour for the coming Year.
A stronger Glow sits on the lively Cheek
Of ruddy Fire: and luculent along
The purer Rivers flow; their sullen Deeps,
Transparent, open to the Shepherd's Gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing Frost.

What art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen Stores
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading Power,
Whom even th'illusive Fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent Energy, unseen,
Myriads of little Salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double Wedges, and diffus'd immense
Thro' Water, Earth, and Ether? Hence at Eve,
Steam'd eager from the red Horizon round,
With the *fierce* Rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
An icy Gale, oft shifting, o'er the Pool
Breathes a blue Film, and in it's mid Career
Arrests the bickering Stream. The loosen'd Ice,
Let down the Flood, and half dissolv'd by Day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy Bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed Stone,

A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till seiz'd from shore to shore,
The whole detruded river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening-watch,
The village-dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the many sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes nature fast. It freezes on; *Cf.* A311
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendant isicle; the frost-work fair, *Cf.* A315
Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;
The liquid kingdom all to solid turn'd;
Wide-spouted o'er the brow, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithesome frolicks bent, the youthful swains, B372 D624
While every work of man is laid at rest,

MS 594 many sounding] (shrill-resounding) shrilly-sounding *T*

A crystal Pavement, by the Breath of Heaven
Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from Shore to Shore,
The whole *imprison'd* River growls below.
Loud rings the frozen Earth, and hard reflects
A double Noise; while, at his evening Watch,
The village Dog deters the nightly Thief;
The Heifer lows; the distant Water-fall
Swells in the Breeze; and, with the hasty Tread
Of Traveller, the *hollow*-sounding Plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal Round,
Infinite Worlds disclosing to the View,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one Cope
Of starry Glitter, glows from Pole to Pole.
From Pole to Pole the rigid Influence falls,
Thro' the still Night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
Till Morn, late-rising o'er the drooping World,
Lifts her pale Eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various Labour of the silent Night:
Prone from the dripping Eave, and dumb Cascade,
Whose idle Torrents only seem to roar,
The pendant Icicle; the Frost-Work fair,
Where transient Hues, and fancy'd Figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the *Hill,* the frozen Brook, *1 line omitted*
A livid Tract, cold-gleaming on the Morn;
The Forest bent beneath the plumy Wave;
And by the Frost refin'd the whiter Snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the Tread
Of early Shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining Flock, or from the Mountain-top,
Pleas'd with the slippery Surface, swift descends.

On blithsome Frolicks bent, the youthful Swains,
While every Work of Man is laid at rest,

Fond o'er the river rush, and shuddering view
The *doubtful* deeps below. *Or where the lake*
And long canal the cerule plain extend,
The city pours her thousands, swarming all,
From every quarter: and, with him who slides;
Or skating sweeps, swift as the winds, along,
In circling poise; or else disorder'd falls,
His feet, illuded, sprawling to the sky,
While the laugh rages round; from end to end,
Encreasing still, resounds the crowded scene.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day; B– D
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon;
And, inffectual, strikes the gelid cliff.
The mountain still his azure gloss maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that, by the breeze diffus'd,
Gay-twinkle thro' the gleam. Heard thick around,

Fond o'er the River *croud, in various Sport*
And Revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the Train! the raptur'd Boy
Lashes the whirling Top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long Canal extends,
From every Province swarming, void of Care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding Skates, a thousand different Ways,
In circling Poise, swift as the Winds, along,
The then gay Land is madden'd all to Joy.
Nor less the northern Courts, wide o'er the Snow,
Pour a new Pomp. Eager, on rapid Sleds,
Their vigorous Youth in bold Contention wheel
The long-resounding Course. Meantime, to raise
The manly Strife, with highly-blooming Charms,
Flush'd by the Season, Scandinavia's Dames,
Or Russia's buxom Daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome Day;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal Sun,
Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmost Noon;
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid Cliff.
His azure Gloss the Mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble Touch. Perhaps the Vale
Relents a while to the reflected Ray;
Or from the Forest falls the cluster'd Snow,
Myriads of Gems, that *in the waving Gleam*
Gay-twinkle *as they scatter.* Thick around

MS 763—78 *(The variations are all by T):* 763 Revelry] Jollity *After l.* 763 *he had first added:* Even wth his Master, Partner of his Play, 768 The rous'd Batavians rush; 771 Gay only then; (and all a Scene of Joy) and madden'd all with Joy 772 The northern Courts, along the harden'd Snow, 773 (On rapid Sleds they) Hung o'er the rapid Sled 774 bold] Rued 775—78 Meantime around, || Their Charms exalted by the (pointing) healthful Year, || Kindling the Strife, fair Scandinavia's Dames || And Russia's buxom Daughters glowing shine.

Thunders the sport of those, who, with the gun, *Cf.* A321
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the *footed,* or the *feather'd* game.

But what is this? these infant tempests what? B— D651
The mockery of Winter: should our eye
Astonish'd shoot into the frozen zone;
Where more than half the joyless year is night;
And, failing gradual, life at last goes out. *Cf.* E890

Thunders the Sport of Those, who with the Gun,
And Dog impatient bounding at the Shot,
Worse than the Season, desolate the Fields;
And, adding to the Ruins of the Year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd Game.

But what is This? *Our* infant *Winter sinks,*
Divested of his Grandeur, should our Eye
Astonish'd shoot into the *Frigid* Zone;
Where, *for relentless Months, continual* Night,
Holds o'er the glittering Waste her starry Reign.

There, thro' the Prison of unbounded Wilds,
Barr'd by the Hand of Nature from Escape,
Wide-roams the Russian Exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad Eye, but Desarts lost in Snow;
And heavy-loaded Groves; and solid Floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary Vast,
Their icy Horrors to the frozen Main;
And chearless Towns far-distant, never bless'd,
Save when it's annual Course the Caravan
*Bends to the golden Coast of rich *Cathay,*
With News of Human-kind. Yet there Life glows;
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining Waste,
The furry Nations harbour: tipt with Jet,
Fair Ermines, spotless as the Snows they press;
Sables, of glossy Black; and, dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled Hue,
Thousands besides, the costly Pride of Courts.
There, warm together press'd, the trooping Deer
Sleep on the new-fallen Snows; and, scarce his Head
Rais'd o'er the heapy Wreath, the branching Elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white Abyss.
Nor Dogs, nor Toils, he wants; nor with the Dread

* *The old Name of China.*

F 808 *(Note)* for China.
820, 821 The ruthless Hunter wants nor Dogs nor Toils,
Nor with the Dread of sounding Bows he drives

Of sounding Bows the ruthless Hunter drives
The fearful-flying Race; with ponderous Clubs,
As weak against the Mountain-Heaps they push
Their beating Breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th'ensanguin'd Snows,
And with loud Shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There thro' the *piny Forest half-absorpt,* *Cf.* C370
Rough Tenant of these Shades, the *shapeless* Bear,
With dangling Ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the Storms increase,
He makes his Bed beneath *th'inclement Drift,*
And, *with stern Patience, scorning weak Complaint,*
Hardens his Heart against assailing Want.

Wide o'er the spacious Regions of the North,
That see Boötes urge his tardy Wain,
*A boisterous Race, by frosty *Caurus pierc'd,*
Who little Pleasure know and fear no Pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the Flame
Of lost Mankind in polish'd Slavery sunk,
Drove martial †Horde on Horde, with dreadful Sweep
Resistless rushing o'er th'enfeebled South,
And gave the vanquish'd World another Form.
Not such the Sons of Lapland: wisely They
Despise th'insensate barbarous Trade of War;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives,
They love their Mountains and enjoy their Storms.
No false Desires, no Pride-created Wants,
Disturb the peaceful Current of their Days;
And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd Maze
Of Pleasure, or Ambition, bid it rage.
Their Rain-Deer form their Riches. These their Tents,
Their Robes, their Beds, and all their homely Wealth

* *The North-West Wind.*
† *The wandering Scythian-Clans.*

F 848 Days;] Time;

Supply, their wholesome Fare, and chearful Cups.
Obsequious at their Call, the docile Tribe
Yield to the Sled their Necks, and whirl them swift
O'er Hill and Dale, heap'd into one Expanse
Of marbled Snow, or far as Eye can sweep
With a blue Crust of Ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing Meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving Blaze refracted o'er the Heavens,
And vivid Moons, and Stars that keener play
With doubled Luster from the radiant Waste,
Even in the Depth of Polar Night, they find
A wondrous Day: enough to light the Chace,
Or guide their daring Steps to Finland-Fairs.
Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy South,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome Sun, just verging up at first,
By small Degrees extends the swelling Curve;
Till seen at last for gay rejoicing Months,
Still round and round, his spiral Course he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming Orb,
Wheels up again, and reascends the Sky.
In that glad Season, from the Lakes and Floods,
*Where *pure Niemi's fairy Mountains rise,*
And fring'd with Roses †Tenglio rolls his Stream,
They draw the copious Fry. With these, at Eve,
They chearful-loaded to their Tents repair;
Where, all Day long in useful Cares employ'd,

* *M. de Maupertuis, in his Book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says — "From this Height we had Occasion several times to see those Vapours rise from the Lake which the People of the Country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian Spirits of the Mountains. We had been frighted with Stories of Bears that haunted this Place, but saw none. It seem'd rather a Place of Resort for Fairies and Genii than Bears".*

† *The same Author observes — "I was surprized to see upon the Banks of this River (the Tenglio), Roses of as lively a Red as any that are in our Gardens".*

Their kind unblemish'd Wives the Fire prepare.
Thrice happy Race! by Poverty secur'd
From legal Plunder and rapacious Power:
In whom fell Interest never yet has sown
The Seeds of Vice; whose spotless Swains ne'er knew
Injurious Deed, nor, blasted by the Breath
Of faithless Love, their blooming Daughters Woe.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornêa's Lake,
And Hecla flaming thro' a Waste of Snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the Pole itself,
Where failing gradual Life at *length* goes out, *Cf.* C649
The Muse expands her solitary Flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous Scene,
*Beholds new Seas beneath *another Sky.*
Thron'd in his Palace of cerulean Ice,
Here Winter *holds* his unrejoicing Court; *Cf.* B268 C367
And *thro'* his airy Hall the loud Misrule
Of driving Tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim Tyrant meditates his Wrath;
Here arms his Winds with all-subduing Frost;
Moulds his fierce Hail, and treasures up his Snows,
With which he now oppresses half the Globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's Coast,
She sweeps the howling Margin of the Main;

* *The other Hemisphere.*

MS *For* 887–91 *the following cancelled draught in T's hand:*
Still farther on, even to the Pole itself,
Where failing gradual Life (at last) at Length goes out,
The Muse, sole Creature there alive *(?)*, expand
A (dar) fearless Wing
The Muse (expands) directs her solitary (Way) Flight
Then T writes text E with the following partly corrected variations:
891 expands] directs 892 stupendous] (tremendous) 894 Thron'd] (High) cerulean] (eternal) 899 arms] wings 901 Globe.] (World) 902 winding] (curving) 903 the howling] (along the)

There undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;
And icy mountains there, on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless, and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the main,
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Shake the firm pole, and make an ocean boil.
Whence heap'd abrupt along the howling shore,
And into various shapes (as fancy leans)
Work'd by the wave, the crystal pillars heave,
Swells the blue portico, the gothic dome
Shoots fretted up; and birds, and beasts, and men,
Rise into mimic life, and sink by turns.
The restless deep itself cannot resist
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
Shag'd o'er with wavy rocks, chearless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long long night, incumbent o'er their head,
*Falls horrible. Such was the *Briton's fate,*
As with first prow, (What have not Britons dar'd!)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship

* *Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent out by Queen Elizabeth to discover the North-east Passage.*

Where undissolving, from the First of Time,
Snows swell on Snows amazing to the Sky;
And icy Mountains, *high* on Mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering Sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an Atmosphere of Clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the *Surge,*
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the Deep, and shake the solid Pole.

Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding Fury; but, in all it's Rage
Of Tempest taken by the boundless Frost,
Is many a Fathom to the Bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak Expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy Rocks, chearless, and void
Of every Life, that from the dreary Months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering Ice,
Take their last Look of the descending Sun;
While, full of Death, and fierce with tenfold Frost,
The long long Night, incumbent o'er their *Heads,*
Falls horrible. Such was the *Briton's Fate,
As with first Prow, (What have not Britons dar'd!)
He for the Passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal Bars.
In these fell Regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony Deep his idle Ship

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, *sent by* Queen Elizabeth to discover the North-East Passage.

Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, the last of mankind live; B–D
And, scarce enliven'd by the distant sun,
(That rears and ripens man, as well as plants)
Here Human Nature just begins to dawn.
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous chear,
They wear the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Ly the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
Nor tenderness they know; nor ought of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
Till long-expected morning looks at length
Faint on their fields (where Winter reigns alone)
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace.

MS 688 mankind] (Mortals) *T* *Then T writes afresh:*
Hard by (these Shores) this Coast, where wedg'd within the Main
Lies icy Oby, live the last of Men;
And, scarce &c.
695 Ly] Sleep *T* 699 o'er the Fields *T*

Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless Crew,
Each full exerted at his several Task,
Froze into Statues; to the Cordage glued
The Sailor, and the Pilot to the Helm.

Hard by these Shores, *where scarce his freezing Stream*
Rolls the wild Oby, live the Last of Men;
And, *half*-enliven'd by the distant Sun,
That rears and ripens Man, as well as Plants,
Here Human Nature *wears it's rudest Form.*
Deep from the piercing Season sunk in Caves,
Here by dull Fires, and with unjoyous Chear,
They *waste* the tedious Gloom. Immers'd in Furs,
Doze the gross Race. Nor sprightly Jest, nor Song,
Nor Tenderness they know; nor aught of Life,
Beyond the kindred Bears that stalk without.
Till *Morn at length, her Roses drooping all,*
Sheds a long Twilight brightening o'er their Fields,
And calls the quiver'd Savage to the Chace.

What cannot active Government perform,
New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these Shores,
A People savage from remotest Time,
A huge neglected Empire One vast Mind,
By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic Darkness call'd.
Immortal Peter! First of Monarchs! He
His stubborn Country tam'd, her Rocks, her Fens,
Her Floods, her Seas, her ill-submitting Sons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
To more exalted Soul he raised the Man.
Ye Shades of antient Heroes, ye who toil'd
Thro' long successive Ages to build up
A lab'ring Plan of State, behold at once
The Wonder done! behold the matchless Prince!
Who left his native Throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty Shadow of unreal Power;

MS 943 *P?*

Muttering, the winds at eve, with hoarser voice
Blow blustering from the south. The frost subdu'd, B397 D707
Gradual, resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Impatient for the day. Broke from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
That wash th'ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave —
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs

Who greatly spurn'd the slothful Pomp of Courts;
And roaming every Land, in every Port,
His Scepter laid aside, with glorious Hand
Unweary'd plying the mechanic Tool,
Gather'd the Seeds of Trade, of useful Arts,
Of Civil Wisdom, and of Martial Skill.
Charg'd with the Stores of Europe home he goes!
Then Cities rise amid th'illumin'd Waste;
O'er joyless Desarts smiles the rural Reign;
Far-distant Flood to Flood is social join'd;
Th'astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud Navies ride on Seas that never foam'd
With daring Keel before; and Armies stretch
Each Way their dazzling Files, repressing here
The frantic Alexander of the North,
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking Sons.
Sloth flies the Land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
Of old Dishonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the Whole,
One Scene of Arts, of Arms, of rising Trade:
For what his Wisdom plann'd, and Power enforc'd,
More potent still, his great Example shew'd.
Muttering, the Winds at Eve, with *blunted Point,*
Blow *hollow-blustering from the South. Subdu'd,*
The Frost resolves into a trickling Thaw.
Spotted the Mountains shine; loose Sleet descends,
And floods the Country round. The Rivers swell,
Of Bonds impatient. Sudden from the Hills,
O'er Rocks and Woods, in broad brown Cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed Torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding Plain
Is left one slimy Waste. Those sullen Seas,
That wash th'ungenial Pole, will rest no more
Beneath the Shackles of the mighty North;
But, rousing all their Waves, resistless heave —
And hark! the lengthening Roar continuous runs

Athwart the rifted main: at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark, the *wretch's* last resort,
That, lost amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human *force* endure
Th'assembled mischiefs that besiege them round:
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And *in dire echoes bellowing round the main.* 2 lines (
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,
And his unweildy train, in horrid sport,
Tempest the loosen'd brine: while thro' the gloom,
Far, from the *bleak* inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of *famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.*
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,
Looks down with pity on the fruitless toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
'Tis done! — dread Winter has subdu'd the year, B417]
And reigns tremendous o'er the desart plains.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His solitary empire. *Here,* fond man!
Behold thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy *Summer's ardent* strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter *comes at last,*
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?

Athwart the rifted *Deep:* at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand Mountains to the Clouds.
Ill fares the Bark *with trembling Wretches charg'd,*
That, *tost* amid the floating Fragments, moors
Beneath the Shelter of an icy Isle,
While Night o'erwhelms the Sea, and Horror looks
More horrible. Can human Force endure
Th'assembled Mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing Hunger, fainting Weariness,
The Roar of Winds and Waves, the Crush of Ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder Rage,
And in dire Echoes bellowing round the Main.
More to embroil the Deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy Train, in *dreadful* Sport,
Tempest the loosen'd Brine, while thro' the Gloom,
Far, from the bleak inhospitable Shore,
Loading the Winds, is heard the hungry Howl
Of famish'd Monsters, there awaiting Wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking Eye,
Looks down with Pity on the *feeble* Toil
Of Mortals lost to Hope, and lights them safe,
Thro' all this dreary Labyrinth of Fate.
'Tis done! — dread Winter *spreads his latest Glooms,*
And reigns tremendous o'er the *conquer'd Year.*
How dead the Vegetable Kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His *melancholy* Empire. Here, fond Man!
Behold thy pictur'd Life; pass some few Years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent Strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into Age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the Scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Those Dreams of Greatness? those unsolid Hopes
Of Happiness? those Longings after Fame?

F 1028/29 His desolate Domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy *etc.*

Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those *gay-spent, festive nights?* those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, mankind's never-failing friend,
His guide to happiness on high. — And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven, and earth! Awakening nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presuming! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
And *Wisdom* oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
Why *unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,*
And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall, and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,
In starving solitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay prompting *his* low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born *Truth,*
And *Moderation fair,* wore the red marks
Of *Superstition's* scourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!
Ye noble few! *who* here unbending stand
Beneath life's *pressure,* yet a little while,
And what you reckon evil is no more;
The storms of Wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

Those restless Cares? those busy bustling Days?
Those gay-spent, festive Nights? those veering Thoughts,
Lost between Good and Ill, that shar'd thy Life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, *never-failing Friend of Man,*
His Guide to Happiness on high. — And see!
'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second Birth
Of Heaven, and Earth! Awakening Nature hears
The new-creating Word, and starts to Life,
In every heighten'd Form, from Pain and Death
For ever free. The great eternal Scheme,
Involving All, and in a perfect Whole
Uniting, as the Prospect wider spreads,
To Reason's Eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind *Presumptuous!* now,
Confounded in the Dust, adore that Power,
And Wisdom of arraign'd: see now the Cause,
Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's Share
In Life was Gall and Bitterness of Soul:
Why the lone Widow, and her Orphans pin'd,
In starving Solitude; while Luxury,
In Palaces, lay *straining her* low Thought,
To form unreal Wants: why Heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red Marks
Of Superstition's Scourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel Spoiler, that embosom'd Foe,
Imbitter'd all our Bliss. Ye good Distrest!
Ye noble Few! who here unbending stand
Beneath Life's Pressure, yet a little While,
And what *your bounded View, which only saw*
A little Part, deem'd Evil is no more:
The Storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle All.

F 1065 yet bear up a While,

A

HYMN.

The text is that of 1730. B = ed. 1744. The text of 1746 is the same as that of B. The MS. notes are earlier than B.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling Year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy Beauty walks, thy Tenderness and Love.
Wide-flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forests live;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy Glory in the Summer-months,
With light, and heat, severe. Prone, then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year.
And oft thy voice in awful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
A yellow-floating pomp, thy Bounty shines
In Autumn unconfin'd. Thrown from thy lap,
Profuse o'er nature, falls the lucid shower
Of beamy fruits; and, in a radiant stream,

B 6 the Forest smiles; 9 and Heat refulgent. Then thy Sun
11 awful] dreadful 14—18 *thus contracted:*
Thy Bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common Feast for all that lives.

Into the stores of steril Winter pours.
In Winter dreadful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Horrible blackness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world be low,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine, B21
Deep-felt, in these appear! A simple train,
Yet so harmonious mix'd, so fitly join'd,
One following one in such inchanting sort,
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,
And all so forming such a perfect whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks Thee not, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the sun direct the flaming Day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the Tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend; join every living soul, B37
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
An universal Hymn! To Him, ye gales,
Breathe soft; whose spirit teaches you to breathe.
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine

B 19 dreadful] awful 21 Horrible blackness!] Majestic Darkness! 22 be low,] adore, 26, 27 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind Art, || Such Beauty and Beneficence combin'd; 29 such a perfect] an harmonious 32 not Thee, 43 One general Song! To Him, ye vocal Gales, 44 Spirit in your Freshness breathes:

Fills the brown void with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th'astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th'impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills:
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale: and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his tremendous praise: whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Roll up your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him: whose sun exalts,
Whose hand perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend: ye harvests, wave to Him:
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
Homeward, rejoycing with the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye Constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy creator, ever darting wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the dreadful hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye vallies, raise: for the great Shepherd reigns;

B 47 void] Shade 57 tremendous] stupendous 59 Roll up] Soft-roll 60 elates.] exalts. 61 hand] Breath 64 As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon. 70 darting] pouring 74 dreadful] solemn

MS 62 bend:] bow: *T*

And yet again the golden age returns.
Wildest of creatures, be not silent here;
But, hymning horrid, let the desart roar.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a general song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet philomela, charm
The listening shades; and thro' the midnight hour,
Trilling, prolong the wildly-luscious note;
That night, as well as day, may vouch his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, and mouth of all,
Crown the great Hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Concourse of men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame encreases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
To find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's chaunt,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the Blossom blows, the Summer-ray
Russets the plain, delicious Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the reddening east;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

B 78 And his unsuffering Kingdom yet will come. 79, 80 *omitted* 81 general] boundless 85—87 *thus condensed:* The listening Shades, and teach the Night his Praise. 89 mouth] Tongue 91 Concourse of men,] Assembled Men, 97 To] And 98 chaunt,] Lay, 103 delicious] inspiring 104 reddening] blackening

MS 78 *(see B)* unsuffering] mild bloodless *T* will] shall *T*

Should fate command me to the farthest verge B100
Of the green earth, to hostile barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th'Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
Rolls the same kindred Seasons round the world,
In all apparent, wise, and good in all;
Since He sustains, and animates the whole;
From seeming evil still educes good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. — But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

B 108 hostile] distant 114—116 *thus expanded:*
And where He vital spreads there must be Joy.
When even at last the solemn Hour shall come,
And wing my mystic Flight to future Worlds,
I chearful will obey, There, with new Powers, [110]
Will rising Wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon Orbs and all their Sons,
117 educing

MS [108] solemn Mandate comes, || And my dark Flight I wing to future Worlds *etc. T* [112] Where Universal Goodness does not reign *T.*

The End.

ADDENDA

Page 17 **D** 247 living] lively
„ 20 **D** [29] it's] his
„ 23 **D** 407 ye done;
„ 26 **D** [452] beetling] beetle
„ 26 *l.* 1 *from bottom*: *Comma after* Song
„ 39 *l.* 719 *Comma after* Duck
„ 68 *l.* 48 East: *after* dappled
„ 75 **D** 201 o'er] round
„ 179 **D** 1756 or] nor
„ 181 **D** *After l.* 1786 *is inserted:* Train; || To Reason then, deducing Truth from Truth:
„ 185 *Edd. 1744 and 1746 read* Address'd *for* Address (*l.* 2).
„ 197 **C** 330 waves] weaves
„ 205 **C** 543 go
even *after* Table (*l.* 7 *from* bottom)
„ 224 **C** 939 And oceans roll,] And Caverns deep,
„ 224 **C** 990 its] his
„ 229 *l.* 1141 *Comma after* pride
„ 252 *l.* 128 „ „ Pensive
„ 258 *l.* 290 „ „ and
„ 262 *l.* 392 „ „ Widow
„ 269 *l.* 75 the *before* Mountain's.

CORRIGENDA

Page 20 *l.* 1 *from bottom: read* never-cloyd *(hyphen!)*
„ 52 *l.* 1060 *read* shows *for* shews
„ 65 *l.* 58 *read* Limps *for* Simps
„ 105 *l.* 205 *ought to be printed in ordinary type and supplied with the reference* "*Cf.* A 622".
„ 211 *l.* 9 *from bottom*: *Delete comma after* rocky
„ 252 *l.* 140 *read* o'erhang *for* o'er hang.

In the MS. notes at the bottom of the text 'P' (= Pope) is to be replaced by 'L' (= Lyttelton). See pp. VII–IX.

PALAESTRA LXVI.

UNTERSUCHUNGEN UND TEXTE
AUS DER DEUTSCHEN UND ENGLISCHEN PHILOLOGIE,
herausgegeben von **Alois Brandl, Gustav Roethe** und **Erich Schmidt.**

Stanford University
OCT
20
1908

THOMSON'S SEASONS

CRITICAL EDITION

Being a reproduction of the original texts, with all the various readings of the later editions, historically arranged

BY

OTTO ZIPPEL
PH. D.

BERLIN
MAYER & MÜLLER
1908.

Die PALAESTRA soll in einer freien Folge von Bänden eine Sammlung bilden, in welche Arbeiten aus den Seminaren der Herren Proff. Drr. Alois Brandl, Gustav Roethe und Erich Schmidt und auch andere wissenschaftliche Arbeiten aus den Gebieten der deutschen und englischen Philologie aufgenommen werden, die von den Herren Herausgebern ihrer wissenschaftlichen Bedeutung wegen hierzu empfohlen werden.

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